

Surtur Barbaar Maritime

The Ruins of Beverast

At night, the storms gripped our fleet
Arctic monuments burst asunder
Never surrender the choir of Gods
With beasts on our side we enter land

Do not ever dare to roam the sacred grove unchained
Now, as your path is lost,
Crawl...

Hordes o hordes...destroy the temples of the North
We shall set sails ahead!

We are now presentees on the ship of the fertile Vanr
Offered a fest of slaughtered goats
Bare the precious marrow, bawl with strength
Midgard is ours, ad arma!

Surrender your limbs to the wrath of Midgard's defenders
Now, as your motion flags,
Crawl...

Hordes o hordes...as bones of the beasts of burden crack
We shall set sails ahead!

Barren shores loom, wretches bark at a devoured moon
Now, as the wolf's unleashed,
Crawl!