

# Hans Siste Vinter

Darkthrone

En mann dro for å lage ild,  
Om hjertet brant hans sjel, var vill  
I et slag hvor far var glemt, det ble hans lange, kalde siste v  
inter.

Vrææææl

En kriger stor, med kovnet sinn  
I tåkedal, han ble ført inn  
Fra sitt ariske palass  
Det ble han siste, lange, kalde, siste vinter

Kvitekryst og jøder feirer nå  
De tror at Odin ville forgå  
Men kampen den har nå begynt  
Det er hans største ærefulle seier

One man went to make a fire  
His heart was burning, wild was his soul  
In a battle where the father was forgotten, it became his lang,  
cold last winter

A great warrior, with a strangled mind  
He was led into a foggy valley  
From his Aryan palace  
It is his last, long, cold last winter

Whitechrist and Jews are now celebrating  
They thought that Odin would perish  
But the battle has now begun  
It is his last big honourable victory