Walkiesjar

Falkenbach

The morning sun is rising,
The forest cloaked in gold.
And the mist surrounds the mountains,
The landscape calm and cold.

The hall of bronzen shields up high
In a distance far shining bright.
And the horns are sounding from afar
For Walkiesjar.

A gentle breeze caresses me,
While runes are warily cast,
Heralding fate and fortune,
My future and my past.

On supple wings two ravens fly
To lead us to ultimate truth.
And the horns are sounding from afar
For Walkiesjar

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