

# The Valkyries Call

Stormwarrior

See! Warpe is strecht'd for warriors' fall  
Lo! Weft in loome, 'tis wet with bloode  
Withe entrails of men and heads of the slaine  
On blood-sodden spears they are weavinge the fraye

Heare... The Valkyries' Call, for warriors' fall  
Oh the Maidens warp'd their woofe  
Heare the chant of yore, the Valkyries' Call, the Swayers of wa  
r  
Oh the Maidens spell'd their doome on the christen'd one

Bloodstain'd swordes, Lo! How spearheads flashe  
Shafte will breake and shields will crashe  
One gore of bloode on the fielde dyed red  
As the weavinge thrives the king's bloode be she'd

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Heare the chant of yore, the Valkyries' Call, the Swayers of wa  
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Oh the Maidens spell'd their doome on the christen'd one

And thus they winde their warwinninge woofe  
And the christend'd kinge, to deathe now foredoom'd  
Forthe they will ride, rushinge throughe the ranks  
They spare not one life, stouthearted they'll stande

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