

Thaurorod, Guide For The Blind

I took pity on mortal men
He decreed that my torment would never end
I gave fire straight into your hand
And taught you to use it in cold winterland

I betrayed him for he was wrong
I saw wanders poetry and song
Loved and cherished those mortal men
And so I needed to guide them through the dawn of time

Once we stood together
Against your father Kronos
Now our thoughts nevermore
Can find their mutual trail

Here I am chained to this mountain of Caucasus
Each day the eagle it lands to eat my liver
Cold every night..
Oh, how I wish for it all to end

Will this torture never cease
Time is standing still I am chained
Waiting for salvation to kill me
My circle of torment begins again..

Chained to the mountain Caucasus
Suffering all the wrath of Zeus
Trapped on the mountain Caucasus
No mortal child can understand

Suddenly an arrow sprang
Through the sky closing in on its pray
The dying eagle lies on the ground
I am set free this I cannot believe

But still the curse of the Zeus is upon me for evermore..
And now mankind is sick and diseased but not without hope..

She was a maiden fair and kind
Her faith would be intertwine with mine

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Once he gave us the fire of Gods
Since he could not deny his own heart
Pain he felt for us tore through the night
He suffered it all alone, guide for the blind