

Wolfsangel "Njord"

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Waters are his herd
Wild winds are his might
Praise the mighty god
Raise your weapons high
On his streams we ride
Turn their towns to flame
Take their blood for gift
Let us see his mirth

Enter fields of Njord
Enter fields of Njord
Enter fields of Njord
Watch the splashes flying
Hear the dead souls crying
See the stallions in foam

Tease their land like hail
Till the spineless die
Send their souls to ice
Harvest bloody crop
They forgot the yew
They will get no luck
Turn their sacred place
Show them real light

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Enter fields of Njord
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Hear the dead souls crying
See the stallions in foam

At kveldi skal dag leyfa
Konu er brennd er
Mǫki er reyndr er
Mey er gefin er
Ás er yfir kemr
Ál er drukkit er

Haltr rǫr hrossi
Hjǫr rekr handar vanr
Daufr vegr ok dugir

Blindr er betri
En brenndr sǫl
Nltr manngi nǫis

Lǣtilla sanda
Lǣtilla sǫlva
Lǣtil eru geðguma
^vǣ at allir menn
Urðu-t jafnspakir
Half er ǣld hvar

Never end this war
Kill them rape their wives
Saddle pallid horse
Die but not demise
So ride on the storm
Hand in hand we're close
Sky halls are our fate
Death will bring this day

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