

Devourer of Worlds

By: C. H. Marlow

Blackest angle, fiery tempest, come unto me, for I wish to be free.

Moonlight sacrament and bounding fox, give me the strength to return to the rocks.

I call upon the ancient tides, the ripjaws of old, and the sacred rune stones.

For God is dead and forever buried, we shall seek no longer his omnipotent tongue.

There is left to us now one final beast, that our ancestors knew could conjure great feats.

Make your way to the sacred grove and pay one last word while the vikings rove.

For the time of old Gods is upon us, we must not falter or they will piss on us.

Say hay-oh to mighty Thor and Oden as well, but our hearts bleed for Fenrir, they might as well.

Oh mighty wolf, bringer of doom, your lot in life was a mighty boon.

But robbed of virtue and honour you were, the Gods are deceitful one and all, but not mighty

Fenrir curled up in a ball.

We weep for your tragedy, and we pet your great mane, can you forgive us in this your domain?

For we know what comes next, it must be done, your chains must be broken they must be
undone.

Seek forgiveness we will in hell, for he is about to ring our final bell.

Devourer of wolds, may you come to see, that all we want, is to be set free?

So break your chains and steal the fire, for we together can seek desire.