

# Death and Resurrection of a Northern Son

Bathory

Here I am : enemies : come and taste the steel of my sword  
the earth was still young and the land all new when it was forged  
ore of the mountain towering towards endless sky  
the runes down its blade the last thing you will see before you die

In the spring we sailed from Asa Bay with wind and tide  
twenty-nine in all we were : bloodbrothers side by side  
down foreign coasts : across the ocean : wind would fill our sails  
high adventures : better to fall by the sword than to die from age or ail

The emperor I served in Miklagard : grand guard was I  
me and my brothers in gold were paid : on my sword I did rely  
returning to Nordland by horse : ambushed were we  
and so here I am : come enemies : cornered with my back to the sea

The ground beneath our feet all red awash with human blood  
severed limbs and bodies dead : prepare to meet thy God  
shoulder by shoulder : knee by knee : bloodbrothers by my side  
forgive me mother for missing the unseen blow that cut me down from behind

All still : no more pain : the wind whispering my name  
this wound my last : the darkness around me seems vast  
Then a bright light I see : the clouds swirl and part before me  
in the distance a woman approaching : with a gesture she invites me to proceed

Then a bronze horn I hear : it calls me : and the bridge seems to stretch for a lifetime  
way before me a palace is rising : out of the mist : like a mountain it stands  
And it greets me with gates open wide : all around me bloodbrothers by my side  
and they show me the seat that bears my name : my place at the table of Oden I do claim