

# Fenrir Hunts

## Abbath

Rank and file of Legions vile form their battle lines  
Clad in armour black as night Northern Darkness sines  
Banners raised skin of slaves slap in Vanir's breeze  
Seidmen cut rune wards deep Hel thaws all shall freeze. Release the flood a rampant tide of blood  
Will fill this black lagoon  
Warriors weened on gore and gruel must heed  
The carrion call of doom. Pack Master! Unleash the Reavers eager for rapine.  
Emerge from lair of ice and gneiss cave and ravine.  
Vulpine scouts, winter-lean, scent meat on ripe spore  
A feast awaits the frenzy of rabid fang and claw. Volcanic shores bleed a gush of iron ore  
From ashes Death will bloom.  
Howl for Hel Voracious Dogs of War.  
Fenrir hunts Snaps jaws of doom.  
Skills to hone, swords to whet to keen edge damascene.  
Spear tip to taper, arrow fletch, hammerhead to clean  
In spleen. Shield to boss, helm to crest, battle axe to grind  
Wound to stitch, gut to void, Berzerker-rage to blind.  
Sick mind. Beneath a shroud of bludgeoned sky  
We tread the dust on corpse-strewn roads.  
Hum laments of requiems  
Half-remembered odes  
Of orphaned brats, weeping widows. We march to crack of thunder Ragnarok in our eyes  
To drumbeat of the Damned we salute your sacrifice  
We march for love of slaughter drunk on wine of blades  
We fight for eternal night until the End of Days  
Release the flood a rampant tide of blood  
Will fill this black lagoon.  
Warriors weened on gore and gruel must heed  
The carrion call. Volcanic shores bleed a gush of iron ore  
From ashes Death will bloom.  
Howl for Hell Voracious Dogs of War.  
Fenrir hunts Snaps jaws of doom.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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