

Nodes Of Ranvier

"Song Of Durin"

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The world was young, the mountains green, no stain
yet on the moon was seen
No words were laid on stream or stone, when Durin
woked and walked alone

The world was fair, the mountains tall, in elder days
before the fall
The western seas have passed: The world was fair in
Durin's Day

A king he was on carven throne, in many-pillared halls
of stone
With golden roof and silver floor and runes of power
upon the door

The world was fair, the mountains tall, in elder days
before the fall
The western seas have passed: The world was fair in
Durin's Day

The world is grey, the mountains old. The darkness
dwells in Durin's halls
But still the sunken star appears in dark and windless
mirrormere
There lies his crown in water deep, 'till Durin wakes
again from sleep

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