

'Twas the night before Yule and the Public House stunk
When Thoren Grymm realized his sister was drunk.
Despite his best efforts she sang this quite clear
Yet the Paragons giggled leaving nothing to fear.

“The Gods Are Not Crazy”

Look up above you and what do you spy
Rain falling out of a sun-shiny sky
It's changing to hail stones that weigh half a ton
With seven live frogs hopping out of each one
It's not the Last Judgment stop wailing of sin
It's only our Nais wine-tasting again

Chorus:

So drink, drink to the Guardian's memory
Marvelous doings and marvelous sights
Drink, drink we may as well join them
The gods are not crazy they're higher than kites

When strange objects tumble from out of the clouds
Stay undercover for Aria's plowed
There's smoke in the distance and squeals in the air
She claims that the trebuchet's working somewhere
It's not Armageddon, it's only a sign
That this season's ambrosia really is fine

Chorus

A staff strikes the ground and the earthquakes break legs
And mountains belch odors that smell of bad eggs
The boulders have moved and the animals talk
A tidily Terranus is out for a walk
Don't blame the Devil or run to the hills
I assure you our Earth Master's crocked to the gills

Chorus

Eerie lights blossom all over the sky
Stand in the shade, Master Ignis is high
Strange purple flames give off ashes of snow
And a pillar of fire obscures the moon's glow
Don't wail of Fenrir there's nothing to fear
Just be thankful the drink's not this good every year

Chorus x2