

Lokes Kutt

WARNING!

FIRST A TRIGGER WARNING: MURDER AND DEATH.

SECOND: I HAVE WRITTEN A POEM THAT "FUNCTIONS" BOTH IN NORWEGIAN AND ENGLISH; IT IS NOT GRAMMATICALLY PERFECT. BEFORE READING THE ENGLISH VERSION, I ASK YOU TO TRY TO UNDERSTAND THE NORWEGIAN VERSION (THE FIRST ONE).

LYKKE TIL! (GOOD LUCK!).

Lokes kutt

Ravn morning, bitter kall
for Valhall. Faders blod
over oss, sverd i hand, historie
endes. Kadaver synk
i fjorda. Thors hammer bringe
en storm. Odins
sang; tre, gras, salt, &
vind, open for Valkyrens
hand. Vindu formes over Midgard,
kall meg en falsk son.

Loki's cut

Raven morning, bitter call
for Valhall. Father's blood
over us, sword in hand, history
ends. Cadaver sinks
in the fjord. Thor's hammer brings
a storm. Odin's
song; tree, grass, salt, &
wind, open for the Valkyrie's
hand. Windows form over Midgard,
call me a false son.