

Sol arose
that morning like a sunwheel at the sky...
Shallow land
two ravens high above gave me the sign...

Walhall
the hall of shining shields
where once I'll be to celebrate my death...

farewell
my sword may lead me into ancient realms...

"...now saddled is my horse and grinded my sword,
the wisest of all blacksmith's forged my shield...
Tomorrow I will ride, when morningsun arose,
to meet my fate on shadow field...

...now the time to leave is near,
and all preparations done,
the twilight now heralds my farewell...
A last donation to the ones
who will guide me on my way
and who will await me if I'll die..."

Valkyrjur
will take my hand to lead me on my way...
Himinbjörg
so soon there Heimdallr will welcome my soul...

Walhall
the hall of shining shields
where once I'll be to celebrate my death...