

The Serpent

Vanir

Cunning and cruel a faceless god
Always lurking in the dark

Whirling its way
Into their hearts
Tearing them apart

The king of lies the dagger of nights
Deceiver of all the gods true demise

Chaotic trickster the doom of fools
Spreading his filth king of ghouls

Gods torn down
From their pillars
Of gold and glory
Into oblivion

The king of lies the dagger of nights
Deceiver of all the gods true demise

Shadow dweller
Watcher of lies

Son of the father
Father of the beast

You are Loki

Come enter son of Odin feast on empty plates
Drink from empty cups refused every pleasure
Here we know only darkness suffering and despair
Here the dead shall moan and weep
Their lamentations is your heir

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