

## Helheim

# "The Spirit Of Vigrid"

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On the field of Vigrid a cold night  
a thick fog rests  
Feels like a heavenly suffocation  
There I stand in the heart of the fog

A late October fullmoon night  
lonely on a pagan field  
In the spirit of Vigrid  
in the fog of my fate

I feel a cold breeze drifting lightly by  
it touches me, takes me far away

I float through the air lonely as a raven  
while the spirit of Vigrid slowly lets me die

Take me to nowhere  
so that I can die  
and let the spirit of Vigrid  
still hunt for the souls of the strong men

Strengthen the spirit of Vigrid  
so that it can be worshipped  
and make a lesser might disappear

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