

Ragnarök

Nothgard

The fimbulvetr prays the blast of death from north
3 years of frost, 3 years of night
The final breath evaporates to the sky
To the stars up high

Skali and Hati chase the moon
Stars drop from the canopy
Fenris crashes his chains
Naglfar appears during night

The end of all no one to escape
Muspells sons are on their way
Odens son, Thor awaits them
To fight - to strike

Þá kemur inn ríki
að regindómi
öflugur ofan,
sá er öllu ræður

Þar kemur inn dimmi
dreki fljúgandi,
naður fránn, neðan
frá Niðafjöllum;
ber sér í fjöðrum,
flýgur völl yfir,
Niðhöggur nái.
Nú mun hún sökkvast