

Robert Calvert, Ship Of Fools

Shards of shattered twilight slice
through glacial palaces of ice.
The goddess gets her planet prize:
A wolf with wild fire in his eyes.
Yggdrasil's roots are shaken.
The fire-juggling giants arrive.
Like hornets swarming from a hive
all demon spirits come alive.
The gods they are forsaken.
Ragna Rok ... the Skalds of old all warn
Ragna Rok ... a new world shall be born
shall be born.
The blood-red sun has ceased to beat
it's left for starving wolves to eat,
they tear it like a hunk of meat
they swallow up its light and heat
like a pack of hungry jackals.
Clouds of angry blackness rise
and fissures of a mighty size
appear in both the earth and skies
as Fenrir breaks his shackles
Ragna Rok ... the Skalds of old all warn
Ragna Rok ... a new world shall be born
shall be born.
The Midgard serpent rears its head
it rises from the ocean's bed
invades the land. The living-dead
have launched their ship, they must be fed
the flood tides they are rising.
The lakes and rivers overflow
and soon the world has sunk below
an endless sea, which isn't so
very much surprising.
Ragna Rok ... the Skalds of old all warn
Ragna Rok ... a new world shall be born
shall be born.