

Sig:Ar:Tyr

"The Dead Giant's Tale"

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Beneath a single brightened star,
Spinning round both near and far
A frozen throne lies cold and sleeping
And held the giant, tall and weeping

"For eternal winters, lost in time,
I weep for all my etin kind
The blood that bonds both high and low
Runs ever through the ice and snow"

"I see thee men, once friend and foe
Heimdall's children, seeds have sown
Still keep thy pure and blessed mead
Beneath the stars, beneath the tree"

"Yet new days dawn and Norns have spun
The final fate of Odin's sons
Nine ages past, nine worlds collide
Drowning deep in crimson tides"

"You seek thy doom and freedom same
The need of ice and burning flame
The black stone wails for fallen kin
The high halls clash in storm and din"

"Foreign gods smite night and day
Temples fired, runes burned away
The elder ones of wayward kith
Bore strong new sons of eager frith"

"To hold the tide of kingdoms lost
To take the hammer to the cross
The blood skald sing your song and fame
Hero's fane and martyr's bane"

"I tell my tale of ages gone
Of eternal cycles soon to come
Heed my verse, for Heimdall's horn
Hails now the end of etin-borne"

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