

Heave the Oars

Thrawsunblat

Gathered 'round this glowing heartwood spectacle of ours
Eager are we all to heave her hallowed oars
Once a shipless tribe
Now shipwrights all
We heed our hero's words, our conquerer of skies
Who long ago won wisdom up among the nebulae
We know the rocks and bergs
We know the mind of mist
We know our journey's end
We know whom we champion

To golden uncharted lands we must go
Where the times have never yet called us
Now to heave the oars

Some days we brave the lashing rain, drenched to the skin
Others we've as ally the sun and the wind
Some days inward we go, we chart the heartlands
Some days outward we go, we expand our maps
Sustenance and coruscation, our primeval spoils
Outward or inward, always breaking new soil
The most plenteous mine must its vast surface know
The most bounteous land has sibylline bedrock below

To golden uncharted lands we must go
Where the times have never yet called us
Now to heave the oars

Heave
Heave
Heave
Heave
Heave
Heave
Go

Forward to the woodheart, heave those oars
To lands unknown
We map a course to the unseen heart of our lands
These verdant misted lands are our past and future

A summer rainstorm comes
Sweeping darkness on the land
The pull of its heart is felt for miles
Images flash in peripheral paths
Howls echo in the distance
Our course now deeper than ever before
Never has the wood let us in

Mist and rain give way to frost and time
Deep now in the heartlands, heave those oars
To the lands unknown
Smell the mist as it gathers
Old and brimming with time
Close now to the woodheart, heave those oars
Push the bounds of our time

We have found the Ice Age heart
These marrowlands
Standing deep in snow with lungs of flame
Now back home with our prize

The lands will brim with what we've found here
Euphony
Next we journey outward to the sea