



Gentle Mist of Carnage

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Gentle mist, of carnage fair...
unbiased, uncaring, so unaware.

The dragon comes for those of his choosing. By
day, a gentle mist of fiery breath scorched living green
from earth,
tainted all mortal living flesh below,
and lay a demon seed within
all who taste of it.

None shall be granted deliverance, save by death, as
mortal's time upon earth is fleeting, without reprieve, or
encore.

Shall a distant hope be found in strength of will?
It is not to be.

No soul is spared the scourge of dragon's breath, nor
sting of mourning those consumed beforehand.

Oh Gentle, cruel mist of carnage...
Why did you fall upon us?