

Beasts From The Blizzards

Folkearth

Demonized the wind howls like an Erinnya
As it sweeps down the mountains and invades
The valleys of the north, bearing gifts of death
Freezing the lone wanderer with its bitter frost...

The witch cast the runes and foretold a curse
The dragons, she said, would awaken in a month
And descent from their lairs to lay low our homes
And even the King's almighty stone walls...

On the seventh day a blizzard came
Cruel shards of ice lashing us to bleed
And a roar did echo from the endless depths
Of the hollow Earth's caverns and sactums...

It was a little child that saw the first dragon fly
Etched against a darkened sky early in the morn
He saw the beast's glaring black eyes, heard the rush
Of wide leathery wings... and then saw no more again...

The fury of the unclean fell upon the folk
Fire, dew and fang gored the tender flesh
And stripped it clean of muscle and bone
'Till none was left to tell the tale
Or an echo of the screams remained...