

Dreaming in Hyperborea

Folkodia

Under the eternal icebergs
Of the bleak and icy Pole
Lie the palaces once bright
Of fabled Hyperborean lords

Many strove to reach them
Many more died on the way:
A trophy chamber of death
Is set before the iron gates...

The shields of hoplites rot
In a drakkar frozen in time
Alongside with the remains
Of a Luftwaffe stuka plane...

Hidden deep beneath the ice
The eldritch halls are still alive
With the murmur of a song
That eons could not silence...

Hyperboreans ancient lords
Sleep entombed yet dreaming
Of their supremacy over all,
Yearning for Apollo's return...

When the God of light doth ride
On his winged chariot of bronze
From the island of his birth
To the frostbitten North
He shall bring them to life anon
With the holy rays of his might
And shed his glory as a blessing
Upon the Precambrian citadels
Of fabled Hyperborean lords..