

The Pathfinder & The Prophetess

Einherjer

Who is this man, who for me is unknown
Who forces me to go such a hard way
I am covered with snow, beaten by rain
I am wet through by dew
& death I have known for a long time

I am the pathfinder, accustomed to battle
For whom is the hall decked here in Helheim
Silence not prophetess, I seek your answers
Who shall bring death to the son of Odin

For Balder the mead
A drink for the noble
I was forced to speak
Now silence is my name
Hod shall guide him
Shall be his bane
I was forced to speak
Now silence is my name

Tell me this, who shall punish this deed
Kill Balders killer and place him on the pyre
A child, one night old, shall kill Balders killer
Not wash his hands nor comb his hair
Until the fire burns
Tell me this; What maidens are those,
Who weeps such heavy tears?
You are no Volve, but a mother of giants.
Right you are Odin
See you after the wolf

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