

Second Death

Helheim

Beneath mountain stones
An evil of primal forces
Uncorrupt and heavy
Man is far too weak The headland above the sea
The 2nd burial mound
Their bodies were weary
And their minds were dreary All for nothing
Though years pass
A glass of life
Refilled when emptied Uncorrupt pitch black
Weight of an oxFires to cleanse
And to reduce And to die again
And to wish for a 2nd death