

Heimdal

Enslaved

Sheltered from the raging storm
In the reflection of hubris
The clocked kingmaker abides
The hunter claiming his throne

The whispering winds summons
The spirits of fire and ice

To enter the house of the fallen
To dwell within borders of time

Niu em ek mæðra mögr
Niu em ek systra sonr
Niu em ek mæðra mögr
Niu em ek systra sonr
Niu em ek mæðra mögr
Niu em ek systra sonr

Tall are the beacons of might
Thick are the walls of the blind
Withered are the fields of the devoted
Tireless, the howls from inside

Emerge will the ones that were buried
When the roots and the branches are dead
Echoes of the roaring silence
Will resound beyond borders of space

Sheltered from the raging storm
In the reflection of hubris
The navigator of time returns
Detecting a path that was lost