Freya

The Sword

A Sword of fire and an axe of cold
Vision of the sibyl has foretold
Armies gather on the battle-plain
All will fall and earth will die in flameHere on the battle-plain
We will die in flameIn Falcon's feathers soaring overhead
Choosing warriors among the dead
Twilight written in the runes of crones
Freya weeps upon her golden throneUpon her golden throne
We wait for her alone
Call us unto your hall
Take us into your thrallThe battle rages, bit they fight in vain
When all is done it must begin again

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