

Cold Wind to Valhalla

Jethro Tull

And ride with us young bonny lass
With the angels of the night.
Crack wind clatter flesh rein bite
On an out-size unicorn.
Rough-shod winging sky blue flight
On a cold wind to Valhalla.
And join with us please
Valkyrie maidens cry
Above the cold wind to Valhalla.
Breakfast with the gods. Night angels serve
With ice-bound majesty.

Frozen flaking fish raw nerve
In a cup of silver liquid fire.
Moon jet brave beam split ceiling swerve
And light the old Valhalla.
Come join with us please
Valkyrie maidens cry
Above the cold wind to Valhalla.
The heroes rest upon the sighs
Of Thor's trusty hand maidens.
Midnight lonely whisper cries,
"We're getting a bit short on heroes lately.
Sword snap fright white pale goodbyes
In the desolation of Valhalla.
And join with us please
Valkyrie maidens ride
Empty-handed on the cold wind to Valhalla.