

# Gods of Thunder of Wind and of Rain

Bathory

Creator of life. Guardian of the dead.  
Goddess of battle and war,  
All of ye watch me. My sword by my side.  
Proudly I sit on my horse.

And I wait for the sign in the sky to appear.  
telling me that the moment has come  
For me to ride beyond the edge of this world  
into the realms where the shadows are strong

Gods of Thunder of Wind and of Rain  
Valkyries my soul is yours should I fail.  
Let my beheaded and battered corpse lay  
and take me where you bring all nordsmen slain.

Gods of Thunder of Wind and of Rain.  
Hugin and Munin my eyes in the sky.  
Heart of mine thrown in the pit of the snake  
I will not need no heart where I go should I die.

Realms of the shadows bring me no fear  
I may stand or be beaten and torn  
The mountains will stand. But the life of a man  
was decided long before he was born.

Leaving the plains where my ancestors hunted  
for meat and for hides against the cold.  
Here the fire was tamed. Here our sword were made.  
And here the elders amazing takes told

I ride into land few have seen or returned from  
to tell of it's bleakness and dark  
I see nothing but mist and the mountains so tall  
I can't tell them and the sky apart

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Atop a ridge between the two worlds...  
the untime...

Halting his stallion for a brief second,  
taking a deep breath of cold air,  
he hesitates for a moment  
while his feathered friends fly ahead.  
As the frozen wind tears at his face,  
he is reminded of his origin, that he is of  
flesh and blood and not of this world.  
He, a young man, chosen by destiny.  
Putting his faith in magic  
and that subtle thing known as fate.  
He is depending on an immovable trust i  
n an old sword, a stallion given birth to  
by the wind and the spells of a woodwoman.  
Not even the cry of the Ravens,  
urging him on, can take his mind off  
what lies ahead of him.  
Feeling smart next to these mountains,  
so gigantic they unite with the sky, he somehow  
finds the spirit to continue.  
Having come this far, already well into  
the valley of death, it makes little sense in returning.  
And thus he follows The Ravens...