

Soaked and muddy is the soil
Thunder connects distant mountains
An old track leads upwards
Up to the fringe of the tallest fjord

Countless have dreamed with this place
The closest to the plane of Asgard
Few had the courage to believe
And to release the berserker affray

Strange, the breeze is carrying over
Whispers, noise and sounds resembling words
Formulae of unbounded rage and pain
A receipt for a deadly mindset way

Time and place is right
The words reveal themselves

"Thou must hunt a beast wolf
Under the darkest winter night
Sip the fresh blood while still warm
Grasp the sense that all is prey

When the heat of battle ignites
Roaring in waves engulfing thy heart
Burning fire will be summoned
In pure frenzy harvest enemy's lives"

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