

## The Bastard Sapling

Hammers of Misfortune

The forest lends its life to me  
And loyal to her oaken creed  
On her ethereal wind I rove  
Up above the race I loathe

My roots are flesh and blood  
But supple as the soil they suck  
A bastard sapling When winter  
calls me down And brings me life

And when the nights falling down on me  
I watch the demons fly

I wake the trees and give them speech  
Their words teach me the ills of mankind  
Walk this path and feel my pain  
For this hatred and disdain

My birth is still a mystery  
Unto the skies and the earth I plead  
An explanation for this curse  
Be it gold, be it dirt

I feel a darkness drawing near  
Barbaric voices invade my kingdom  
Lurking shadows follow me  
Of a man I cannot see

The earth casts shadows on this race  
I claim no party to this disgrace  
To bear his form and not his mind  
To my past this world is blind