

Nydvind "King Of The Hills"

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High, this domain up above the soil
On the top of mountains, where Mother Earth pierces
the clouds
Between valleys and crests, and across desartic
vastness
Through barren plains and fields, onward to the path to
a sacred land

Thus the nordic winds will guide his march to rise in
eternal night
Gods of thunder will strike and bring the flame
unleashing his might
Thus the nordic winds will guide his march to rise in
eternal night
Gods of thunder will strike and light the fire of the
ancient clan

Ice, this domain overhangs the land
Upon the tops of forests, majestic woods and without
end
Amidst the expanses of meadows and arid landscapes
The winter will prevail and dominate by it's shroud of
frost

Thus the nordic winds will guide his march to rise in
eternal night
Gods of thunder will strike and bring the flame
unleashing his might
Thus the nordic winds will guide his march to rise in
eternal night
Gods of thunder will strike and light the fire of the
ancient clan

He is the one who knows it all
A strong man dressed in a robe of ice
A burning soul for an idol blessed
He is the one to rule the land and judge the fools
He is the guardian of the sacred mountain, the Wise

By the power of the ancient words
He owns the magic to strike
Glorious protector of the pagan pride

Bow down before your patriarch tonight

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