

False peace
None my friend in word
Batteling bards
None my friend in word
Bloodshed
Ill nature comes to pass
War gods
Ill nature comes to pass

Loke
Untame venomtongue
No ward on words of blaming tongue
Loke
Stinging venom song
No heart, no hope for venomtongue
No heart, no hope for venomtongue

In dismay the One-Eyed gazes
With a grave brow
On the friendship of old
With a bleeding heart
In eyes of cold
Hating, despising

Dawned decay of bloodline alliance
No use to dwell
On a friendship of old
Let the elder spite
and disgrace unfold
Blaming, lying

Enchained
With the guts of your long gone son
Tearing fangs
On the guts of your long gone son
Silence
Come the holy hammers woe
Bones undone
From the holy hammers woe