

# Baldr's Lament

Could I not have stopped this?  
Could I not have put an end  
To these childish games before disaster struck?

The call me the Bright One  
Favourite son of Odin and Frigga  
Could I not have put an end to this in time?

Surely if I had spoken up and said:  
"It is enough of the childish pastime not  
Befitting of the gods of Asgard

They would have stopped for sure.

But the truth is, I enjoyed it as much as they did.  
The truth is, I enjoyed being the Invulnerable One  
I all of creation I was the one would could not be harmed

I could take the blow of Mjolnir without effect  
I enjoyed seeing my brother's hammer roar in anger  
When it could not even touch my skin

I enjoyed that gift like it was my own doing  
When only my sacred mother would have had the right  
To boast about it.

We were all like children  
The ones who threw the stones and spears and shot the arrows  
And the one who took them all with a laugh

And such a huge price we we all paid  
And no, not just in Asgard  
They all paid for our foolishness

We drew all of the nine worlds into our despair  
When we tried to change that which cannot –  
Which should not be changed

Now I feast on Hela's table  
Honoured guest of the Queen of Death  
Bound by hospitality and fate

We sit and we wait, both of us  
I know she feels for me, being an outcast from Asgard herself  
She feels no enmity for me

Yet we are both tied up  
My sister Hela who cannot be my sister, building the ship  
that will sail against Asgard when Ragnarok comes

And I, bound in this dark and misty hall  
Grateful for Hela's hospitality but afraid  
Of what I know will come and what she will do

Cursed Am I to know that  
I will be released to shine again, shine my light  
upon a new world built from the ashes and bones of my kine

So much destruction, sorrow and despair  
Could I not have stopped this?  
No, I could not because it was written and could not be unwritten

Cruel is fate that it lets you know  
It cannot be changed and still to lash you with the whip called guilt  
When it makes you think about what you could have done

So Hela and I eat together from the platter of anguish  
And drink the wine of loss  
United in grief but separated by pride

What could we have done to change this?  
Maybe nothing  
Maybe everything

I miss you my mother, my father, my kine  
I miss the laughter, the games, the sun  
And the green fields of Asgard

And I eat from Hela's grain and fruit  
Understand that everything must come to an end  
Understand yes, but still crying over the loss

I am the Bright One, favourite son of Odin and Frigga  
And all I can do in the end is to vow to shine again  
Over their graves as good as I can

For I Am Baldur and this is my torment  
To rise and shine again in a new world  
Where everything I love is dead and gone