

The worlds of Norlund unravel and fade
Our only hope is that the *Asir* will be remade
Hear me, Urd, with my one final voice
As I speak of your fate and tell you your choice.

Through elements four and energy divine
A new *Asir* may rise at each of the shrines
Of yourself you must give to rekindle the spark
Your strength deplete to extinguish the dark

Energy resounds where the gods once reigned
From a foe's grasp you must seize it again
Plucked from the air 'fore the ground reabsorbs
On each tile shall you place three energy orbs

Earth covers your hands, and lies deep in your bones
The tiles crafted must be placed at each stone
Thoughtfully group them to create *Asir* anew
The aspects you forged will in the new gods imbue

Water set at each shrine, taken from the shore
Of each of the lower worlds where you waged war
To link each of the new gods to the world they will rule
Add the powder you've earned to color the pool

Universes you've traveled and structures you've raised
In each of the runes a divine fire doth blaze
With rods of fire that spark and ignite
To each shrine you must carry a different rune's light

As elements are joined and the new *Asir* rekindle
Of yourself you give and feel your life dwindle
The element of air must come from death
Together commit your own final breaths

Earth, water, and fire all sacrificed
The last gift of all is to give up your life