

The Song of Serpenthelm

Gone away, gone ahead,
Echoes roll unanswered.
Empty, open, dusty, dead.
Why have all the townsfolk fled?

Where have townsfolk gone together
Leaving homes to wind and weather,
Setting herdbeasts free of tether;
Gone, a city, gone, but whither?

It once had thrived so long ago,
Until a king whose greed did show.
He was, himself, his only foe,
Now nothing lives but wind and crow.

He thought to use the Dragon's Heart,
To master and command black art.
But power tore his mind apart,
And those controlled the war did start.

The Heart was never meant for war,
The balance it creates, he tore.
For centuries it laid before,
Become a piece of children's lore.

Forged from the blood of Covellite,
Who empathized with human plight,
The Heart, a cov'nant to unite,
Protected them from dragons' might.

Unearthed from ancient dragon's depth,
Within, his daughter's power slept.
In jealousy his thieves' hands crept,
The princess, in her loss, but wept.

She begged him not bend its design,
And to his gluttony consign.
In history his name would shine,
He told her, manifest divine!

The goblins came in hoards untold,
Took land and farm, felled each stronghold.
The mad King's face deranged and bold,
Did watch his violent tale unfold.

The people came to fear his hand,
They begged his mercy for the land.
But evil he did still command,
And soon they'd run away, disband.

He did not care it sapped his soul,
The king, he slowly lost control.
When all was gone but Serpent sole,
The goblins came then for their toll.

The princess stood to free her folk,
Two dragons danced upon on her cloak.
Cov's power she did then invoke,
To strike with deadly fire, smoke.

She fought with sorrow, anger, tears,
To bury father, Heart, and fears.
Escape she gave her subjects dear,
To run from goblin swords and spears.

They fled the crumbling royal hall,
The princess and the mad King's brawl.
They fled the hoards outside the walls
And left the Serpent to its fall.

*With a heavy heart resigned,
She left her smoking past behind.
She steeled her body and her mind,
To gather folk, now home to find.*

*To rose and wood, she led them, then,
And found new life for fearful men.
To peace, to trade, to home, to hen,
And never to look back again.*