

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