

The Poetic Edda

Disembodied Tyrant

Sunset before plague and pestilence
Gnawing their tongues with nails and teeth
Anguish and vindication for their fate
Beneath the blackened sky
Legions of ice and decay gather and march forth
Everfrost rising from the depths
The dead shall soon roam the earth

I abide by the chaos we uphold
Execute thy will on thy liege

Watchman of the gods
Go forth, sound your horn
The final sun to rise before death foretold
Beyond the walls of this fortress
Beyond this chaos shield
The twilight of the gods awaits

It has arrived
The skies will weep with blood
The final stage of mankind are now at hand
We shall meet at the fields of warfare
Where claw will clash against steel

Open the gates
Unleash what lies within
Beyond the underworld he awaits our call
Take up arms and bring an end to the age of gods

Bring forth the slaughter, the serpents dissolve
This is where your life will cease to exist

Oh, great warriors from the wars before
Feeders of the raven, come forth
Bid farewell to this final bastion
Destiny awaits

Forces of chaos are eagerly awaiting
Gjallarhorn transforms into its true form
The gates open wide
All realms run and hide
Take up arms and fight
Rise, my army of death

Reclaim your home
At last, bring forth the end

Wolf, don't you come near
His sickness has tolled, his burrow is cold
And still, he trots
Wolf, don't you come near
His hunger is tearing and he can not bear it
But still, he trots

Leper without a cure, crippled stillborn
Lifetimes of tragedy mine at your core

A kingdom consumed by flames
By divine obliteration
Darkness reigns as palaces burn and oceans run red
Only ash shall remain...

This final strife, o' gods of yore
Plunged into ice, sunk through the water
An ageless winter endures
Slicing through skin
Remorseless, purging of life
Libertine-lust bastard of flesh
You will now end