

Ravens on the Wing

Folkearth

Odin's two ravens are on the wing -
See them soaring o'er the battlefield:
Their deep, dark eyes are fixed
On the honored dead that lie thereon

Ravens on the wing -
With coarse voices sing
An epitaph of glorious deeds
Of the fallen Vikings!

Spreading their black wings,
Coal-hued feathers in the wind -
They fly etched against the bright
And spotless morning sky

Memory and thought,
They remember and they revere
The warriors who fought well
But feast upon the eyes of cravens dead

Ravens on the wing -
With coarse voices sing
An epitaph of glorious deeds
Of the fallen Vikings!

With the setting of the sun
They return to Valhalla
To sit on the shoulders
Of the one-eyed god