

'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