

## Ragnarok

### "Heartfire And Forge"

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Heartfire and forge by Ragnarok  
As the sun was rising,  
Three maidens flew low  
From the heights of Asgard  
To bathe on Midgard below,  
But as they laughed in the water,  
Their swans plumage cast on the side,  
Three brothers did find them there  
And took these Valkyrs for brides.

Seven winters they rested  
With the brothers, bound as wives.  
Love's fire burned deeply,  
They thought t'would last all their lives,  
But eight winters found the maidens  
Filled with a longing to fly.  
On the ninth they once more took their downy wings  
And soared to their homes in the sky.

Fly.  
Loss took hold the brothers deeply.  
Long they mourned their swan-maids to return in vain.  
Gazing to the misty skies from dawn to dusk yet still  
the sorrow burned, the pain.

Egil and Slagfinn took up their skis  
And journeyed through frost-winds and Nor-winter  
freeze.  
Searched over ice-realms, searching for love.  
Steely grey skies rained down Hel from above.  
Bleak were the mountains,  
Bleaker their quest for Valhalla's maidens to hold to  
their breast.  
Fruitless their search, fruitless their cost.  
In black pain of winter the brothers were lost.  
VÃ¶llund alone, the last of the three,  
did not depart on this hopeless journey  
But waited for his sweet Alvit's return.  
With longing and sorrow for this he did yearn.  
A master of forge-work and Svartalf craft,  
He copied the love-band his sweet wife had left;

A ring of such beauty and intricate shape,  
'til seven hundred together did drape.

Then one night, when home from hunting he returned,  
He found that Alvit's ring had gone.  
Filled with hope that his sweet swan-maid had come  
back  
His heart began to sing, but he was wrong.

Vǫllund slept peaceful,  
It was the first night since Alvit had skyward on swan-  
winged flight,  
Yet peaceful his sleep was never to be and soon was  
awakened by brash reveille.  
Shackled and bound before Nidud the king,  
The lord of the Swedes had taken the ring,  
Now also the sword, the smithy's fine blade,  
Forged in magic, with spellcraft inlaid.  
Vǫllund was led to a neighbouring isle where,  
Humstrung, the captive was forced to toil  
Crafting the weapons and trinkets and rings  
With hammer on anvil as forge-bellows sing.  
The fire in the furnace which flashed from the grate  
was matched by his rage  
And matched by his hate.  
The anger and angst was all he could bear,  
The smithy was racked with pain and despair.

Sorrow was deep, the nadir of life.  
Gone was his freedom, gone was his wife.  
And yet, still was hope.  
Though crippled and wan  
The fire of revenge  
Would forge in bloodlust's gory plan.

Midst the pauses in his labours forged a span of gold  
And shining wings like his wife's,  
And through cunning switch reclaimed the sword of  
magic  
temper from the king.  
Now revenge.

Vǫllund had waited and bided his time,  
now Nidud the king would pay for his crime.  
Into the forge his sons were enticed and soon lay so  
cold,  
Bereaved of life.  
Their skulls set in silver fine chalices made and were  
off'd  
To the king for the drinking of mead;  
Their eyes and their teeth, fashioned as gems,

Bǫlvild the queen hung at breast as at hems.  
Donning his wings, the smithy did fly out of the forge  
and into the sky.  
Circled the palace and crowed of his deeds,  
His vengeance complete, his torment now freed.  
Then onto, Alfheim where Alvit he found and.  
As smith of the gods, his glory was bound;  
His magical sword in the Branstock was cast by Odin  
for Sigmund,  
It's fame to e'er last.

And Alheim rings with laughter.

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