

I Am The Viator

Thrawsunblat

Stranded here on this wretched pier,
The Nihilist dead in the earth.
The four urns I bore, and the sorrow I wore
Their ash and my grief spread o'er the earth.

These burdens done, and these labours won,
I can return to my home.
These journeys done, and into mythos spun,
I now return to my home.

But it was a storm. A storm to kill.
I was driven to these shores.
It was a storm. A storm that killed.
Oh how it took from me. Yet I remain.

It's high time for high tide
On this bay of immeasurable loss.
A rising tide will raise all ships,
But mine is long since a sunken wreck.

So I took an axe along the woods of my idols.
I tapped the trunks to see which were hollow.
Now I sail on this ship I've nailed
together from the trees of felled idols.

This past twelvemonth was a roiling storm;
It killed, it stole, it blazed, it cracked.
I howled, I fought, I wailed, I mourned;
I was nought but a sunken wreck.

But now I know what it is to throw
Off a burden the weight of the earth.
Now I burn with the strength I've earned
And shift my gaze to the black clouds.

Now I am the storm. A storm to kill.
I shall decimate these shores.
A cyclone at the end of a cycle.
Above the world, my life stretching out to the end of the earth.
The Wanderer is dead; I see it all.

The Child (sees the Viator wending his way)
Becomes the Wanderer on the Earth
The Wanderer (led by the Mentor grey)
Becomes the Viator on his path

The Viator (seeing the Questioning Child)
Becomes himself the Mentor wise.
The Mentor (instructing The Wanderer wild)
Becomes himself once more the Questioning Child

The storm has gone, and the Wanderer is dead
I am become more...

I am the Viator
Master of paths, singer of wars
I am the Viator

I return to the Maritimes
I shall release it from death and decay
I return to her misted climes
I shall devour her death and decay

I am the Viator
I am the path, the journey, the war
I am the Viator

I return to the Maritimes
I shall sing the songs I've earned.
I return to her misted climes
I shall teach the fires I've learned.

I am the Viator.
I am the path, the journey, the war.
I am the Viator,
Master of paths, singer of wars.