

# Freya

## The Sword

A Sword of fire and an axe of cold  
Vision of the sibyl has fortold  
Armies gather on the battle-plain  
All will fall and earth will die in flameHere on the Battle-Plain  
We will die in FlameIn Falcon's feathers soaring overhead  
Choosing warriors among the dead  
Twilight written in the runes of crones  
Freya weeps upon her golden throneUpon her golden throne  
We wait for her alone  
Call us unto your hall  
Take us into your thrall  
The battle rages, bit they fight in vain  
When all is done it must begin again.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>