

## Mushroom Rings

Svartby

Any human village once finds itself  
All surrounded by the brown cloud of spores  
After it is gone, at your backyard  
Small and strange, mushrooms slowly grow

Next week villagers are happy to get mushroom crop  
Wow! Their food problem is now solved  
Until the mushrooms have become  
Too many and too tough to cut

Trapped and devoured by mushroom rings  
Aged, old and dead, vile spores within

When the mushrooms grow tall  
Taller than a bell tower  
Neither axe nor saw  
Can ever chop them

Get used to live in shade  
Of the mighty mushroom ring  
Can't run and can't escape  
The dazing slumber

Things grow old with every minute  
Living beings old in hours  
Walls and fences rot in few weeks  
Inside the glowing mushroom rings

Dead marshes in violet spore clouds  
Moldering dust in air and ground