

## Blood-Red Axes

Folkodia

Blacksmith, hammer the iron  
Temper and shape it for war -  
Arm my hand with thy forge's best  
For I sail with the dawn to foreign shores!

Fell deeds of death await me  
Blood and fire in the heart of battle  
The song of Valkyries from the sky  
Is what sets my veins aflame and gets me high!

Axes dyed blood-red;  
The breath of Odin down my neck -  
Allfather walk beside me today  
And soon I'll join you at thy table!

Ravens fill the sky  
And black-feathered arrows alike -  
A song of death rides the gates  
An epitaph for warrior that fell this day...

Crimson froths the stream  
Steel is cold and fears no hate:  
I will ride upon the raging waves  
And storm the yonder shore, fearless and brave!

Axes dyed blood-red;  
The breath of Odin down my neck -  
Allfather walk beside me today  
And soon I'll join you at thy table!