

Canticle of Solana, Harbinger of the Kraken

She calls you, great warrior of the deeps.

With fat-bellied vessels, she lays your feast table.

With treasures she fills them, a tithe for your abyssal palace.

Come to us, she calls.

Come to us and accept this tribute, she calls.

You rise, great warrior of the deeps.

You follow the path to your banquet.

You follow the path to your tithe.

In fury and thunder, you rise.

Your strength shatters mere timber. Your bite rends metal.

You are destruction, wrought upon our world.

Your acceptance of the offering is holy in its rage and its devastation.

She embraces you, in fire and in ash.

She offers herself into the conflagration.

She gives devotion to destruction.

Her piety is absolute, her determination unassailable.

In this sacred union of blood and of fire

She and you are rendered as one.

She calls and you answer.

She is the beacon whose song is now yours.

Rise again, Kraken, warrior of the deeps.

Rise again, in this holy battleground to which she has called you.

Rise again, and visit destruction upon the Grendel.

Fulfil her legacy, and become her spear.

Show them no mercy, only the storm.