

Morbid Quag

Svartby

Far, far
Dark might has spread
Claimed the ancient forests

Weak, small
Razed hamlets
Left in desolation

What's beyond
The city walls
Ain't an easy target

Morbid scab
Of townsfolk
Reeks with human stench

Marshland
Spread around the walls
Witches
Bane the creatures of the swamp
Swamp

Toads, sludge
Willows, moss
Sweet and wet smell of rot

Go for it
Accept the swamp
Quag's your next-door pal now

Green, yellow
Glaring eyes
Staring through mire fog

Muffled songs
Of slime and ooze
Slurped and whispered from the bog

Twisted
Gene pools
Molding flesh and herb

Raising
Dead bodies
From the grounds of glory

Mutated
Monsters creep
Greet new snouts and faces

Quaggy grounds
Instead of fields
Not a playground anymore