

FLESH WEAVER

By Richard Paul

Blistering heat and burning meat

And never long without a scream,

One of countless flesh-work pits

Where the King will often sit

To twist and shape the gathered bits

And see what pieces fit.

CHORUS

Thus he makes his children,

Thus his armies rise,

Thus beneath their rending jaws

His many foes will die.

CHORUS END

Once they've finished feasting

They bring the remnants back,

And long their grateful father toils

With the dripping heap of spoils,

Life's potential so to crack.

Hunger's pangs and scores of fangs,

A shriek to freeze a demon's blood.

They love their father well indeed

And from him learn their bloody creed.

Beastly friends to those in need,

Monstrous bane to foes who bleed.

(CHORUS)

SPOKEN

Let not your curiosity be sated,
For less than nothing I've narrated,
Telling the tale of but one species
From the scores King Viynon has created.

(CHORUS X2)

.* = Suggested stressed syllables