The Heathenish Foray

Falkenbach

...In ancient times once rode across the land
a man unknown on a horse of untold grand,
adorned his cape by thirty runes of gold
of whom the tales since ages unknown told.....The man arrived at the shore of sea
and gazed onto the nightly sky,
his ears could hear and his eyes could see
two ravens dark as night passing by.....In a distance far the thunder sounds
and lightnings reached the frozen grounds,
his breath ran fast, his heart pounded strong
as the day now came, awaited oh so long.....Tears will fall and blood will soon be shed
when the dawn heralds the twilight of the day...
Then into battle they will ride with their swords in hand
for a heathenish foray.....Countless miles he rode through ice and knee-deep snow
over mountains 'till the landscape changed its face
so he at last arrived where winds blew strong and chill
like a welcome to all those who trod this place.....He in cape was wrapped, and with his hammer 'round his neck
he forced his way though he didn't saw the path,
but he did not rest, 'till he had crossed this land of chill
and the storm had calmed, when he stood alone on hill.....His eyes could see the forest shining bright
and its trees reflected solens golden light,
the sound of horns then reached his ears
to welcome him and take away his fears.....from all their lands the kings, they came
with their retinue of countless men,
and the maiden in full armour sat on their horses,
winged, until the right began...So he rested a while and recovered from his ride,
the horizon gleamed by the mighty northers light,
and the elder ones sang tales about the past,
of their ancestors pride, that will forever last.....As the darkness fell and gone was solens light
the silence ruled amongst the men of heathenpride,
who now gathered in a mighty battle-line
and awaited their Gods to give the final sign...

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