

Blodraven "Of Swords And Honour"

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Beckoning his fellows to him
A man unknown roamed the lands
Sol began the long ascent
As men rode for the strands
Swathed in cloaks, heathens
Gallantly went forth to die
Thirty score against the christians
That day of heathen pride

Lusting for blood they were
They spilt it over the ground
Revenging their fallen ones
As the great war horn did sound
They fought with all their might
To be rid of christian men
Far outnumbered, so they fell
To Walhall then they went

Christians came for heathen bane
Who all died for honor and for fame
Christians came, tyranny reigned
Only eighty christians did remain

Men from lands afar came
Whilst drawing their honor nigh
The Norsemen galloped onward
Letting forth a heathen cry
Thunderous did they strike
Like lightning through the rain
Wuotan guiding their swords
Many christian men were slain

So great did the they fight
Many bodies littered the ground
No remorse was even felt
As the heathens razed them down
The christians were no longer alive
They slayed them all but one
He was sent back to his home
To warn what they had done

Christians came for heathen bane

Who all fought for honor and for fame
Christians came, all were slain
Only a single christian did remain

That night, as Solen shied the land
A hearty dinner was to them prepared
A celebratory feast on ship and sand
For fallen allies the victory was shared
Noble men once considered tykes
Now mounted upon their horses shod
Looked to the sky, upraised their pikes
And shouted to the gods...

Oh Wuotan, great Wuotan
Hail to thee, the mighty One-Eyed God
Oh Wuotan, hail Wuotan
Forever heathen pride will live on

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