

# Dead Knight's Rite

## [Einherjer](#)

As thunder borne upon the wind  
Was heard the battle's wild uproar  
See the angels of the dead  
Seek blood dripping crimson red Amidst the heaps of foemen slain  
Drenched with battle's bloody rain  
On the plate-mail rattled loud  
The arrow-shower's rushing cloud Spear-torrents swept away  
Ranks of foes from light of day In the dark the spears were whet  
Grimly pointed metal shone  
Dread the weapons of the knights  
Battered shield and blood-smeared swords Ravens, rain-soaked lurked the feast  
Nesting redly the deceased  
Grim the jaws that shook their shields  
Red the fangs that bit the bones Spear-torrents swept away  
Ranks of foes from light of day

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