

Thingstead

Adramelech

Through the valley of throns,
over the river of blood
Condemned by straw death
Deserted by the Dises

Onwards to the realm of Helheim,
domain of the Concealer;
Hunger her table
Starvation her knife

Journey of the dead
to the judgment in Thingstead...
Without the runes of speech
no way to justify my deeds.

Drink the draught of doom:
burning venom transformation
monstrosity shpeshift
of the unworthy ones

Final insult, first punishment:
passing through eternal bliss,
beholding with grief
envying the joys of the blessed ones

Hereded by thorny rods,
anger of Swartalfar;
crossing the cold rivers,
climbing the dark mountains of Nifel-hel

Dying the second time
to enter nine realms of torture:
gates of eternal night
now swallow the condemned one