

The Ride of Asgard

Stormwarrior

A colde sable midwinter's nighte
In the wake of the storme
Loweringe clouds, a darksome skye
Fiercest wyndes, thundere roars
The huntinge wolves, an eerie sounde
Oh the doom's drawing neare
A deafening blare, sinister row
Baneful signes, awe and feare

Oh see them ride, crossinge the skies
Asgard's warriors are raisinge a storme tongihte
Oh, heare afar, howlinge in the darke
The Ride of Asgard is preyinge througheoute the nighte

The Wilde Host is passing by
Arm'd and wroth be the horde
Undeade men, wolfe-warriors
One-ey'd olde Man to the fore
Some were burnt, some beheaded
Some still are spear'd by the sworde
Lo, beware, yielde their pathe
Avoide their sighte or be wolf'd by their coarse

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