

Ásgeir, Torrent

Gods of iron clashing, wind in battle through the night
Tears will fall, and strength is needed to overcome
This old house is full of leaks and mold on the walls
Dragons of the mind are lurking in the shadows

Torrents wash away
everything
raindrops flowing all around

Queen takes King, the pawns are falling onto the ground
Over you and me, there is rising the pink moon
Merciless though the wind takes hold with freezing cold
Come, my friend, sit with me; take council in the warmth

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(Translated by John Grant)