**Volund The Smith**Come to my lonely islet, crafts for lord of Njars   
Thy father made for me this prison without barsI made the ring for my valkyria, my lost   
Not for your blood, I will revenge at any cost **Welcome over please, from your heads I make  
You cut of my knees, a gift for King to take**I will cut of your heads, uncaring of your cries   
And make for Queen those gemstones   
Made out of your eyesAnd from your teeth I made a necklace, oh so bright   
I will be far above, forever to despise **Welcome over please, daughter of the King   
He cut of my knees, I take you as you sleep  
  
I spread my wings, fly into the skies   
Received revenge, time for my arise  
Drink from your cups, made from skulls of sons   
I am to try, find the only one**Come to my lonely islet ………………  
**Welcome over ………………**  
**Ref:**

Where are you, where went you  
Called back to what they were meant for  
Swan maiden, I beg you -  
Called back to what they were meant for  
  
**Ref: x2**