

Cold Wind to Valhalla

Jethro Tull

And ride with us young bonny lass
With the angels of the night
Crack wind clatter, flesh rein bite
On an out size unicorn Rough-shod winging sky blue flight
On a cold wind to Valhalla
And join with us, please
Valkyrie maidens cry above the cold wind to Valhalla Breakfast with the gods
Night angels serve with ice-bound majesty
Frozen flaking fish raw nerve
In a cup of silver liquid fire Moon jet brave beam split ceiling swerve
And light the old Valhalla
Come join with us, please
Valkyrie maidens cry above the cold wind to Valhalla The heroes rest upon the sighs
Of Thor's trusty hand-maidens
Midnight lonely whisper cries
"We're getting a bit short on heroes lately" Sword snap fright white pale good-byes
In the desolation of Valhalla
And join with us please
Valkyrie maidens ride empty-handed on the cold wind to Valhalla

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