

Moonsorrow "Jotunheim"

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Those white fields they reign over this land
At the sparkle of ice they silently weep
All ages of mortals they know

And the bright sky reaches throughout the north
Raining hoar upon the woods
It conceals the stars and sets the sea in fire
Shakes mountains by thunder
Halting the day, raging at night

For long the clouds have traveled
Restlessly swelling above the waters
If the heavenly flame now melts the frost
With just the stream we drift

Those white fields they blind the night
Silent giants of stone and of ice

The wind shall scatter the cold fair land
And the eternal stream fall as snow
None ever living on these plains
The ice cold wind now takes the fair land

Far away wind driving the clouds
Carving mournful verses to stone
The sky leads the weary roamer astray
Struck down by the white nothingness
Thus curse the giants of stone and of ice
From here none shall pass

Should the trees be burnt to ashes
Should the shore be buried under the waves
No man can ever own this land

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