

# Einherjer, Clash Of The Elder

I saw creation  
Laws of the nature  
I saw the world with pride

I saw the fire  
Scorching flames of Muspell  
I saw the darkest tide

I seek the wisdom  
The nature of Yggdrasil  
I sought and gave my eye

I saw the Vanir  
Granted the twisted truth  
I felt the world to die

Ride, Gods of war,  
death to the Vanir

Swordsting and axe of blood  
Dance with us now  
Swordsong will roar to call

[Angerboda:]  
"Wonders of my vision  
We crave a bloodred mound  
A thousand deaths to them all"

Brothers of vengeance  
The world is a wound  
A wound that bleeds and burns

I saw my brothers  
Fall of creators  
All for what greed thus learns

Ride, Gods of war,  
death to the Vanir

Weapons of wonders  
Crafted by dwarves  
Clouds break from the sky

Fall to your knees now  
Bow before me now  
Those who deny will die

Spit in this jar of wisdom  
Those who swear alligiance  
Brave or just ready to die

Thus was created  
A scent of wits and poetry  
Storyteller of the High

Ride, Gods of war,  
death to the Vanir