

Das Schwert der Asen

Thrudvangar

In a time, where gods and demons determined the life
There was a sword with magic strength
A sword that's steel never failed and its sharpness never as the
base went
This sword transmitted by the gods, around peace to bring in the
whole world

Das Schwert der Asen liegt fest in der Hand
Geschmückt mit Gold und Runen am Rand
Geschmiedet in Asgard, geschärft von Allvaters Hand

It was sent to a man - powerful and strong
His victories amazing and admires
How was the man son intended over to arrange in each battle
Against the enemy with the sword of the gods, the sword of the
holy world

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The time pass, the warrior is old, but the sword is still at his
side
The face takes now the turn, the warriors dead is no longer far
The power of his sword does not shrink
It moves from ancestor to ancestor, an endless set

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