

Ansuzgardaraiwo

Burzum

Voices from the spirit world can be heard through the dark
winternights, the heartbeats of the spirit. It is the holy twelve
days of Yule. Dark shapes can be seen in the sky; riders of
death. They suddenly charge down from the clouds in wonderful
wilderness; kings and chieftains, thieves and murderers - all in
the same phalanx, drifting mysteriously through the air on spirit
horses, arriving when least expected. Black shields, furs from
bear and wolf, shining blades, open wounds and ropes still tied
around their necks; they are Wuotan's pack of wargers, the undead
and the dead - the immortal warriors of Ansuzgarda! The
werewolves haunt the sacred twelve days of Yule in packs, looking
after the living; hail the sacred traditions, hail the spirits
of
the dead, hail the holy ritual of Wuotan, or face the wrath of
the Ansuz and the hooves of Sleipnir. Face the Ansuzgardaraiwo!