

The Valkyries Call

Stormwarrior

See! Warpe is strecht'd for warriors' fall
Lo! Weft in loome, 'tis wet with bloode
Withe entrails of men and heads of the slaine
On blood-sodden spears they are weavinge the fraye

Heare... The Valkyries' Call, for warriors' fall
Oh the Maidens warp'd their woofe
Heare the chant of yore, the Valkyries' Call, the Swayers of wa
r
Oh the Maidens spell'd their doome on the christen'd one

Bloodstain'd swordes, Lo! How spearheads flashe
Shafte will breake and shields will crashe
One gore of bloode on the fielde dyed red
As the weavinge thrives the king's bloode be she'd

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Heare the chant of yore, the Valkyries' Call, the Swayers of wa
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Oh the Maidens spell'd their doome on the christen'd one

And thus they winde their warwinninge woofe
And the christend'd kinge, to deathe now foredoom'd
Forthe they will ride, rushinge throughe the ranks
They spare not one life, stouthearted they'll stande

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