

Sig:Ar:Tyr

"Sword From An Unknown Hand"

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Were you forged by the Smith, of sturdy metal, and
terrible blood oaths were you made...

Were you held by the Farmer, to ward the home and
hearth, the land and soil...

Were you held by the Widow, husband lost in battle,
she clutched thee in her empty bed...

Were you held by the Son, kin lost to march of hoofs,
dreaming of revenge in later days when strong and
steely

Were you held by the Warrior, to die an honourable
death, to fly with the valkyries to the Golden Hall...

Were you held by the King, the axis of the people,
guided by ancient blood, a fine and true ruler...

What wyrd shall pass upon you now, as you are now
held by me, in my nameless sepulcher of stone

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