

## An Earthen Lament

Pythia

She knew right from the very start  
She was destined for his love  
A weaver of peace  
Between the warring factions of her heart  
Still her hopes had turned to ash  
As brother turned against brother in a foreign land

Though he'd sworn to be there always  
Death stole his love from her

In the darkness she'll stay  
Far from home lies her fate  
Such a desperate lament she cries

'Neath the wooded grove  
The ancient earth-hall  
With a curse on her lips, and a sigh

Judgment came, though she'd done no wrong  
But be truthful to her heart  
Still the people cried  
That she'd brought war and death upon them  
Destined to dwell beneath the dirt  
Trapped in endless halls of stone until her dying day

Though he swore to show her honor  
He cast her into the dust

So she swore to haunt his nightmares  
Torment him until the end