Midgard

Therion

Behind the depth, before the height,
Surrounded by the serpent Jormundgand,
(the) world of Man in the middle
Of heat and ice, built by the Ymer brow.World of Man - hot and cool - high and low
In between extremities rises Midgard, mighty as the stem of the tree.
Ash and Elm, the human pair living of its precious fruits. But soon it may end.Middle Earth, Old Midgard (we) wish the tree will burst into leaf!
Will someday your balance reach an end and you'll start to fade!
Mannaheim, old Midgard all your walls start to tumble down.
May the tree be reborn from the ash it will grow again.Let's defend Midgard, we Call the High One
Sow upon the field the rune of JaraMiddle Earth, Old Midgard (we) wish the tree will burst into leaf!
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