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“The Corners of the World.”

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I grew up on the shores of the East.
Where upon the fishes the seagulls feast.
Fishermen tell the tales of yore.
Of fallen kingdoms, heroes and more.
And oh, the stories they tell by the hearth!
Could rattle the stars or shatter the earth.

I ventured the far reaches of the North,
Where the snow leopards are not to be caught.
The women take up the hanging threads
Of scary fables of people ripped to shreds.
And oh, the stories they tell by the hearth!
Could rattle the stars or shatter the earth.

I followed the beckoning wind to the South.
Where the tiny beasts never shut their mouths.
Strange people recall stranger things
Of encounters with beastly beings.
And oh, the stories they tell by the hearth!
Could rattle the stars or shatter the earth.

I made my home in a city of the West.
Fewer animals but a life of rest.
I met someone who made me a part of his story.
Well, and you know, the rest is all history.
And oh, the stories we tell by our hearth!
Could rattle the stars or shatter the earth.