

Enlaved, The Blood Of Kvasir

A war ruled in ancient times
Between the holy races, the vanirs and the Ases
When peace came, the deities united
From a bowl filled with spit rose Kvasir
"Wise he becomes, he drinks the holy mead,
the blood of Kvasir, but not he who drinks
from the spilled mead that dripped
from the falcon";
Kvasir the father of poets
by dwarfhands he died
From the blood of Kvasir they made the meads of poets, the holy drink
Fjalar and Galar once murdered Gilling the Giant, the father of Suttung
Enraged, Suttung demanded justice to be fulfilled
The blood of Kvasir became the mead of Suttung
Grimne flew out from Valhalla
In the shape of the falcon
To the Home of Giants and to Nitberg
Bauge was deceived, and Gunnlod betrayed
Out from Nitberg the falcon flew
Finally Kvasir should return to Asgard
But, when the mead disappeared, Suttung became furious
Out, in the shape of the eagle he followed
Sadly, Grimne had to spill from his valuable treasure
Which led to the making of the false poets
The falcon flew home to his domains
And Sutting flew into the flames of Tjalve