

# Freya

## Trittfest

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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