

Black Legion

Vanir

Becoming the instrument
Tyrants rule omnipresent
Ravens gather to feast the bones
All is lost there is no hope

Behold
Ragarok is near
Behold
As the dead march to war

Winter comes, frozen soil
Midgaard burns by Surths hands
Our fathers walk upon the earth
Till all is lost the world is scorched
Black legion

Behold
Ragarok is near
Behold
As the dead march to war

Becoming the instrument
Tyrants rule omnipresent

Behold
Ragarok is near
Behold
As the dead march to war

The dragon roars above the dead
The silent speak, a voice of death

Blood red tide
Black legion

As worlds collides
A new day comes
The world drowns in flames

Behold
Ragarok is near
Behold
As the dead march to war