

Bathory, Gods of Thunder, of Wind and of Rain

Creator of life. Guardian of the dead.
Goddess of battle and war,
All of ye watch me. My sword by my side.
Proudly I sit on my horse.
And I wait for the sign in the sky to appear.
telling me that the moment has come
For me to ride beyond the edge of this world
into the realms where the shadows are strong
Gods of Thunder of Wind and of Rain
Valkyries my soul is yours should I fail.
Let my beheaded and battered corpse lay
and take me where you bring all nordsmen slain.
Gods of Thunder of Wind and of Rain.
Hugin and Munin my eyes in the sky.
Heart of mine thrown in the pit of the snake
I will not need no heart where I go should I die.
Realms of the shadows bring me no fear
I may stand or be beaten and torn
The mountains will stand. But the life of a man
was decided long before he was born.
Leaving the plains where my ancestors hunted
for meat and for hides against the cold.
Here the fire was tamed. Here our sword were made.
And here the elders amazing takes told
I ride into land few have seen or returned from
to tell of it's bleakness and dark
I see nothing but mist and the mountains so tall
I can't tell them and the sky apart
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