Ansuzgardaraiwo

Burzum

Voices from the spirit world can be heard through the dark winternights, the heartbeats of the spirit. It is the holy twelve days of Yule. Dark shapes can be seen in the sky; riders of death. They suddenly charge down from the clouds in wonderful wilderness; kings and chieftains, thieves and murderers - all in the same phalanx, drifting mysteriously through the air on spirit horses, arriving when least expected. Black shields, furs from bear and wolf, shining blades, open wounds and ropes still tied around their necks; they are Wuotan's pack of warges, the undead and the dead - the immortal warriors of Ansuzgarda! The werewolves haunt the sacred twelve days of Yule in packs, looking after the living; hail the sacred traditions, hail the spirits of the dead, hail the holy ritual of Wuotan, or face the wrath of the Ansuz and the hooves of Sleipnir. Face the Ansuzgardaraiwo!

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