

Kissing the Heathen Amulet

Adorned Brood

Riding towards the horizon
Upon the monumental rocks, awaiting
the end of a dishonourable life,
I perceive my morality fading to
a weakly seeming substance,
climbing towards my yer unsealed
faith, I arrive (faith arrives) Staring into the abyss of Midgard,
above, the Angels of Asgard
and the armour of Loges child.
I'm losing myself in an odyssey through
the bottomless
depth of my spiteful soul. At the end, the will to die.
My nag becomes restive,
I open up my eyes
and spread out my arms:
"God of gods, take my inglorious soul!
here is nothing left, for me..." God of gods, ...My hands are longing for the lance
and aim at my vulnerable essence. God of gods, ...As I lift to strike...
A sudden lightning bannes my glace.

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