

Deeds Of Flesh, An Eternity Of Feasting And Bra

Icelandic dominion
Reigning during a casually brutal age
Exalting bloodlust
We pillage with near impunity
Free from all moral qualms
We celebrate ferocity
Pleasing our gods
The weak are sacrificed
In sacred groves
Grant us strength!

One thing that never dies
The glory of the great deed
The dead souls soar to the afterlife
Through the smoke of burning boats
Drinking to only the brave
Who rode and sailed along side
Believing our world and all that existed within
Should end in flame

And our dead heroes and warriors
Were all swept to Asgard
Were swept away to Asgard
For an eternity of feasting and brawling