**The Catch**Low the oars continue out to sea   
Over deepest oceans we must be   
Bait on the ox head, have you fear?   
Bringer of grief, you child is nearWe gonna bring up the monster, end this fight   
You angered the World Serpent tonight   
The world will crumble if you end his life Release it's bite **She of iron-wood has bred him   
Siblings three of half-gods line   
Sneaking Trickster, the Shape Shifter   
Bring the fate of Gods and men**Sit still you giant, pale with fear   
I can feel the catch is coming near   
Where he dwells he winds all 'round Midgard   
My hammer-blow will strike him hardWe gonna bring …………… I cut the line! **Ref:**   
  
What are you, are you no giant?   
You loose the Jormungand, I heave you overboard   
And wades back to land

Midgard Serpent... We meet again!  
  
**Ref: x4**