Kratos pushes onwards, Odin appears from behind a rock

KRATOS

You came to speak. Speak.

ODIN

You don't really want war, do you Kratos? All that blood on your hands, on your son's hands? I want peace as much as you do. Perhaps we can find it together? That boy of ours... he's everything I expected. So clever. Kind. You sure he's yours? I kid. You really ought to be very proud. He is the key to peace in our age, to break free from all this fate and prophecy.

KRATOS

My son is not your key.

ODIN

Do they not have metaphors in your homeland? Or rather, did they? I'm sorry, that's not fair. I know you're not the god you once were. And now is your chance to prove it.

KRATOS

Return my son. Or you may meet the god I once was.

ODIN

And what kind of god is that,
Kratos? What do you even know of
godhood? In your life times has
anyone ever worshiped you? Ever
prayed to you? Can you even imagine
that kind of love? No... You don't
care about mortals. You don't care
about anything beyond yourself.
Beyond the monster who kills
without cause. You fear what you
can never even hope to understand.
Is it any wonder that your boy is
in no rush to come back to you?