

Falconer "Walhall"

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Sol arose - that morning like a sunwheel at the sky...
Shallow land - two ravens high above gave me the
sign...

Walhall - the hall of shining shields
where once I'll be to celebrate my death...

Farewell - my sword may lead me into ancient realms...

"...now saddled is my horse and grinded my sword,
the wisest of all blacksmith's forged my shield...
Tomorrow I will ride, when morningsun arose,
to meet my fate on shallow field...
..now the time to leave is near,
and all preparations done,
the twilight now heralds my farewell...
A last donation to the ones
who will guide me on my way
and who will await me if I'll die..."

Valkyrjur - will take my hand to lead me on my way...
Himinbjörg - so soon there Heimdallr will welcome my
soul...

Walhall - the hall of shining shields
where once I'll be to celebrate my death...

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