

Jormungandr

Wodensthron

This silent earth tremors
with seemingly sentient purpose
A hatred forged through aeons
with unrequited benevolence

Her divine rage tears the earth asunder
inviting her kin to embrace oblivion
As the wounds they have rent (in her) bleed streams of
fiery blood
To burn away the taint of the guilty

And O' how she weeps, as her children choke
And cry for release from the flames of her vengeance
Until the rivers of blood run to the rising seas
Which wash over the carnage to quench the embers of hate
But death is the only release from her terrible wratch
For she knows that they must die...

...like the parasites they are

Silence falls as the waters recede
and the sun beats down upon the still earth
with a newfound sense of hope
All is calm once more

Life slowly reawakens and emerges from the ruins
Blinking into the sunlight of this new dawn
as the earth lies still, mourning
All is calm once more