

Battle on the Norse Mountains

Zemial

Swords and armours
Shine under the rays of a fading Sun
Spikes on wrist
Leather, strapped on hand
Axes shine bright
Chain with a hammer, on neck
Swords held up high
And voices hail thy name
Odin!
Odin, guide my sword!

Two ravens appear from the eternal grey sky
And the fight begins, all men fight proud
The axe and sword tear limbs, shields crack
The field turns red (many); men bite the black earth

Not far away, ten dragon ships draw near
Egir gazes from the depths and creates a storm
By the time the ten dragon ships came ashore
And the men ran to the Black Mountains

Mani, rose, and reigned his time in cold
The dagger falls, Great Serpent hear our call
The Dragon's breath lies thick into the night
Naked we dance, we the wolves on the frost:

Now swords and armours,
Shine under the light of the freezing Moon
The mountains are darkened,
Fires burn on the top of the hills (and mountains)
An old man with beard a grey
Walked towards the camp of banner black
And told the men to praise their Gods
And back into the dark he walked

Mani passed the throne to Sol
And night became a day again!

Two men in clothes all black
Stood on the highest peak of the mountain and gazed below
An eight legged black stallion one rode

Two ravens flew towards the field
When Mani rose and reigned again
The wolves sung a lament, it was done

"The battle was ours, no man shall take this land"