

The Stormrider

"Sons Of The North"

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Sons of the north, rise from your graves.
The living have forgotten the ways of the old.
Bifrost has crumbled, Ragnarrok is here.
Hear Gjallar sound, calling you to war.

Bergen skÄlver och rister dÄr de stÄ.
TrÄdens grÄnska vissnar och dÄr.
StjÄrnorna slocknar Äver himmelen.
Eld skall slungas Äver vÄrlden.

We know no fear, by the sword we die.
Our faith is written by the ancient norms.
Marching into war, Odin leads the charge.

Brothers of the north, awake from your slumber.
Stand and be counted on this final day.
Remember your roots, the spirits calls our names.
Hear Gjallar sound, uniting us in war.

"On this day of sorrow men and gods will die alike."

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