

Hammers Of Misfortune, The Bastard Sapling

The forest lends its life to me
And loyal to her oaken creed
On her ethereal wind I rove
Up above the race I loathe

My roots are flesh and blood
But supple as the soil they suck
A bastard sapling When winter
Calls me down and brings me life

And when the nights falling down on me
I watch the demons fly

I wake the trees and give them speech
Their words teach me the ills of mankind
Walk this path and feel my pain
For this hatred and disdain

My birth is still a mystery
Unto the skies and the earth I plead
An explanation for this curse
Be it gold, be it dirt

I feel a darkness drawing near
Barbaric voices invade my kingdom
Lurking shadows follow me
Of a man I cannot see

The earth casts shadows on this race
I claim no party to this disgrace
To bear his form and not his mind
To my past this world is blind