

Sig:Ar:Tyr "To Cronia"

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[Halvdan:]

- "The seas, they're... they're whispering!"

The black sun rises over the northern sky
Our prow breaks the ice before us
The sea below lies stagnant, it's foetid breath the air of
dead men.

Their eyes stare up at us, pleading to join them
The icy grave melts under the foul mist, poisoned wind
from the east
The final judgment of dead races past.

Ravens bite at their flesh, and spit it back out into the
mire
To join their parasitic host again.

Worse fates await those who defile their blood and
honour
Look to the farthest northern shores
Beyond Cronia, beyond the sea, beyond your dreams
To the frozen throne, where he awaits.

"And they passed the Scythian archers, and the Tauri
who eat men,
And the wandering Hyperboreai, who feed their flocks
beneath the pole-star,
Until they came into the northern ocean, the dull dead
Cronian Sea."

-- Charles Kingsley "The Heroes" (1856)

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