

Thus A Viking Dies

Folkodia

See me as I lay,
Amongst my fallen brothers...
Our swords are dim now,
Our shields shattered on the ground-
The light has fled our eyes,
Our hearts shall pound no more
In this here world...

This is how a Viking dies:
On the field of glorious war-
He stood fast to the very end,
By the sword he earned his fame!

This is how a Viking dies:
Besides the bodies of fallen foes,
On shores that lie many miles away
From home and hearth, away from the North!

Fight to the end-hail the gods!

Thus a Viking dies and yet
His spirit shall forever dwell
In Valhalla's golden hall
Side by side with gods he feasts!

The Einherjer await for him,
His seat is long prepared
At all-father's dining table:
The Einherjer raise him a toast
Who fought and died like they did!

"I now live in the dream
Of fair Valkyries,
I now walk on fields
In Asgard evergreen;
My blood flows gold,
My eyes see afar
Like those of the eagle
Who now soars with me!

In Odin's court I dwell,
In the shining hall
That lies 'cross the bridge
Guarded by Heimdall
'Till the time is come
And he sounds his horn
Calling me to arms,
To do battle anon!"