

# Under The Serpent Sign

Nothgard

Once upon a time a young knave  
Was born under the serpent sign  
Thirsty for lands unknown  
He armed for a quest into the forest of oath

In the dawn of the night he escaped  
Far from home into the forest of death  
Days and Nights he strayed around  
Till he came to a place never'd been found

A cave so dark  
His shadow unseen  
For goblins apart  
A bad place to be?

Awaited for days!  
Surrounded soon  
By dancing creatures  
In the nightlight of moon

A young girl took him by his hand  
Whispering words he couldn't understand  
She gave him a jar and a bottle of mead  
And they danced and sang till the midnight heat

We're ruler of the forest, shelter of the weak  
We welcome you in the realm of treat

Sit down friend and be our guest  
But abuse our grace  
We set fire in your chest

The amiss virtues avarice and greed  
He yield soon and began to seek  
The treasure of his well patrons  
Stole their gold and their loveliest maid

After years of fortune his young face changed  
By a curse of the elders  
Days faded, of weeks became years  
His body was now frail and gross to see

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An old doter in the bloom of his years  
Once too proud to heed the caveat  
So try ever to deal justly  
Abort the virtues avarice and greed