

# 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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