**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).**