

A Dream Of Fire

Fire and ice created everything that is
When they merged in the depths of Gigungagapp.
Yet, where were we when the High Lord of the golden halls
Claimed the title of Allfather for himself?

Where were we when the Odin and his brothers slew Ymir?
What songs were sung for us who are Ymir's primal matter?
Which praise was given to us when sun and moon were created?

What hubris possessed the One-Eyed One
when he claimed to be the source of creation?
Odin, you built from fire and ice and yes, your work is crafty.

But where is our place?
Don't you know that from a cauldron of fire seeds can grow as well?
Don't you know that fire can inspire love and poetry as well?
Do you know any of the songs the fire giants sing?
Do you know any of the poems we carved into the lava rocks of Muspelheim?
Do you know what illness our fires burned away for good?
Do you know any of the burning love we feel for our families?

To you One-Eyed Man and your kine we are nothing but savage beasts
For all your wisdom that came from a giant too,
You are truly half-blind
For every moment when Mimir's wisdom enlightens you,
There is a moment when you own arrogance blinds you again.
You pushed us into the role of adversaries, of enemies of your creation,
The toy that you did not want us to play with because it is yours alone.

Nothing is yours alone Odin, nothing but the destruction,
The firestorm that will engulf Asgard and the Nine Worlds
When the day fateful day, the day of Twilight comes

You wanted us for enemies and so we shall be your enemies.
That is your true creation.

For I Am Sutr and if you deem me not good enough to create,
then you shall see with your one eye how well I can destroy.

For I Am Sutr and you stole my birthright from me,
From all of us giants because your one eye is too blind to see
What we could have been.