

# 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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