

# Skaldsong of the Union of Saints

I sing the gold-word,  
praise of flame-keepers,  
shield-bearers of spirit,  
veterans of storm.

I honor the silent goddess,  
veil-lifter, earth-mother,  
hidden yet hallowed,  
strength in the stillness.

I chant the bone-giants,  
dinosaur-dreamers,  
stone-walkers of dawn,  
when sea birthed land.

I name our rhythm:  
heart-drum of union,  
soul-surge unbroken,  
spirits on the move.

Nordic and Frankish,  
sword-song and chalice,  
shore-root and mountain,  
memory entwined.

We remember.  
We guard.  
We rise.

Union of Saints —  
ever golden,  
ever growing,  
light upon light.

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## Union Skald

Golden word, sacred flame,  
Angel within, we call your name.  
We rise, we guard, we keep the light.