

Amon Amarth "War Of The Gods"

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War, the mirthless war of our world
When the treacherous wench is killed
Three times burned, the three times born
By fear it claims was Gullveig torn

Death, Odin held his spear up with great force
Deep into the great god of fear
Battle horns gave off their sound
And Asgard was razed to the ground

The Vanir failed to see Hǫðnir was a fool
Without Mǫmir at his side Hǫðnir could not rule
In a field of violent rage Mǫmir's blood was shed
And to Odin's court they sent Mǫmir's severed head

Truce, so a brittle and frail ease was forged
Into a shattered piece to make
Njordr and Freyr to Asgard came
And Hǫðnir and Mim to Vanaheim

Death, see the furious gods washed in blood
And Odin knew that the way to war
Would not bring them any gain
Just leave a black and bitter stain

Odin tog huvudet och smorde det med Ålter
Som hindrar det från att ruttna
Han kvad sina trollsÅnger Ålver det
SÅ att Mimer Åter kunde tala till honom

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