

Helheim

"Vigrids Vrd"

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P vigrids slette en kjlig natt
hviler der en tke tett
Foles som et himmelsk kvel
der jeg str forlatt i tkens hjerte

En sen Oktober fullmne natt
Ensom p en hedensk mark
I Vigrids vrd
I tken av min skjebne

Jeg fler en kald bris fare lett forbi
Den streifer meg, tar meg langt avsted
Jeg svever gjennom luften som en ensom ravn
mens vigrids vrd sakte lar meg d

Dra meg med til ingensteds
slik at jeg kan d
og Vigrids vrd
kan fortsatt jakte
p de sterke menns sjeler

La Vigrids vrd styrkes
slik at den kan dyrkes
og en lavere makt
kan bli delagt

[English translation:]

[The spirit of Vigrid]

On the field of Vigrid a cold night
a thick fog rests
Feels like a heavenly suffocation
There I stand in the heart of the fog

A late October fullmoon night
lonely on a pagan field
In the spirit of Vigrid
in the fog of my fate

I feel a cold breeze drifting lightly by

it touches me, takes me far away
I float through the air lonely as a raven
while the spirit of Vigríð slowly lets me die

Take me to nowhere
so that I can die
and let the spirit of Vigríð
still hunt for the souls of the strong men

Strengthen the spirit of Vigríð
so that it can be worshipped
and make a lesser might disappear

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