

Wyrd of the Dead

Einherjer

Wounded

I hung on a wind-swept gallows

For nights all of nine

Pierced by a spear

Odin

Offered myself to myself

Wiseest know not

From whence spring the roots

I pledged to Odin

A hanged mans gift

Saw him hang nine days and nights

Pain did blind his sacrifice

More dead than alive

Carve the runes the dead to speak

Enlight the strong desert the weak

The wyrd of the dead

Suffer

A sacrifice so profound

They gave no bread

They gave no mead

Peered down

I grasped the runes screaming of need

I took them

From that tree I fell

I pledged to Odin

A hanged mans gift

Saw him hang nine days and nights

Pain did blind his sacrifice

More dead than alive

Carve the runes the dead to speak

Enlight the strong desert the weak

The wyrd of the dead