

Helheim

"The Raid Of The Nightraven"

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Standing in a misty forest
feeling a vapour of coldness
death is awaited this night
the death of myself
Here in the hall of Mǫrkveden
I torture myself in hate
pushing the sword deeper into myself
deeper and deeper until it devours my mind

The raid of the nightraven will commence
when the night it shall praise
It floats above me as a sign
of death, darkness and Helheim
there where a hundred men live
and their souls and blood harden
The raid of the nightraven will come
when the day has come to an end

Hail my death - in the embracement of the forest
My screams sounded - come raven of the night

I am now wandering as a slave of darkness - forgotten
and lost

My flesh is freezing to ice, as my soul is wandering
There you can feel the breeze of death, and is
amongst
the slaves of dark Hel

There the forest lies hidden
black, obscure and forgotten
no man is found
where cold and darkness is bound
The forest is enshrouded by fog
so that no one can find it
Only those that long for death
and to Hel will descend

Above the wood south of Midgard
above Mǫrkvedens inner hall
a nightraven is flying
still with a lust for death

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