

Mead of Poetry

Gwydion

For eras of torpor
Midgardians wandered
Empty of spirit and joy
Confined to live a dull existence

Praise the day of change
Sudden shift of fate...
At last a reason to dream for
To drink for all eternity

The true vial of inspiration
Shortest path to wisdom
It was brought to the heart of Midgard
What a lavish gift of gods!

By the blood of Kvasir
Blended with the finest honey
The meat of poetry breached
From void to creation

We raise these wooden mugs
To kill our thirst
For each drop, a renewed insight

There's no easier way
To achieve a greater knowledge and unveil
A bunch of mysteries about this world

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As one we hail the brewed juice
Let it spread through our inner veins

High the spirits lift
With dozens of gulps of mead
The feet start trampling each other
Happily dancing a foolish dance

We abstract the sense of time
And drift inside this untamed flow
But before it dies away
Chanting remember this gift of the gods

From the divine spit
Kvasir was born
Enlightened being

He couldn't be wrong

Killed by dwarves

Split in three

Such is the tale

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