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Wolfsangel "Of Ye Birch Tree Slain"

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Once there lived a man in a small house of wood Just before the threshold tall birch-tree stood Knocking at his window and pulling his hair All of that he did not care

Days passed the nights and the nights passed the days Human's path was his only way Once under the full moon he fell asleep A girl came to him and began to weep

[Birch:] Please, please, darling come to me [Man:] How can I not knowing thee? [Birch:] Please, please, darling come to me [Man:] How can I not knowing thee?

[Birch:] Always I've been here don't be surprised You'll see me always just close your eyes Knocking at your window and pulling your hair [Man:] I'm sick and tied of you so beware

[Birch:] Please, please, darling come to me [Man:] Oh, well, I'll come and cut thee [Birch:] Please, please, darling come to me [Man:] Oh, well, I'll come and cut thee

[Birch:]

Be my blacksmith to forge the new swords Be my staff for wild waters to cross Be my hop to bitter my drink Be my key to break wooden link I'm your smithy to forge the new sword I'm your way to the stallions of Njord I'm your mare to ride through the night I'm your birch tree with tears so bright

Then he took an axe and exited the house Came to tall white tree and closed his eyes The girl came to him one and final time But he preferred to close his mind

[Man:] Oh, well, I have come to thee Please, please, don't worry me Oh, well, I have come to thee Please, please, don't worry me

His hands were above and her waist below Thus he embraced her in moment slow The cold iron passed into her heart When his eyes had opened they were apart

So he turned to mirror again and again Blood on his axe, blood on his hands Grinning and laughing he came to the wood Hanged himself - now he's ravens' food

[Man:] Now you will never come to me [Birch:] Oh, well, good night to thee [Man:] Now you will never come to me [Birch:] Oh, well, good night to thee

No one now lives in a small house of wood Nothing there is, so the tale ends good

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