

Einherjer, Dead Knights Rite

As thunder borne upon the wind
Was heard the battle's wild uproar
See the angels of the dead
Seek blood dripping crimson red

Amidst the heaps of foemen slain
Drenched with battle's bloody rain
On the plate-mail rattled loud
The arrow-shower's rushing cloud

Spear-torrents swept away
Ranks of foes from light of day

In the dark the spears were whet

Grimly pointed metal shone
Dread the weapons of the knights
Battered shield and blood-smeared swords

Ravens, rain-soaked lurked the feast
Nesting redly the deceased
Grim the jaws that shook their shields
Red the fangs that bit the bones

Spear-torrents swept away
Ranks of foes from light of day