

Vornagar

"The Desolation Called Niflheim"

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Southern armies of Christian preachers
Under a flag of hate
Treachery in the name of benediction
Your blood tide of obliteration

Catechism whore
Await the coming of Thor

Villages brought to pyres
See my blood tide wash this land
Pile the bodies
No life shall be spared

Nocturnal dawn
Devoured by wolves
Fear pounds within the chest
Of the soul that you infest

On darkness I ride
To bring this blood tide

His hammer strikes

We march towards the temple of rust
Feasting on the unborn child
This is my malevolent lust
Sensations are rampant and wild

You'll see

I welcome you to this time of destruction
Fall away to your hate
Were walking the fields of desolation
With the creation sword in my hand

The sword of the gods
Under the branches of Yggdrassil

We rise
Fierce warriors crowned triumphant

Bathed in the blood of Christ

All the lands before us iced
My kin and I all see
Your abhorrent blasphemy
The frost of ages brings forth Judea

On dark mist I ride
To bring this blood tide

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