

## Dreaming in Hyperborea

Folkodia

Under the eternal icebergs  
Of the bleak and icy Pole  
Lie the palaces once bright  
Of fabled Hyperborean lords

Many strove to reach them  
Many more died on the way:  
A trophy chamber of death  
Is set before the iron gates...

The shields of hoplites rot  
In a drakkar frozen in time  
Alongside with the remains  
Of a Luftwaffe stuka plane...

Hidden deep beneath the ice  
The eldritch halls are still alive  
With the murmur of a song  
That eons could not silence...

Hyperboreans ancient lords  
Sleep entombed yet dreaming  
Of their supremacy over all,  
Yearning for Apollo's return...

When the God of light doth ride  
On his winged chariot of bronze  
From the island of his birth  
To the frostbitten North  
He shall bring them to life anon  
With the holy rays of his might  
And shed his glory as a blessing  
Upon the Precambrian citadels  
Of fabled Hyperborean lords..