

Burzum, The Death Of Wuotan

Drums of war sound. Warriors are gathered to fight on the Wgrir plain. Charging men, wolves, ravens and gods, worms and beasts of darkness; the plain is lit with fire. Blood is flowing, bits of flesh, severed limbs, smashed skulls and bodies lie strewn across the plain. Screams cut the air, screams of anger and pain, the sound of metal blades and armour clashing, clubs smashing bodies. Then, for a brief moment, everything stops. It is as if the universe holds its breath. Wuotan has fallen on the Wgrir plain; swallowed by Fanjariho. For a moment the time stands still. For Wuotan; Hail and Joy!