

The Name of the Wind

Wodensthron

A serpent coils once more, the eye unblinking and vacant
As clouds tumble, broken from the sky as if pierced by
golden spears

A silent voice cries out in mute elation
A memory of sound, eclipsed by the howling of gods

Ealdgast, older than time
The voice of the soill beckons me home

We beseeched the wisfom of the gods
But our words died amid the chasm of silence
Their voices choked in subjugation
Smothered beneath veils of seductive deceit

Yet still I stand, bloodied but unbroken
By my own hands I forged my fate
In defiant mockery of the heavens
The wind speaks to me once more

And the gods scream my name