

The Source Of Mimir

Nomans Land

The sun will cast its dawning rays
Upon the runes inscribed in rock.
The mossy rock by the side of the road
Has kept its secret since ages began.
It recalls how the Earth came to be,
And the light came out of the darkness.

It remembers the hands that cut the holy signs
Into its cold grey flesh.
He who sacrificed himself, hanging on the ash-tree of life
Knows the mystery of the holy signs.

He who suffered for the knowledge of the Runes,
Has left them for the new world to see.
The rock what was washed with sacrificial blood
Revealed the mystery of the world by the Velves.
It remembers the Suttung tribe,
It knows how the Aesir dies.