

# The Curse

Bison B.C.

Long ago in days of yore  
There was a town found way up north  
There was a coldness in the air  
For all the people who lived there

Were being held prisoner  
By a wizard with white hair  
High up in his mountain cave  
The wizard looks down on his slaves

The wizard wrings his hands and laughs  
While the peasants talk about their pasts  
Until someone asks "When did this come that we do so fear the sun?"

Your heart, it will grow cold  
When the white wizard takes his hold  
With fire in hand the peasants climb  
To reclaim all their lost time

In his cave he's left to burn  
And once again the seasons turn  
No longer cursed by the wizard's hand  
The peasants now enjoy their land