

# Future Wars

Anvil

A place afar in distant dreams  
Mystic winds blow  
Men mount birds of prey to war  
And raid each others shore  
Wizards and Warlocks battle by night  
One survives by cunning and might  
Take what you can by sword and sabre  
Just reward for perilous labour

Stands among them a natural King  
A man of barbaric breed  
In a blade of steel he lays his trust  
Killing and taking his needs  
Upon him the scars of battles gone by  
From many who have gazed in his murderous eye  
Astride his mount he cursed and then  
Assembled his men in thousands and ten  
Onward lads we'll kill them all  
Victory is ours  
We'll have their heads and female slaves  
Soon to loot their towers  
Riding hard they rushed the gates  
And scaled the granite walls  
Through boiling oil and falling stone  
His men endured it all

In bloody streets the battle raged  
Brave men died and women were caged  
Amidst the hoard, a barbaric roar  
He gut the guard and kicked down the door  
Sword in one hand, torch in the other  
Alert every step of the way  
If legends be true this place is cursed  
Demons stand guard night and day

Living hell cloaked in black  
Three ungodly hosts  
Upon the dais a ball of light  
Which binds them to their post  
Faster than a striking cobra  
Hit the altar and knocked it over  
Shattered in a silver shower  
The priests of hell have lost their power

Up the stairs a golden door  
The queen awaits within  
Her naked body close to his  
The prize is won again  
And has she yields to his force  
His mind drifts off to Future Wars