

The Thrall And The Master

Helheim

Divide the riches in numbers three
One to the brothers of allegiance
Two to serve the funeral feast
Three to the journey to the other world Embrace this sacrifice
She will serve you well
Sleep in the fire
To enter a higher self Ta imot mitt offer
Hun vil tjene deg vel
Son I ilden For å oppnå et hoyere jeg
Feast upon the last days
Earthly values will fade away You'll leave this world
Caress the flames of oak Dog's cut in half, sacrifice ritual
Among draught beasts, cows, cocks and hen The thrall is passed a
mong men
Pain is futile, all for the love of the dead