

Enslaved, Yggdrasil

I know that I hung
In the windcold tree
Nine whole nights
With hurt point
To Oden given
Self given to myself
In that tree
Which nobody knows
From which roots it ran

not given bread
They brought no horns
Saw down from the tree
Took up runes
Took them with screams
And down from the tree I fell

Nine magic songs I got
From the famous son of
Boltorn, Bestlas father
And a drink I got
Of precious mead
Poured by Odrere

Then I became vigorous
And got wise
Grew and felt well
Of word sought word
Me word again
Of work sought work
Me work again