

# The Dead Giant's Tale

SIG:AR:TYR

Beneath a single brightened star,  
Spinning round both near and far  
A frozen throne lies cold and sleeping  
And held the giant, tall and weeping

"For eternal winters, lost in time,  
I weep for all my etin kind  
The blood that bonds both high and low  
Runs ever through the ice and snow"

"I see thee men, once friend and foe  
Heimdall's children, seeds have sown  
Still keep thy pure and blessed mead  
Beneath the stars, beneath the tree"

"Yet new days dawn and Norns have spun  
The final fate of Odin's sons  
Nine ages past, nine worlds collide  
Drowning deep in crimson tides"

"You seek thy doom and freedom same  
The need of ice and burning flame  
The black stone wails for fallen kin  
The high halls clash in storm and din"

"Foreign gods smite night and day  
Temples fired, runes burned away  
The elder ones of wayward kith  
Bore strong new sons of eager frith"

"To hold the tide of kingdoms lost  
To take the hammer to the cross  
The blood skald sing your song and fame  
Hero's fane and martyr's bane"

"I tell my tale of ages gone  
Of eternal cycles soon to come  
Heed my verse, for Heimdall's horn  
Hails now the end of etin-borne"