

The Weedmen

Ahab

It was a stormy night
Yet it was none when a lightning'd strike
No moon that would shine upon...
... my suspicions - they'd grew on and on

The weedmen come anigh
Soon - they are upon us!
The weedmen come anigh
Hideous face will be among us

It was a stormy night
We stared down upon a most unearthly sight
For the valley all beneath us was aswarm
None of us - I swear - was safe from harm

The giants voice slowly sank
Away into the distance, thinned
Alas, I swear I felt so bare and blank
And yet no sound beyond that of the wind

... the weedmen dwell
In these depths of green
None of us will live
In their graves at sea