Wherever I tread on this haunted, holy ground I look to the skies above, the clouds armed with storm...

Born of thunder is he who rides Down from the tempest's burning soul, To Midgard with a hammer in his hand On his chariot made of living fire...

He's the protector of men: His name is a magic word; He's a god come from on high-He's the one...

Whenever I see the glory that dawns each morn, Frozen like steel, enchanted by Northern light...

Born of thunder is he who rides Down from the tempest's burning soul, To Midgard with a hammer in his hand On his chariot made of living fire...

He's the protector of men: His name is a magic word; He's a god come from on high-He's the one...

Robbed in such splendor, Immortal eyes bedewed With the gift of prophecy...

Where I tread on this haunted, holy ground I took to the skies above, the clouds armed with storm...

Born of thunder is he who rides Down from the tempest's burning soul, To Midgard with a hammer in his hand On his chariot made of living fire...