

Low with corpses loaded,
Laid with armor plated,
Battlefield's real bounty,
Broken heroes' bodies.

Crimes become rhymes' burden,
Crooning tales of ruin,
Mourning widows witness,
Mean with eyes still crying.

Those chosen from the slain,
The Valkyries chief duty,
Tales told from old bards by,
To undo Brunhild's work.

History's stories wane,
High truth rots forgotten,
Skalds, bards, bawdy poets,
Sketch future wretches' past.

And so goes the story,
Always victors relay,
Denied to those who died,
Deed-credits through looting.

Volume after volume,
Vying blood and writing,
The truths from off their coffins,
The poets know the slain.