

Sword

"The Frost-Giant's Daughter"

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Waiting for dawn on the snow-covered tundra
Your foes lying dead at your feet
Look to the sky for a good star to guide you
And pray that the morning you'll meet

Tresses of fire
Skin white as snow
Promising pleasure
She brings only woe

In the far northern reaches
Where dark mountains rise high

Enchantress beseeches
That you give up your life

Look to the sky for a good star to guide
And pray that the morning you'll meet

Witch of the wastes
Dancing on snows
Lord of the gallows
Takes what he's owed
A wisp of gossamer is all that remains...

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