

Freya

Chariovalda

A sword of fire and an axe of cold
Vision of the Sibyl has foretold
Armies gather on the battle-plain
All will fall and earth with die in flame Here on the battle-plain
We will die in vain In falcon's feathers soaring overhead
Choosing warriors among the dead
Twilight written in the runes of crones
Freya weeps upon her golden throne Upon her golden throne
We wait for her alone
Call us unto your hall
Take us into your thrall The battle rages but they fight in vain
When all is done it must begin again

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