

Amon Amarth, Hermods ride to hell

Ride Sleipner
Ride for all your worth
Faster than lightning
To the dark realms of the world

Through valleys of darkness
On the way to Nifelheim
To the house of Hel
Where my brother awaits

Wailing voices on the wind
Urging me to turn
Distant torture screams
Cold blue fires burn

I hear the sound of River Gjll
Running cold and deep
Its golden bridge hangs in the dark
The bridge that Modgunn keeps

Over the bridge, all through the night
Hel is getting near
There are the gates, towering high
Afflicting me with fear

In her hall at the honour seat
My brother sits in pain
Pale and tortured balder greats
Bound by invisible frozen chains

[Hermod:]
I am bound to bring him back with me!
The whole world mourns his death!
Please set brother free!
Give him back his breath!

[Hel:]
If its true, what you say to me
That the whole world mourns his death
If the whole world will weep, I will give him back his life!