

Sword In Hand

Folkodia

Beneath the endless azure of the sky
I'll ride a horse as black as the night
With sword in hand raised aloft
To catch the pure white light
So that my blade is blessed
With the Rune of Morning Glory
And the chill of the wind
Is caught twixt the coal-black curls
Of my helmet's mane
That billows in my wake
Like a banner of death unfurled -
A distant warning for my enemies to see
As I come riding down the hill
Past the dolmens and the stones
Through the trees that haunt
With sword in hand a' glimmer in the light
For which I bled, was hunted down
With sword in hand I'll defend
Stand my ground and die glad of heart
For a swordsman knows no death
Only victory or Valhalla in the end