Moonsorrow "Son Of The God Of Thunder"

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As another flash struck to the ground he recovered from his sleep. So strong was his urge to test his might but still he was too weak.

Who has no rites of passage undergone, he cannot rule the thunder.
The first step is always to humble and to learn the might of the gods.

Anger he felt, grabbed a thunderbolt and across the heavens hate echoed!

An adolescent he is to ride a stormy cloud.

So young to carry the faintest bolt of lightning. Alone he walks his path of honour. Such skill wasted in lack of strength.

Too bold he was to learn - a grand punishment deserved.

Anger he felt, grabbed a thunderbolt and across the heavens hate echoed!

And lo, by disgrace he was expelled from the clouds of his father.

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