

Upon These Stones

Wodensthron

Children of the crescent moon, your desert god is silent here.
His poisoned thoughts the teeth of Skoll that would extinguish
the light of Sigel.

But this great land of forest and mountain pulses with a spirit
of its own,
And 'pon these rocks which aeons stood, are carved the names of
forgotten gods.

We cut the tongues from the mouths of false prophets and set to
flame their houses of deceit.
Ing grant that the future remembers through bloodlines, and sto
ries; the past of our tribe.

Tiw!
Thunor!
Woden!

These names are legend, yet we remember not.
But there are some that shall not forget.