

Nivaira "Starkad"

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In the silence of years
We all are spent
But who will dare to forget!
The time when heroes were fighting
For faith and glory,
Honor and pride of the dead.

I was cruel and noble
Like a northern wolf
I laughed at the face of death
When I spoke my words turned
To wizard poems
No one looked at me as I left.

What a great life it was
When I went for distant shores
The One Eyed God took all those
Who were slain in the war!

I knew no fear, no pain
And no despair,
And the victories always were mine.
And my treasures and gold
Were bright and fair
And my steel sword was true and fine.

After all the days I lived
I'm standing on my knees
All the beautiful verses I said
Faded like dead leaves.

My glorious victories
Are paid with unhealing wounds
And so heavy lies on my shoulders
The blood of the beloved ones.

My third life came to the end
I'm old, my eyes can't see
God of the fallen, remember your word
Send your ravens to me.

