

## The Hydra's Teeth

3 Inches of Blood

The finest crew ever assembled, to Colchis, their destination  
A kingdom's fortunes in the branches of a tree  
But terror springs up from the ground  
Born of the dragon's mouth, seeds of  
Death planted in barren soil  
The Argonauts state their intentions, as insult is felt by the  
kind  
This great quest is nearly halted  
But Medea leads them to their prize, like weeds they grow  
Warriors of the undead world, bones without flesh  
Immune to the blade, offspring of Hecate's foul womb  
Up the mountain to a yawning cave  
A fell beast guards the Golden Fleece  
The Argo leader steps up to win the day  
Harmed not by the weaponry of man  
Brutal offspring of tormented minds  
Armed with steel and lust for death  
Relentless demons, the children of the hydra's teeth  
Warriors of bone scream a ghastly cry  
Commanded to kill them all  
The ones who escape make off with the fleece  
Sail back to the Aegean Sea  
Squads of death prowl the land  
Killing in silence, killing by hand  
Cloaked in darkness, masters of stealth  
They lust for your blood  
Not for your wealth