

Einherjer, Far Far North

Northwards and netherwards
Where towered a dreary palace
She, the ruler of misty Hel ere waiting for you in the hall of death
Hoarfrosted sick-bed hordes trudge
Murderers and oathbreakers
On a crowded path of death yes, to Hel comes the most.

Betrayed be her father, her mother be distress
Mournful beauty, her face half black, half flesh
Tears of sorrow falls like pearls onto the ground
Odin: Send her far away and let her evil do no harm
Send her to Niflhel, to the uttermost peak
Her blood can never in this hall of honour reek

Far Far North
North of Ginnungagap
Where she rules supreme
In lonely majesty
Soak shall be her home
In death's eternal winter she alone
Welcome to her frosty home
Far Far North

On the ness I now stand
Oh, death would be so sweet
But my fate was rusty sealed
My vengeance comes wrapped in sleet
My powers but grow and grow
Come to me, come to me
Ragnarokkr I shall sow
When all chains break I'll be free

Children red with weeping and a howling blood-smeared hound
Wrapped in Bedridden saved a place for the weak
Across the burning bridge and through the gate of Hel
Horrid visions the prophetess saw from where the dead from Hel descend
Many men entombed in frost in the ninth realm
Into the deepest pit she saw

A hall she saw stand
far from the sun
It's doors facing north
on Corpse Strand
Drops of poison
dripped through the smoke-hole;
The hall wattled
with serpents backs
She saw there wading
through turbulent waters
Men forsworn
and murderers