

Witticism "Oden's Rain"

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Bloodred blades reflect the sun, shields are raised for war.

The growling sound of rowing oar amplifies our screams.

Now purest rage burns in the eyes of thousand man prepared for war!

Sky's ablazed by arrow's flames, first rows brought down to their knees!

First blood dyes the snowwhite field, as the war starts bloody and fierce!

50 dead on each side and the war rages on,
As I hear the wheezy sound of arrows on the run!

With every breath I take, I feel them coming closer now!

Oden's birds appear at the sky

And I know,

Soon all will be done!

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