

The Great Ice Wars

The Lord Weird Slough Feg

Winds have warned the villagers
in the silent smokes they breathe
Shadows of their nemesis abounding in the trees
Eyes enslaved and treacherous,
Forgotten and forlorn
South winds bind and blow us through
The ravaged steppes they've torn

Northern tribes have lost their lives and galleys rock
the sea
Pirates of the serpent head amassing to be free

Wolves flanked in legions on the ground
Carrying their noble to the ceremonies sound
Enter the village on black steeds
Though vagrant swamps amphibians we challenge in the
reeds

Swords cross in mud-caked huts around
Lizard lords in battle dress alerted by their hounds
Archers erupt behind the bogs
Arrow sunken in my chest, my tribe has left me for the
dogs
The snow-it falls in silent suffocation sounds
The avalanche has slowly packed my limbs into the
ground
I'm alive-but all my body's buried in the earth
Trapped inside this ice-cocoon I'm waiting for re-birth
A Silent ritual between the weeds
Unearthly steppes bind bloody steeds
Vexed pythons shroud the sunburned dead
Dreams in the ice coffin frolic in scattered massacre
Each vein and vessel of the frozen network
Slowly weaving the path to purgatory

Woke up in the sicled canyon
Bleach-white bounty hunters' land
Frozen android cracks the ice and puts a blaster in my
hands

I have slept a thousand years beneath the glaciers of
the earth
Prism lords of these new ages sanctify and bless my
birth

Now a pawn in the Great Ice Wars
Just a relic of the past
Huskies run the bobsleds
Burning victims of my fatal blast
Mutant eyes of crystal warriors staring back at me so
cold
Fighting 'till the end of time they'll never stop my
timeless soul