

... The sun arose beyond the mighty hill,
the inlet, ruled by silence, laid so chill...

... The shadows grew as the sun rode high,
that day for countless people came to die...

"...And high above the one-eyed God sat on his throne
to gaze upon the whole lands of Midgaard,
he, the Allfather,
who already <already?> knows the end of every day
sent his shieldmaiden on winged horses
to lead all those to Walhall who are the chosen ones to die..."

... The dragonships set sail and farewell drew near,
the thunderings of Thorr's hammer were to hear...

...The elder ones by whom the runes were thrown,
saw all those things through which their fate was shown...

...A gentle breeze brought the bloody scent
as spears without a number were upwards tend...

...Two black ravens known as Odhinn's eyes
circled high to descend from the skies...

...And Valkyrjur rode at heavens high
to await the death of those who had to die...

...And to lead them well on their final way
towards the hall of bronzen shields that day...