

## 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