

# 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...