

Wrath of Indra

Mors Principium Est

Out of frost and fire, there was chaos long ago
Mighty King slew the beast as the norsemen know
From the rushing blood the ocean, hear their thunderous cries
From the toilsome remains Indra, make the underworld rise

Of his hair he shed the forest, of his skull, the blinding skies
Sculpted from his bones the mountains, beneath them we all lie
Lo, today, upon my window
Indra carves on every pane to admonish my sceptic smile
A new world order again

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Mighty King slew the beast as the norsemen know
Who shall say the gods have left us or that the power is lost?
Flash upon my raptured sight out of fire and frost

Leader of the Gods, lord of the skies
He brings a storm of heaven's wrath to heed our cries
A realm awaits our passing, and as our empire dies
From the blackened soil of earth the underworld shall rise

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