

## Sword In Hand

Folkodia

Beneath the endless azure of the sky  
I'll ride a horse as black as the night  
With sword in hand raised aloft  
To catch the pure white light  
So that my blade is blessed  
With the Rune of Morning Glory  
And the chill of the wind  
Is caught twixt the coal-black curls  
Of my helmet's mane  
That billows in my wake  
Like a banner of death unfurled -  
A distant warning for my enemies to see  
As I come riding down the hill  
Past the dolmens and the stones  
Through the trees that haunt  
With sword in hand a' glimmer in the light  
For which I bled, was hunted down  
With sword in hand I'll defend  
Stand my ground and die glad of heart  
For a swordsman knows no death  
Only victory or Valhalla in the end