

Facing the storm by the shore
In sacred colours her foremothers wore
Calling to the sea the Vardlokkur
In ancient tongue that none can understand but her

Volva's call

Volva bring their messages to me
The seed that you will pass on to me
I hear the voices from within
Old wise one I am bare, I am prepared,
I'm ready to step inside

The circle's closing we hear the chants
Magic rhythms seducing us to dance
Eyes are closing, what will they see?
Lost in the search of ancient dreams and ages yet to come

The heat is rising, seething wild
Bodies trembling as the earth underneath
And when I'm falling into the depths of life
Drowning hearts in ecstasy, screaming for the dawn

When our souls were young