

"Now that I have shown the past,
we must sail for what comes to pass,
Your blood kin break the circles fate,
to turn the tides with might and hate!"

She sees smoke rise upon the hill
Clouding all with ash and hate
Robes of black, strike the brand
Consuming all, the mind and flesh

Strength lies not with foreign spawn
The blood's venom the heart of winter
The ice and fire of primordial ken
Last eternal ages, beyond dying suns

She scribes the runes in ancient stone
For they burn not, and glow in fire
Bind runes she reddens, cruel ones
To fetter the martyr's sheep

Now she is found by the robed man
The dress is torn, and she is held down
To receive his foul seed, but now he
lies fallen, her thorn deep in his neck