

Bathory

"Sea Wolf"

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Into the granite : stave by stave
carved ploughwise : now read my tale
the raging ocean I have sailed
many a man I have maimed
Shields I have crushed with my sword
women have I pleased endless nights
on foreign coast my brother did fall
he now dines in hall up high
Erected the stone against a twilight sky
read Sea Wolf's tale
From the coasts of the west to sarkland
to the marshlands and the forests of the east
high adventures : great riches and wine
blood shed : great battles and feasts
My stone firm in mother eart through rain and time
read Sea Wolf's tale

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