

The Blood of Odin

Manowar

Upon his shoulders perch two ravens
Hugin and Munin.
They circle the earth by day seeing all
At night they report to him the world's tidings.
He wears a golden helmet and a golden ring
At his side sit two wolves.
His weapons a magic sword
And a spear called Gungnir
They are carved with runes.
His eight legged horse
Sleipnir carries him over land, sea and air,
The bringer of the valiant dead, the einherjar,
From the battlefield across
The rainbow bridge to Valhalla.

For a single drink of the enchanted water
He paid with one eye
He was granted supreme wisdom.
He is the God of poetry, sorcery, and death.
Wounded, pierced by a spear
He hung upside down for nine days.
Fasting and agony he made
Of himself a sacrifice to himself.
Given no bread nor mead he looked down
And with a loud cry fell screaming
From the world tree.
In a flash of insight the secret magic
Of the runes was revealed to him.
He took up the runes and mastered them
Eighteen powerful charms for protection,
Success in battle, lovemaking, healing
And the power to bring back the dead.

His sacred blood mixed with black wind
And rain wept down
From the world tree deep into the earth.
He commanded the earth to crack open
And to spew forth the strongest of the strong!

On this day he did bestow
Unto the world the sons of Odin!