

The Hydra's Teeth

3 Inches of Blood

The finest crew ever assembled, to Colchis, their destination
A kingdom's fortunes in the branches of a tree
But terror springs up from the ground
Born of the dragon's mouth, seeds of
Death planted in barren soil
The Argonauts state their intentions, as insult is felt by the
kind
This great quest is nearly halted
But Medea leads them to their prize, like weeds they grow
Warriors of the undead world, bones without flesh
Immune to the blade, offspring of Hecate's foul womb
Up the mountain to a yawning cave
A fell beast guards the Golden Fleece
The Argo leader steps up to win the day
Harmed not by the weaponry of man
Brutal offspring of tormented minds
Armed with steel and lust for death
Relentless demons, the children of the hydra's teeth
Warriors of bone scream a ghastly cry
Commanded to kill them all
The ones who escape make off with the fleece
Sail back to the Aegean Sea
Squads of death prowl the land
Killing in silence, killing by hand
Cloaked in darkness, masters of stealth
They lust for your blood
Not for your wealth