

Bathory, Death and Resurrection of a Northern Son

Here I am enemies
come and taste the steel of my sword
the earth was still young and the land all new when it was forged
ore of the mountain towering towards endless sky
the runes down its blade the last thing you will see before you die
In the spring we sailed from Asa bay with wind and tide
twenty-nine in all we were
bloodbrothers side by side
down foreign coasts, across the ocean
wind would fill our sail
high adventures
better to fall by the sword than to die from age or ail
The emperor I served in Miklagard, grand guard was I
me and my brothers in gold were paid
on my sword I did rely
returning to Nordland by horse ambushed were we
and so here I am, come enemies
cornered with my back to the sea
The ground beneath our feet all red awash with human blood
severed limbs and bodies dead prepare to meet thy God
shoulder by shoulder, knee by knee, bloodbrothers by my side
forgive me mother for missing the unseen blow that cut me down from behind
All still, no more pain
the wind whispering my name
this wound, my last
the darkness around me seems vast
Then a bright light I see
the clouds swirl and they part before me
in the distance a woman approaching
with a gesture she invites me to proceed
Then a bronze horn I hear, it calls me
and the bridge seems to stretch for a lifetime
way before me a palace is rising
out of the mist like a mountain it stands
And it greets me with gates open wide
all around me bloodbrothers by my side
and they show me the seat that bears my name
my place at the table of Oden I do claim