

Nattravnens tokt

Helheim

[Music: Vanargandr, Lyric: Vanargandr]Stende i en skog av skodde

kjenner en eim av kulde slende

Det ventes dd i kveld

dden over meg selv

Her i Mrkvedens indre sal

piner jeg meg selv i hat

Presser sverdet dypere inn

dypere og dypere til det fortrer mitt sinnNattravnens tokt vil begynne

nr natten den vil hylle

Svever over meg som et tegn

p dden, mrke og Helheim

Der hvor hundre menn ferdes

og deres sjel og blod herdes

Nattravnens tokt vil komme

nr dagen er ommeHill min dd - i skogens favn

Mine skrik ld - kom nattens ravn

Vandrer n som mrkets slave - glemt og fortaptMitt kjtt fryser til is mens min sjel vandrer

Der man kan fle ddens bris og er blant Hels mrke slaverSkogen ligger der glemt

svart, dunkel og glemt

Intet menneske her finnes

her hvor mrke og kulde bindes

Tken tetter skogen inne

s ingen den vil finne

Bare de som etter dden lengter

og ned til Hel vil senkesOver skogen syd for Midgard, over Mrkvedens indre sal

Svever der en nattens ravn, som hungrer for mer drap[English translation:][The raid of the nightraven]Standing

in a misty forest

feeling a vapour of coldness

death is awaited this night

the death of myself

Here in the hall of Mrkveden

I torture myself in hate

pushing the sword deeper into myself

deeper and deeper until it devours my mindThe raid of the nightraven will commence

when the night it shall praise

It floats above me as a sign

of death, darkness and Helheim

there where a hundred men live

and their souls and blood harden

The raid of the nightraven will come
when the day has come to an end
Hail my death - in the embrace of the forest
My screams sounded - come raven of the night
I am now wandering as a slave of darkness - forgotten
and lost
My flesh is freezing to ice, as my soul is wandering
There you can feel the breeze of death, and is amongst
the slaves of dark Hel
There the forest lies hidden
black, obscure and forgotten
no man is found
where cold and darkness is bound
The forest is enshrouded by fog
so that no one can find it
Only those that long for death
and to Hel will descend
Above the wood south of Midgard
above Mrkvedens inner hall
a nightraven is flying
still with a lust for death

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