

## **Enlaved "The Blood Of Kvasir"**

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A war ruled in ancient times  
Between the holy races, the vanirs and the Ases  
When peace came, the deities united  
From a bowl filled with spit rose Kvasir  
"Wise he becomes, he drinks the holy mead,  
the blood of Kvasir, but not he who drinks  
from the spilled mead that dripped  
from the falcon"  
Kvasir the father of poets  
by dwarfhands he died  
From the blood of Kvasir they made the meads of  
poets, the holy drink  
Fjalar and Galar once murdered Gilling the Giant, the  
father of Suttung  
Enraged, Suttung demanded justice to be fulfilled  
The blood of Kvasir become the mead of Suttung  
Grimne flew out from Valhalla

In the shape of the falcon  
To the Home of Giants and to Nitberg  
Bauge was deceived, and Gunnlod betrayed  
Out from Nitberg the falcon flew  
Finally Kvasir should return to Asgard  
But, when the mead disappeared, Suttung became  
furious  
Out, in the shape of the eagle he followed  
Sadly, Grimne had to spill from his valuable treasure  
Which led to the making of the false poets  
The falcon flew home to his domains  
And Sutting flew into the flames of Tjalve

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