

## Odin's Lament

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I heard the horn's cry  
Clouds on the wind fly  
Wood smoke and blood's tang  
The call of the wolf rang  
Long and loud in the stillness  
Deep and wide in the vastness  
A star's shine in the vast night  
A tiny spark, proclaiming it's right  
To be, as I am, whole  
By Odin's decree playing it's role  
Until the hour of need  
When all bonds are freed  
And the final winter arrives  
Of Odin's host, not one alive  
To proclaim what has been  
What was to be and be again  
"It is time," declared our lord  
"When death will wait on our swords  
When Light will perish in the dark  
When sons and daughters see the mark  
Of that which proves a dying day  
Come to steal the souls away  
From your old Father's hand  
What warriors here, from every land!  
'Twould be a sorry sight,  
Were we not to fight  
Against the Norn's decree.

Come, my shieldmen, to me!

Where is Thor, my warrior son  
Who's chariot makes the day to run  
Cursed Loki, trickster, fool!

Condemned to lie in the poison pool!

Go away from me, betraying child!

You who makes the Fates run wild!

Traitor to Balder, fair as the light!

Because of you, the world in blight.

Faithful Tyr, Mighty Thor,  
Beautiful Freya, to live no more  
In Asgard's sacred halls of gold  
All for Loki, mischief bold!

Oh, that I might hold back time,  
For one more day of fairest clime  
But now Ragnarok will claim my bones  
The world will end with agony's groans  
As your wise old Father at last retires  
To Hela's embrace and Muspellheim's fires  
Oh, my son, my faithful wife,  
How long, how long our graceful lives?

Oh Asgard, beloved golden land  
How long, how long, your rule to my hand?

My ravens, my wolves, my Valkyries fierce  
Death's cold barbs, my heart they pierce  
I did not know, I could not see  
The runes did not reveal that need  
But no more words, now march on  
To war, to death, 'til time is gone!

For all that we have given here  
I will not flinch, I will not fear  
Oh my children, fight well and true  
I go before to welcome you  
Go not easy into death  
Let not Hela steal your last breath  
Whatever is left beyond the veil  
I know that you can never fail!

For was it not all foretold  
In runes and stones and tales of old?

And through it all the sun will rise  
You see, your Father is truly wise!

For was not a new day promised?

Ah, but that sunrise I will miss

For after me will come a new lord  
To take up the fight and claim the sword  
So sing of me, when you gather here,  
I will listen, never fear  
For though I am gone, my power fades  
I still can hear your prayers for aid  
And I will answer, as I may,  
And help to chase your fears away."

So the Lord did go out to Ragnarok  
Fought til Hela's cold arms did lock  
About the AllFather's ancient form  
Oh, what wailing, what storms!

Grievous day, to come at last  
After so long the fateful blast  
Brave Thor, taken by the Serpent's coils  
It's poison in his veins did roil  
Soon he, too, did follow the path  
Vanquished by the Serpent's wrath.

There the Hammer did lay,  
Quiet and still, it's master away  
Gone forever from Thor's hand  
Quiet and still, the newborn land  
Without it's gods to guard  
A new race to be it's ward  
And tell the tales as were told  
Of ancient gods in a land of gold.