

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.*