

Thaurorod, Scion Of Stars

He was born with a lion's courage
Strength and might to match the Gods
A son of his, a thorn in her eyes
Made immortal by wrath and love

She devised him a life of servitude
He was made one with self-sacrifice
The lion of Nemea, hydra's reign
Their terror ended they met their bane

And so the final strophe it ends
A hero born may now ascend
To take his own place among the gods
Rise!
Oh son of Zeus
Oh scion of stars

He outran the hind and he brought back the boar
Eurystheus hiding afraid to the core
Carrying the armour and the shield of Hephaistos
Rise!
Oh son of Zeus
Oh scion of stars

Into hades he did dare
Threading the silvery line
Between death and life
Life where there should be none
Yet still he does not fear

I am the king of the underworld
Mortal why are you here
In this kingdom of shadows and dread
Why have you come?

I've come, like i was told, to fiii-ight

And in triumph led the three-headed hound
Fought and tamed

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