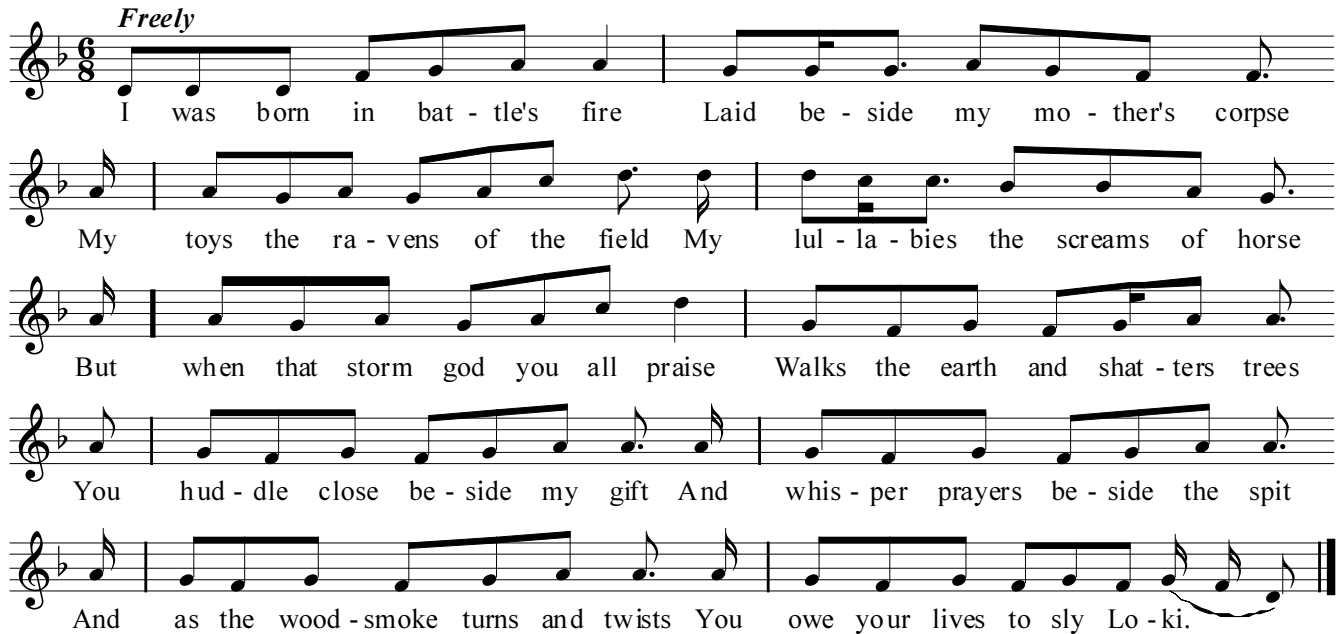


# Loki's Song

Mikal Hrafsþa (Mikal the Ram)

*Freely*



I was born in bat - tle's fire Laid be - side my mo - ther's corpse  
My toys the ra - vens of the field My lul - la - bies the screams of horse  
But when that storm god you all praise Walks the earth and shat - ters trees  
You hud - dle close be - side my gift And whis - per prayers be - side the spit  
And as the wood - smoke turns and twists You owe your lives to sly Lo - ki.

I was born in battle's fire  
Laid beside my mother's corpse  
My toys the ravens of the field  
My lullabies the screams of horse

*But when that storm god you all praise  
Walks the earth and shatters trees  
You huddle close beside my gift  
And whisper prayers beside the spit  
And as the woodsmoke turns and twists  
You owe your lives to sly Loki.*

Odin saw me on the field  
And recognized his bastard son  
There he claimed me for his own  
Heir to all that he had won

*But when that storm god you all praise  
Walks the earth and shatters trees  
You huddle close beside my gift  
And whisper prayers beside the spit  
And as the woodsmoke turns and twists  
You owe your lives to sly Loki.*

I am the slyest of the gods  
Fire is the gift I gave  
I am swifter than the wind  
And none can match the tricks I've played

*But when that storm god you all praise  
Walks the earth and shatters trees  
You huddle close beside my gift  
And whisper prayers beside the spit  
And as the woodsmoke turns and twists  
You owe your lives to sly Loki.*

What is the honor they give me?  
Denied a seat in Odin's hall  
Forbidden fruits from Idun's tree  
And cast outside of Asgard's walls

*But when that storm god you all praise  
Walks the earth and shatters trees  
You huddle close beside my gift  
And whisper prayers beside the spit  
And as the woodsmoke turns and twists  
You owe your lives to sly Loki.*

So sit beside the fires gleam  
And count the wrongs that I have borne  
I wait for Ragnarok and dream  
Hark! Is that the battles horn?