

Jethro Tull, Cold Wind To Valhalla (Intro)

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.
Break fast 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 goodbyes in the
desolation of Valhalla.
And join with us please --- Valkyrie maidens ride
empty-handed on the cold wind to Valhalla.
phone Complimentary "Cold Wind to V