

Slough Feg

The Lord Weird Slough Feg

The hills are green, the plains are white
The fires aflame we attack tonight
The horses chains and ties are broke
The underbrush goes up in smoke

The dark Drune's eyes are filled with scorn
The red moon's spawn earth pigs are born
Home clan fires are burning bright
The Lord Weird Slough Feg Dies Tonight

Among the warriors a legion is born
A hero-harness is never worn
Gae-bolga's edge is bent with mirth
Warped Weirdstone's power from Mother Earth