

Fenris

"Offerings To The Hunger"

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Freya hear our calls, mother of all that lives
in this sacred forest we gather in your name
to plant the seed of prosper and worship thy
forgiveness
that the sacrifice we make may bring life through death

The gift

In the darkest depth of emptiness
our offer is swallowed by the lake
foretell the times that lay ahead

as we bring thee lives that you may take

Glorious are thou signs
make your wisdom ours
unchanged by time
we will harvest all

The procession

Chants are sung of praise
only the bog now will see her face
slowly followers move on
in time merely the lake will hear her song

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