

# The Blood Eagle

Vreid

Born out of worlds of fire and ice  
The nature of spirits embrace our lives  
From the underworld to above  
We worship the fertile soil

Carved in the back  
Blood strained wings are dressed  
An image of grotesque  
The blood eagle of human flesh

Rituals for the gods  
We offer our respect  
The blood symbols our strength  
Our pray is yours to collect

Carved in the back  
Blood strained wings are dressed  
An image of grotesque  
The blood eagle of human flesh

Blood over a stone  
The sword penetrates the flesh  
Ribs are cut by the spine  
Lungs pulled out of the chest

As the eagle takes it's shape  
The human life expires  
Salt sprinkled wounds  
Flavours the blot  
To the kings of ice and fire