

Creations of an Ancient Shape

In the Woods...

See this form of darkness
and search its endless feast
Floating through this storm
immortal historiesCold and destructive
Wisdom which hailed from the north
crushing all good
With a touch of bare skin
Spread total fear through them hordesAs chaos strikes
and weakness diesArmed in iron weapons
Die to reach the sky
Brave men into battle
Allfather, greet me in your hall

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