



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 its oils upon parched lips.

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 taught us these many generations
Why did you fall upon us?