White Mountain

Genesis

Thin hung the web like a trap in a cage
The fox lay asleep in his lair
Fang's frantic paws told the tale of his sin
Far off the chase shrieked revengeOutcast he trespassed where no wolf may tread
The last sacred haunt of the dead
He learned of a truth which only one wolf may know
The scepter and crown of a kingHowling for blood, one-eye leads on the pack
Plunging through forest and snowstorm
Steep rose the ridge, ghostly peaks climbed the sky
Fangs sped through jungles of iceHard on his tail, one-eye drew from the pack
An old hero conquered by none
Steep, far too steep, grew the pathway ahead
Descent was the only escapeA wolf never flees in the face of his foe
Fang knew the price he would pay
One-eye stood before him with the crown upon his head
Scepter raised to deal the deadly blowFang, son of Great Fang, the traitor we seek
The laws of the brethren say this
That only the king sees the crown of the gods
And he, the usurper, must dieSnarling he tore at the throat of his foe
But Fang fought the hero in vain
Dawn saw the white mountain tinted with red
Never would the crown leave againOne-eye, his the crown and with laurels on his head
Returned amongst the tribe and dwelt in peace

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