

# Enslaved, Wotan

Naked, waste landscape  
Vast plains lead to the seashore in the west  
A northern wind sweeps over dead bodies  
A stranger has entered the domains of the vikings

Die not lying sick, dastardly coward  
Draw sword, fight with the war gods  
Wotan!

We shall fight until we see Ritrost  
We shall fight until Heimdal flows the Gjallarhorn  
We shall fight for our domains  
We shall fight with the war gods  
Wotan!

Die not lying sick, dastardly coward  
Draw sword, fight with the war gods  
Wotan!