

The spear-god shared
Spoil with me,
My oath was to Odin,
He gave me aid:
Now that maker of mystic
Runes only mocks me,
Voids all my victories,
That breaker of vows

I'll make offerings to Odin,
Though not in eagerness,
I'll make my soul's sacrifice,
Not suffer silently:
Though this friend has failed me,
Fellow of gods,
To his credit he comforts me
With compensation

That wolf-killer, that warrior
God, well seasoned in war
Bestowed a bounty
Not to be bettered:
To my art he added
One other gift,
A heart that held
Not craft only: hatred!

The end is all
Even now
High on the headland
Hel stands and waits,
Life fades, I must fall
And face my own end
Not in misery and morning,
But with a man's heart