

Runes you will reveal  
In the dust of ancient times  
Remember my sacrifice  
When I hung for these nine nights

Runes they were concealed  
In the dust of ancient times  
I died to be reborn  
When I suffered these nine nights

know myself hanging there  
For nice icy nights  
Facing the endless darkness around me

Wounded by my own spear  
On the wind cold tree  
I am Odin - Hallowed by my own rite

A tree unknown the roots be sprouts  
Lets my life slowly fade  
From a bough of Yggdrasil I hung  
Committed to my fate

Delivered to the fright  
Of endless ice and night  
I had to gaze into the misty world  
Of Niflheim - the dire northern frost empire  
In my self chosen solitude

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When I begun to grow  
Evanescent by pain  
I sunk from the tree with a sigh

The knowledge of the dead I learnt  
Cause only cruelty can forge  
And then word just followed word