

Leódum On Lande

Wodensthron

Each of us must face the question, are we man or are we beast?
But no pagan son e'er found his answer, staring blindly to the
East.

So I raise my fists, to an ashen sky, and call to gods that do
not hear,
My hollow words, impotent and vain, are scattered on the howlin
g winds.

But let this never be forgotten, this earth has tasted the bloo
d of my clan.
Not of flesh, Not of dirt, but of Spirit we are one.

My answer beats with the heart of the mountain, and crashes wit
h the thunder in the sky,
And the wind that whispers in my ear, will stay with me 'til th
e day I die.