

Folkearth, Before Battle I Embrace

O mighty war Gods, mist-breathing doorkeepers of the Otherworld--Hearken now my last words
Into battle I must, the fray I shall embrace and with sword of bronze I will fight our enemies!
Come with us--fight steadfast
Rivers run red with blood!
Freedom calls--thunder rolls
Make them pay ere we die!
Brooding in silence lost in the deep serenity of the woodland glade
The bonfire crackles
The stream is flowing tranquil
I want my son to remember me a hero--not a coward
Come with us--fight steadfast
Rivers run red with blood!
Freedom calls--thunder rolls
Make them pay ere we die!
My bow of yew and my hounds I leave unto thee my son, for I shall not know the pride watching you
Goddess mother, under thy protection I leave my beloved wife
Dry her tears and comfort for I shall not return to keep her warm
Against the legions of Rome there can be no victory
So we only ask of the Morrigan for a warrior's death
Holy thunder, fires of Taranis
We know not fear, pain or defeat!
Spears can pierce, run my body through
Yet my spirit shall forever fight!
When I die I will to the sky
Where the Gods shall welcome me as kin!