

## Cold Wind to Valhalla

Jethro Tull

And ride with us young bonny lass  
With the angels of the night.  
Crack wind clatter flesh rein bite  
On an out-size unicorn.  
Rough-shod winging sky blue flight  
On a cold wind to Valhalla.  
And join with us please  
Valkyrie maidens cry  
Above the cold wind to Valhalla.  
Breakfast with the gods. Night angels serve  
With ice-bound majesty.

Frozen flaking fish raw nerve  
In a cup of silver liquid fire.  
Moon jet brave beam split ceiling swerve  
And light the old Valhalla.  
Come join with us please  
Valkyrie maidens cry  
Above the cold wind to Valhalla.  
The heroes rest upon the sighs  
Of Thor's trusty hand maidens.  
Midnight lonely whisper cries,  
"We're getting a bit short on heroes lately.  
Sword snap fright white pale goodbyes  
In the desolation of Valhalla.  
And join with us please  
Valkyrie maidens ride  
Empty-handed on the cold wind to Valhalla.