

3 Inches Of Blood, The Hydra's Teeth

The finest crew ever assembled
To Colchis
Their destination
A kingdom's fortunes in the branches of a tree
But terror springs up from the ground
Born of the dragon's mouth
Seeds of death planted in barren soil
The Argonauts state their intentions
An insult is felt by the king
This great quest is nearly halted
But Medea leads them to their prize
Like weeds they grow
Warriors of the undead world
Bones without flesh
Immune to the blade
Offspring of Hecate's foul womb
Up the mountain to a yawning cave
A foul beast guards the Golden Fleece
The Argo leader steps up to win the day
At seeing ??? slain
Harmed not by the weaponry of man
Brutal offspring of tormented minds
Like weeds they grow
Warriors of the undead world
Bones without flesh
Immune to the blade
Armed with steel
And a lust for death
Relentless demons
The children of the Hydra's Teeth
Like weeds they grow
Warriors of the undead world
Bones without flesh
Immune to the blade
Warriors of bone
Scream a ghastly cry
Commanded to kill them all
The ones who escape make off with the fleece
Sail back to the Aegean Sea
Squads of death prowl the land
Killing in silence
Killing by hand
Cloaked in darkness
Masters of stealth
They lust for your blood
Not for your wealth