

Theriak

Root

From the wild East,
Full of anger, bloody slaver at his muzzle,
His side covered with foam and moss,
The black Wolf dashes towards the Centre.
His message is Living Death...
From the dark West,
Insane and raging, bloody eye,
Tongue and teeth full of venom,
The grey Hound dashes towards the Centre.
His message is Living Death...
And all of a sudden they come to grips with each other,
Carnage breaks up by main force,
Bones are being broken, tendons torn,
Then they drop dead to the Pit.
Their message is Living Death...
Dead bodies of the killed carcasses
Will decompose to Venom in the Pit,
Draw this potion into Silver
And drink it during ten sun-settings.
Their message is Living Death...
The drink is disgusting,
Stinking and smelly,
The mightiest of all the Magic Spells,
The supreme Medicine - Theriak.

His effect is your Immortality !