

The Passing Of The Elder

Folkodia

In the woodland realm
By the silver creek,
Where once upon a time
The druid came to sing,
Men with axes in their hands
March to kill the trees:
Their bitter steel doth bite
Deep in ancient bark
And the sylvan blood
Unseen shall flow,
Unheard shall scream...

They robbed the magick
Off these lands...
They hunted down the elves
Who lived in these woods...
They raped all the Nymphs
Bathing in these screams...

Now a clearing yawns wide
Where secrets once where held:
A barren patch of earth
Sown grey with stony walls!
O! Woodland realm!
Thy beauty is defiled
Thy favors so arcane
Shall be seen no more...

They robbed the magick
Off these lands...
They hunted down the elves
Who lived in these woods...
They raped all the Nymphs
Bathing in these screams...

My father's father hath foretold
That one day this would come to pass:
When thunder is no more
A divine fire from above
That one day the Elder Gods
In the fires of mortals' logic
Shall at least be cast...