

Regicide

Einherjer

Ridden through the flame
The ring be his bane
The oathkeeper's brother bid
The ringkeeper slain

Fire-raisers hand
The grief and the rage
The ill-fated will had won
The ill-fated wage

Fish of the wild-wood
Worm smooth crawling
With wolf-meat mingled
They minced for him
Then in the beaker
In the wine his mouth knew
They set it, still doing
More deeds of wizards

The fate has overcome
maimed and outrun
The brave breed of the noble son's
Vile unjust done

"Long shall ye have
land and men of war
Thou who now has slain
Sigurds death done"

Now he has fallen
The son of Gods triumphant
Norns have their judgement
Death knell toll
We are the children of the wolf

Fall to your sleep
Thy court of mailcoat's gem
Swift peace reap

The shriek of a raven
Cut through the air
"False oath be thy bane"