

Taunusheim

"Followed By The Raven"

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Followed by the raven,
By rain, by wind with might.
Followed to the mountain,
To Raven-Forest-Ever-Night.

Raven the unknown being,
The mighty beating wings,
Black eyes are always seeing,
The real and unreal things.

The spirit of the black bird,
Knows to fly between water and sky.
The spirits of the black birds,
Are screaming from the halls of valhall.
Look up to the snowy forest,

Which is to see in the great white hills.
Flying down a creature to the frozen lake,
Croaking loud it is singing his hymn.
Fog is stroking meadows and the trees,

No more living are now to see.
The gliding raven is looking to his fellow,
The gods called him Munin.
Night by night the ones flying to north and south,

The other to east and west.
Odin is sitting on his wooden throne,
Hoping they will come back.
No one could ever take his greatness,

So often they had tried.
They called him bird of death
And tried to seek his might.
But they never reached their aim,

He's still what he had always been.
The bird of strength, the bird of wisdom,
The black bird of the north.

