Under the Serpent Sign

Nothgard

Once upon a time a young knave
Was born under the serpent sign
Thirsty for lands unknown
He armed for a quest into the forest of oath

In the dawn of the night he escaped
Far from home into the forest of death
Days and Nights he strayed around
Till he came to a place neverâ€™d been found

A cave so dark
His shadow unseen
For goblins apart
A bad place to be?

Awaited for days!
Surrounded soon
By dancing creatures
In the nightlight of moon

A young girl took him by his hand
Whispering words he couldnâ€™t understand
She gave him a jar and a bottle of mead
And they danced and sang till the midnight heat

Weâ€™re ruler of the forest, shelter of the weak
We welcome you in the realm of treat

Sit down friend and be our guest
But abuse our grace
We set fire in your chest

The amiss virtues avarice and greed
He yield soon and began to seek
The treasure of his well patrons
Stole their gold and their loveliest maid

After years of fortune his young face changed
By a curse of the elders
Days faded, of weeks became years

His body was now frail and gross to see

Weâ€™re ruler of the forest, shelter of the weak
We welcome you in the realm of treat

Sit down friend and be our guest
But abuse our grace
We set fire in your chest

An old doter in the bloom of his years
Once to proud to heed the caveat
So try ever to deal justly
Abort the virtues avarice and greed

Lyrics submitted by Nothgard.

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