Vinterblot

Bathory

All male, nine by nine, hanging gently, swaying in the wind
The bark of ash absorbing the splattered heays of blood
For the return of the sun, a winter sacrifice
Ox, dog, horse, sheep and slave, all offered to the gods

The dusk of grey keeps falling upon the landscape bleak
White gently still the bodies away, hanging in god's tree
The ring of torches lighting up the heath, a ghostly shine
The mighty ash unites the earth with sky for all time

The golden mead flows freely, chant of the sun is sung
The runes are read out loud and clear, midwinter night is long
Life giving disc shall fill the sky once more in all its span
The vinterblot, a reawakening, hail Nordland

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