

Thor's Hammer

"When The Weak Ones Ask For Help"

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There was a land of Giants,
Proud and noble ones
They lived beyond the rules
Created by hopeless pawns
They loved adventure and pleasure
Never avoided the fight.
The darker black,
They saw the brighter light.

One day from southern valleys
The family of ugly dwarfs
Has come to Giants' land
And ask the Great ones for help...
The dwarfs had no place to sleep,
No clothes and nothing to eat,
The Giants offered them help,
And let them safely live.

The herd of ugly dwarfs
Has grown with every spring,
They asked for more and more
They wanted everything...
To live in peace and love
They made the equal laws
The Giant gets the same
What gets the little dwarf...

Two centuries has passed
There is no Giants' land...
What was noble, great and proud
Is replaced by vulgar mass...

[The last living Giant has said:]

"Now I now what the evil we have done,
We didn' t let the hopeless creatures die
And you remember before it' s too late,
The murder is the best when the weak ones ask for
help."

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