

The Immortals of Thule

Folkodia

Once long ago I was a man,
Took pleasure in simple things:
The blowing of the breeze
That caressed my fields,
A jug of ale so sweet,
The embrace of my wife
On a long winter's night
By the crackling fire of the hearth...

Then one day I sailed away,
My armor sparkling in the sun
With my sword and spear in hand
To far away lands, towards Thule...

My eyes beheld secrets of the gods
What mortal eyes are not meant to see:
The monsters at the edge of the world,
The magic that still endures...

I stood before the wonders
Of a sunken world forlorn;
My heart was fearless then
The blood a' pounding in my veins...

I But a curse, on me was laid
To stay and never homeward sail,
Immortal I became, a guardian of the cave,
One of the immortals of Thule...

Now I cannot remember
No matter how hard I try
The simple things that gave me joy
Once upon a time...

The years will pass me by
And wax into eons long
But forevermore I will stand
As an immortal in Thule
Alongside my comrades
In the cold and crystal-lit caves
Doomed to sail no more
Nor see my home's blessed shore...