**To Hel**I will not behold the greatest hall  
With the shiny golden shields   
I am doomed to die in vain, in this sickbed, in my pain  
  
Mist rising, she's waiting, descending, Hel smiling  
In a fever dream I saw her leaning   
Over my own bed as I was sleeping  
  
I will go under the roots, to a world of mist and cold   
Where I serve the black and pale, In Hel's domainMist rising, she's waiting, arriving, Hel smiling  
  
**Through an open door I see  
As the twilight reach for me   
A call to master in the sky, as two ravens passing by   
Will you carry on my name, can you carry on my fate   
In my mind I will remain, at the hall of the slain**  
  
I will not behold the greatest hall, I was never the warrior   
Can you come and get my soul, bring it from the cold  
Mist rising, she's waiting, arriving, Hel smiling  
  
I will go under the roots, To a world of mist and cold   
Where I serve the black and pale, In Hel's domain

**Ref: x2 (of the slain).**