

Einherjer, Wyrd Of The Dead

Wounded
I hung on a wind-swept gallows
For nights all of nine
Pierced by a spear
Odin
Offered myself to myself
Wisest know not
From whence spring the roots

I pledged to Odin
A hanged mans gift

Saw him hang nine days and nights
Pain did blind his sacrifice
More dead than alive
Carve the runes the dead to speak
Enlight the strong desert the weak
The wyrd of the dead

Suffer
A sacrifice so profound
They gave no bread
They gave no mead
Peered down
I grasped the runes screaming of need
I took them
From that tree I fell

I pledged to Odin
A hanged mans gift

Saw him hang nine days and nights
Pain did blind his sacrifice
More dead than alive
Carve the runes the dead to speak
Enlight the strong desert the weak
The wyrd of the dead