The nighte hath begun
The moon's arms embrace thee
Now thy time hath come
Wanderer's victim of bloode
Thy flame will be burned out to tame his wrathe

The blade awaits thee, thy back shalle be slit The bloode-dripping lobe of thy lunges Builde a pair of wings

Delivered to Odinn
(Bloode eagle)
The Spearmaster's offeringe
(Bloode eagle)
The Raven God's sacrifice
(Bloode eagle)
The course of an ancient rite
(Bloode eagle)

Torches of deathe lighte the nighte
Thou art broughte to the tent
Thy laste brink to have
As thou leaveth this place
Soaked by the bloode, magic spells are cast

The blade awaits thee, thy back shalle be slit The bloode-dripping lobe of thy lunges Builde a pair of wings

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[Solo: Lars/Both]

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