**THE SACK OF THE GODS**

 by Rudyard Kipling

Strangers drawn from the ends of the Earth, jewelled and plumed were we.

I was the Lord of the Inca race and she was Queen of the Sea,

Under the stars beyond our stars, where the new-forged meteors glow,

Hotly we stormed Valhalla, a million years ago!

Ever 'neath high Valhalla Hall the well-turned horns begin,

When the swords are out in the underworld and the weary gods come in.

Ever through Valhalla Gate the Patient Angel goes.

He opens the eyes that are blind with hate. He joins the hands of foes.

Dust of the stars was under our feet, glitter of stars above,

Wrecks of our wrath dropped reeling down as we fought and we spurned and strove.

Worlds upon worlds we tossed aside and scattered them to and fro,

The night that we stormed Valhalla, a million years ago!

They are forgiven as they forgive all those dark wounds and deep.

Their beds are made on the lap of time and they lie down and sleep.

They are forgiven as they forgive all those old wounds that bleed.

They shut their eyes from their worshippers. They sleep till the world has need.

She with the star I had marked for my own, I with my set desire,

Lost in the loom of the night of nights, lighted by worlds afire,

Met in a war against the gods where the headlong meteors glow,

Hewing our way to Valhalla, a million years ago!

They will come back, come back again, as long as the red earth rolls.

He never wasted a leaf or tree. Do you think He would squander souls?

[seems to refer to the G'ouald "gods" of "Stargate" by Jonathan Glassner and Brad Wright]