

Hydra

Bob Catley

A golden silence reigned against the din
Jason spoke of many things
The seas of anguish, the lands of mystery
That none before had ever seen
At the edge of the world, earth shaking boulders
Fall from the sky like a storm cloud of rain
As the saga unfolds, fate stirs the cauldron
Talos awaits until then, when...

Drawn by the fleece of gold
Legends and stories told, oh, of the Hydra
Ground by these teeth of stone
Destiny calling home, oh, to the Hydra

He tore like canvas, as echoes from within
Cursed the ropes that cut his skin
He turned the Argo's, prow into the wind
And laid a course for Talasyn
For Athena looked down, over their shoulders
Gentle protector and guardian of fate
To a strange land they came, voyage weary soldiers
Finding themselves face to fate

Oh, drawn by the fleece of gold
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Oh - to the Hydra!