

Theudho

"Prophecies In Flames"

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Already eight nights this torment has lasted
Tied between two fires, without food I am
The man who no dog would dare to assail
The flames so fierce, scorching my cloak

Blessed be Agnar,
Bringer of the horn
No man on this earth
Easier gained favour

Much did you lose
Geirrǫld Hrauthungson
The help of the fallen
The favour of Wuotan

Wroth with thee are the Disir
Misled by friends art thou now
Dripping with blood a sword I see
Impaled on steel, thy reign will end

Those fallen by the sword
Wuotan now shall have!

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