

Trú Spirit

A hand holding a wooden bowl under a waterfall. Water is splashing out of the bowl. The background is a lush green forest with a waterfall.

a gift for a gift

Under The Cloak

Just like a shaman, under the cloak
I blot to the Birch and I pray to the Oak.
Just like a shaman, climb up the Tree,
hang from the Ash like Odin before me.

Wolf God, Snake God, Eagle God!

This is my life to give, and a sacrificed life I live.
My renown the mound will save,
bury my bones in a heathen's grave.
This is my life to give, and a sacrificed life I live.
My renown the mound will save,
bury my bones in a heathen's grave.

Just like a shaman, under the Earth,
sitting like seed I await my rebirth.
Dance like a shaman, sever my head,
walk the Nine Worlds while my body lies dead.

Wolf God, Snake God, Eagle God!

This is my life to give, and a sacrificed life I live.
My renown the mound will save,
bury my bones in a heathen's grave.
This is my life to give, and a sacrificed life I live.
My renown the mound will save,
bury my bones in a heathen's grave.

Will you follow?
Will you follow the white-christ of the cross?
Will you follow when he says your soul is lost?
Will you follow though he'd burn your kinsfolk
gone?
Can you follow a man who was never wrong?

I will lead,
and hold the Raven's banner high.
And I will stand and pray
with my fists raised to the sky.
Gift for gift I am fated evermore.
And I will stand along side Red-Thor.

Will you follow and your women subjugate?
Will you follow when they pass the offering plate?
Will you follow and will you push the poor man
down?
Will you follow and trade your oath-ring for a
crown?

I will lead,
and hold the Raven's banner high.
And I will stand and pray
with my fists raised to the sky.
Gift for gift I am fated evermore.
And I will stand along side Red-Thor.

Who will you follow?

Red Thor

When The Giants Rise

Sometimes I feel like nothings real,
and the world just seems so strange to me.
So may I always do what I know is Tru,
for my deeds my Ancestors see.

When Giants rise up from the stone
will Asa-Thor fight alone?
Or will you stand up and say,
“I won’t waist my life away,”
when the Giants rise up from the stone.

You’re my betrothed,
and to you I’m oathed,
but you need to know my ways.
For in the darkest night
I’ll stand up for what’s right,
and I’ll keep Tru through my dying days.

When Giants rise up from the stone
will Asa-Thor fight alone?
Or will you stand up and say,
“I won’t waist my life away,”
when the Giants rise up from the stone.

I’m a proud heathen, and without sin,
but there’s no forgiveness for what’s been done.
I want my gods to see my family,
and my good reputation won.

When Giants rise up from the stone
will Asa-Thor fight alone?
Or will you stand up and say,
“I won’t waist my life away,”
when the Giants rise up from the stone.

On Hlidskjalf my Lord did sit
with a heavy heart and a lonely mind.
The Alf-beam shineth long that day,
but a brighter mood he could not find.

On the high seat longing was his heart,
across Nine-Worlds the maiden fair.
Shining hue and gleaming arms,
their glamour filled the sea and air.

You’re the one,
and no one else will do.
Forevermore I swear these oaths to you.
You’re the reason I take my breath each day.
You’re the one,
Hail Gerd! Hail Frey!

Idunna’s apples, Odin’s ring,
with his dancing sword he’d gladly part,
but only magic risted runes could melt the
maiden’s icy heart.

You’re the one,
and no one else will do.
Forevermore I swear these oaths to you.
You’re the reason I take my breath each day.
You’re the one,
Hail Gerd! Hail Frey!

Heathen Love Song

The Oath

To my dear, dearest bride,
the boys are calling me.
They bid me take my place
and row and fight across the sea.
Bring me my father's sword
and bring my coat of mail.
But this oath to you I'll make
before the ships prepare to sail.

I'll be home in time to bring the harvest in,
and I will hold you close, in my arms again.
Kiss little Björn for me, I'll love him evermore,
but for now, I must sail to another shore.

I remember last winter's cold
and hunger of those dark days,
and the sickness that took our babe,
when little Asdis passed away.
So silver I will bring
and silk and grain to store.
Then I'll know my family won't
be hungry anymore.

I'll be home in time to bring the harvest in,
and I will hold you close, in my arms again.
Kiss little Björn for me, I'll love him evermore,
but for now, I must sail to another shore.

In a strange and distant land
where the battle raged around,
'twas there the arrow struck my chest
and I fell on foreign ground.
My father's sword swung hard
to give it's final stroke.
The only regret I have,
is the oath to you I broke.

I'll be home in time to bring the harvest in,
and I will hold you close, in my arms again.
Kiss little Björn for me, I'll love him evermore,
but for now, I must sail to another shore.

The Sigdrifumal says the words to heed,
if o'er the fight victory you need.
So carve his rune on your hilt and spear,
and call out twice the name of Tyr.

Tyr! Tyr!

Call out twice the name of Tyr.

Tyr! Tyr!

Place hand in wolf-jaws, have no fear.

Tyr! Tyr!

Your case the mighty God will hear.

Tyr! Tyr!

Call out twice the name of Tyr.

The Wolf grew in greatness and in size,
his gaping jaws touched the land and skies.
No one dared feed the dread Fenrir,
no one save the ancient Sky-God Tyr.

Tyr! Tyr! Call out twice the name of Tyr.

Tyr! Tyr!

Place hand in wolf-jaws, have no fear.

Tyr! Tyr!

Your case the mighty God will hear.

Tyr! Tyr!

Call out twice the name of Tyr.

The North Star sits in the black evening,
Viking ships over the seas guiding.
Never does it move, your ship can steer through
the darkest night by the Star of Tyr.

Tyr! Tyr!

Call out twice the name of Tyr.

Tyr! Tyr!

Place hand in wolf-jaws, have no fear.

Tyr! Tyr!

Your case the mighty God will hear.

Tyr! Tyr!

Call out twice the name of Tyr.

Tyr, Tyr!

Sunna Bright

I can see the redness in the dimming light,
I can hear the howling of the wolves in flight,
and I know the waining of the Goddess might,
Sunna bright!

I can hear the clamor of the Gods of steel,
I can hear the thunder in the turning wheel,
and I know the changes in the way I feel,
Sunna bright!

Sunna bright,
my ray of light,
my sword and shield for thee!
In the sky,
and in my mind,
my sword and shield for thee!

And the rains came down,
as the sweat from the horses hit the ground.
I see Thor's Hammer high!
As the summer lightning splits the sky.
And the green things grow,
as the rain waters flow,
our Gods have not forgotten us!

Around my neck tie silver charms
in the harbor of Njörd's arms.
Then we sailed away in dragon-ships
from the safety of our farms.
A mighty Hersir you might be
but Ran takes all folk equally.
Our luck would fail a stormy gale
would steal our victory.

Twisting and turning under the sea.
Ran has her nets tightly wrapped around me.
Rolling and writhing under Nine Waves,
I'll pay her in silver if my life Ran saves.

Our warrior-band we made our stand
in Aegir's shifting land,
then the gale-winds crushed the dragon
with unseen woeful hands.

Our mighty ship once proud and tall
beneath the deep now slowly falls.
Now on boar we feed with frothing mead
in Aegir's shining hall.

Twisting and turning under the sea.
Ran has her nets tightly wrapped around me.
Rolling and writhing under Nine Waves,
I'll pay her in silver if my life Ran saves

A Song for Ran

Heathen Women

Well I know I know I know I know that I know that I know that I know that I know,
Them heathin' girls are fine gonna take my time gonna make one mine, and
Well I know I know I know I know that I know that I know that I know that I know,
Them heathin' girls are best gonna be a love fest gonna get no rest, and
Well I know I know I know I know that I know that I know that I know that I know,
Like an Ostara bunny all dipped in honey baby don't go slow make a show let's go, and Well I know I
know I know I know that I know that I know that I know that I know,
Lick your body heathin' hotty holy place on my face to taste.

And well I know, and well I know, and well I know, and well I know
And well I know, and well I know, and well I know, and well I know, and

Well I know I know I know I know that I know that I know that I know that I know,
Them heathin' girls are fine gonna take my time gonna make one mine, and
Well I know I know I know I know that I know that I know that I know that I know,
Them heathin' girls are best gonna be a love fest gonna get no rest, and
Well I know I know I know I know that I know that I know that I know that I know,
I'm enamored with her glamour when I slam her from behind with my hammer
Well I know I know I know I know that I know that I know that I know that I know,
She's in control of my flow so I hit the spot even when she's not on top,

And well I know, and well I know, and well I know, and well I know
And well I know, and well I know, and well I know, and well I know, and

Well I know I know I know I know that I know that I know that I know that I know,
Them heathin' girls are fine gonna take my time gonna make one mine, and
Well I know I know I know I know that I know that I know that I know that I know,
Them heathin' girls are best gonna be a love fest gonna get no rest, and
Well I know I know I know I know that I know that I know that I know that I know,
She wants to slumber with the cucumber till late cuz my lumber's 2 X 8.
Well I know I know I know I know that I know that I know that I know that I know,
Oh sexy fairy ain't it scary she's kinda girl you tip or marry.

And well I know, and well I know, and well I know, and well I know
And well I know, and well I know, and well I know, and well I know, and
well I know!

I Am Not A Völsung

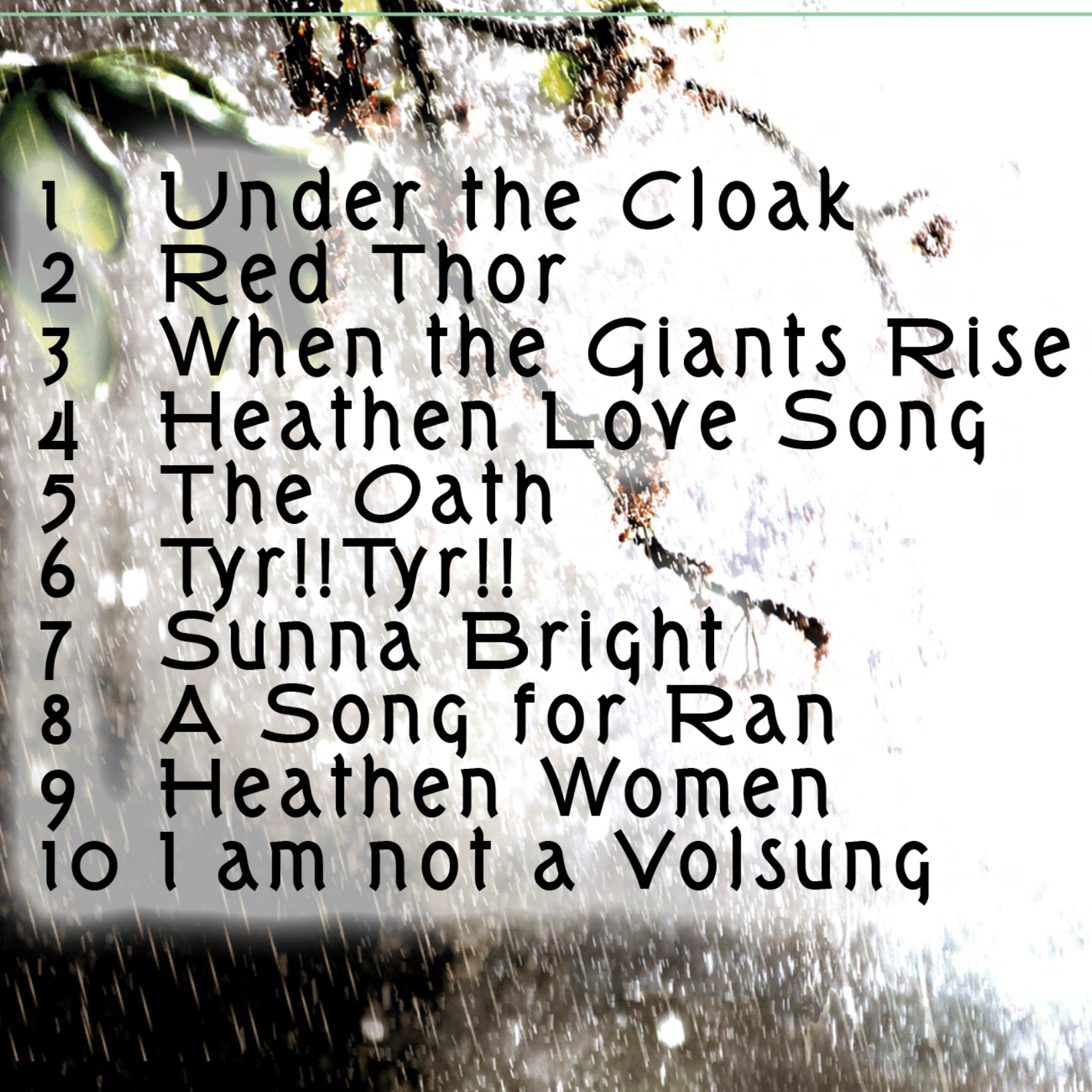
Strange land
Red sand
Dark hall
Nornir call
Wolves feed
Lord's creed
Runestone
Long for home
Strange land

Black gold
Can't hold
Child lost
Mother's cost
I see
Family
I feel
Ringing steel
Black gold

I am not a Volsung
who fought in tales of old,
And I'm not much a swordsman
but the standard I can hold!
Let the skald march with the warriors
and the deeds will all be told.
And I will sing destruction
as the raven banner flows!

Dead nails
Dark sails
Hard shore
Bred for war
Low born
Love lorn
Lost fates
Hel awaits

March long
Death's song
Bright man
Fool's plan
One mind
Left behind
Two hearts
A sea apart

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