

## Ragna Rock

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Shards of shattered twilight slice  
through glacial palaces of ice.  
The goddess gets her planet prize:  
A wolf with wild fire in his eyes.  
Yggdrasil's roots are shaken.  
The fire-juggling giants arrive.  
Like hornets swarming from a hive  
all demon spirits come alive.  
The gods they are forsaken.  
Ragna Rok ... the Skalds of old all warn  
Ragna Rok ... a new world shall be born  
shall be born.  
The blood-red sun has ceased to beat  
it's left for starving wolves to eat,  
they tear it like a hunk of meat  
they swallow up its light and heat  
like a pack of hungry jackals.  
Clouds of angry blackness rise  
and fissures of a mighty size  
appear in both the earth and skies  
as Fenrir breaks his shackles  
Ragna Rok ... the Skalds of old all warn  
Ragna Rok ... a new world shall be born  
shall be born.  
The Midgard serpent rears its head  
it rises from the ocean's bed  
invades the land. The living-dead  
have launched their ship, they must be fed  
the flood tides they are rising.  
The lakes and rivers overflow  
and soon the world has sunk below  
an endless sea, which isn't so  
very much surprising.  
Ragna Rok ... the Skalds of old all warn  
Ragna Rok ... a new world shall be born  
shall be born.