

# Falkenbach, Herald

From beyond a twilight horizon where mountains were covered with snow,  
Once a man on a horse came the way,  
On an early autumnal morning, when dew lay chill on the ground,  
And the sun's first rays heralded the day,  
To rest at last after riding for more than three days and nights,  
Through the woods and across the shallow landscapes,  
To finally reach the village the rumours were talking about,  
And where the heathen king lived for many years.

His golden armour was shining by the light of awakening sun,  
And in his hand he held a bronzen shield  
On which the runes all were written by a blacksmith of wisdom great,  
To guide him on his way so long.  
He had come to bring the message the king has given to him,  
To be conveyed into all heathen countries,  
And he told about their brethern, overtaken by christian men,  
Now punished by the cross and christian laws.

So the man dismounted and his horse was taken by it's bridle to be brought into the stabling.  
Meanwhile he was lead to the hall where the king sat on his greatseat.  
Forthwith he told him the reasons for his coming,  
And withing a few minutes all people were gathered by the king's mighty voice.  
So he rose on his feet and began to speak about the greatest heathen host ever see,  
Passing towards their brethern land....

After three days and nights of riding the frontier they finally reached,  
With their hearths wholly determined,  
And encountered the christian church in their once sacred woods  
As the chaplain just chimed the bell.  
At once they put the spurs in their horses,  
Hearths were filled with rage and hate,  
And in their hands they held the torches,  
When Odhinn was amongst and Tyr was leading their hearts  
Into a world of anciest mysteries....

The night the longswords where grinded  
And the shields were forged in blood,  
By the hands of most dextrous blacksmiths,  
And sacrifices were given to the Goddesses and the Gods,  
In the woods by the mighty tree,  
Known in heathen kingdoms as the mighty Irminsul,  
That was built as an immense landmark  
Of heathen pride and honour  
And a symbol of what shall be....