Arising

Thyrfing

I would wake warriors great
Summon warriors of the oak
High as a pine in the forest
Summon those who sleep
Wake those beneath the grass
Buried deep under fields
Under sacrificial graves
In the burning earthCarve runes upon the horns
Stain them red with blood
We mumble our spells and sing our hymns
Filled with lust we drink
The mead so pure and strong
Proffered by smiling maidens
We praise the taste on our tongue
Mead blessed for us by OdinMy father he has promised
That glorious I'll become
Standing high in the stern
Steering the ship so worthySlained in battle I rise again
Brought to life by a heathen spell
The sea was my home, I ruled the waves
Without fearing my death
Arising from the realm
Where the dead are screaming in vain
Bring forth the day
And I'll fight by your sideBorn here in northern land
My vision's been clear since long ago
My heart will bleed as I walk upon earth
My fate lies here, carved in stone
I'm surrounded by fires
I behold this fearsome night
I was born as a wolf
But raised as a human

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