

The Blood Eagle

Vreid

Born out of worlds of fire and ice
The nature of spirits embrace our lives
From the underworld to above
We worship the fertile soil

Carved in the back
Blood strained wings are dressed
An image of grotesque
The blood eagle of human flesh

Rituals for the gods
We offer our respect
The blood symbols our strength
Our pray is yours to collect

Carved in the back
Blood strained wings are dressed
An image of grotesque
The blood eagle of human flesh

Blood over a stone
The sword penetrates the flesh
Ribs are cut by the spine
Lungs pulled out of the chest

As the eagle takes it's shape
The human life expires
Salt sprinkled wounds
Flavours the blot
To the kings of ice and fire