

Leaves Of Yggdrasil

Myrkur

Under the shady green leaves of Yggdrasil
Three Norns spin a thread so coarse
Fate of man and gods they weave

The fairest maid in all the kingdom
Hair of silver snow and ice
Lives in the heart of every warrior
But one filled her heart's desires
With a fever of love's fire

The course of true love
Never did run smooth
How much longer can they endure
Life apart bitter youth

Lost in a land of a thousand forests
Far away from her true love
He kissed her lips so pale and rosy
She dreams till the sun rise up
And then daylight blinds her heart

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Hair of silver snow and ice
Lives in the heart of every warrior
But one filled her heart's desires
With a fever of love's fire