

Wulfgar "Heimdals Horn"

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He left his eye in Miner's well
Wherein all might & wisdom dwell
Through the eyes of blackened birds
He seeks throughout the many worlds

Searching for heroic men
To gather in the hall of slain
To the battlefield he'll send
Valkyrians for brave new souls to gain

At the brink of Ragnarok we stand
Prepare to die with sword in hand
At the sound of Heimdall's horn
Let the battle be reborn

Three cold winters will arrive
The stars will vanish from the sky
The earth will shudder, setting free
The monsters of the prophecy

As the mountains fall, sturred is his sleep
The serpent of Midgard will awake
As the rise from the grave of the ocean deep
The earth will shatter and shake

And from the east the Jotuns sail
The ship of Naglfar made of nails
And from the south the giants march
Dressed in flames and fire in heart

And all will die in the battle of Vigrid they'll burn
When Heimdall's horn is blown there is no return

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