

## The Pathfinder & The Prophetess

Einherjer

Who is this man, who for me is unknown  
Who forces me to go such a hard way  
I am covered with snow, beaten by rain  
I am wet through by dew  
& death I have known for a long time

I am the pathfinder, accustomed to battle  
For whom is the hall decked here in Helheim  
Silence not prophetess, I seek your answers  
Who shall bring death to the son of Odin

For Balder the mead  
A drink for the noble  
I was forced to speak  
Now silence is my name  
Hod shall guide him  
Shall be his bane  
I was forced to speak  
Now silence is my name

Tell me this, who shall punish this deed  
Kill Balders killer and place him on the pyre  
A child, one night old, shall kill Balders killer  
Not wash his hands nor comb his hair  
Until the fire burns  
Tell me this; What maidens are those,  
Who weeps such heavy tears?  
You are no Volve, but a mother of giants.  
Right you are Odin  
See you after the wolf

For Balder the mead  
A drink for the noble  
I was forced to speak  
Now silence is my name

Hod shall guide him  
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