Cold Tempered

Gwydion

Born impure, hiding behind the crust
This raw material awaits

In disguise it blends with other elements
Holding for the rise of a superior civilization

From the day it was unearthed
For smelting precious ore
Punished by men, pressing it to the anvil
Shaped into a punisher, a punisher itself

Blazing, the bloomer reminds an inferno
A pyre of charcoal heats impurities
Refining and removing the slag
Impregnated silicate

The purest aspect of the substance takes place
Easier to mold, tender to work
Base to the alloys
Wrought iron, the flexible form!

Amidst the dense, grey smoke
Surround by enormous apparatus
Dwells the blacksmith

Steadily, his arms smites
Bride the metal with a shape
Edify, rectify
Towards the conception of a weapon

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The art of forging starts with the core
The inner part of the blade
Compromises are made

To be as deadly as possible
Sustain impact without fracturing
Albeit prone to bending

So fortify it!
But to accomplish this is no small feat
Using less carbon
And insist with the tempering

For the outer side
A razor-sharp edge is required
Combine different layers
Welding them together

Iron! The blood ore
Iron! To refine
Iron! Assume it's shape
To a deadly form

The final stage is quenching
Technique of heating until the red-hot stage
Then pouring it into water

Iron! The blood ore
Iron! To refine
Iron! Assume it's shape
To a deadly form

Engrave it's name
With bold rune glyphs embossed
“The leg bitter”, fierce companion
Best friend to have at hand

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