

# Guide for the Blind

Thaurorod

I took pity on mortal men  
He decreed that my torment would never end  
I gave fire straight into your hand  
And taught you to use it in cold winterland

I betrayed him for he was wrong  
I saw wanders poetry and song  
Loved and cherished to guide them through the dawn of  
time

Once we stood together  
Against your father Kronos  
Now our thoughts nevermore  
Can find their mutual trail

Here I am chained to this mountain of Caucasus  
Each day the eagle it lands to eat my liver  
Cold every night...  
Oh, how I wish for it all to end

Will this torture never cease?  
Time is standing still I am Chained  
Waiting for salvation to kill me  
My circle of torment begins again...

Chained to the mountain Caucasus  
Suffering all the wrath of Zeus  
Trapped on the mountain Caucasus  
No mortal child can understand

Suddenly an arrow sprang  
Through the sky closing in on its pray  
The dying eagle lies on the ground  
I am set free this I cannot believe

But still the curse of the Zeus is upon me for evermore  
And now mankind is sick and diseased but nor without  
hope...

She was a maiden fair and kind  
Her faith would be intertwine with mine

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Once he gave us the fire of Gods  
Since he could not deny his own heart  
Pain he left for us tore through the night  
He suffered it all alone, guide for the blind