

## Heathen Foray

### "The Colddrake"

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Young Vanyel once awakened from, a dream of death  
and fear.  
If he should choose to be a mage, his doom would then  
draw near,  
Of future filled with suffering was all that he could see  
And so he made a choice to leave k'Treva there then  
flee.  
Into the winter's bitter cold he hurried on that day,  
His mind was numbed and chilled and he could  
scarcely find his way.  
When pondering his haste made choice he thought  
then to return,  
But a magic cry for mercy made his frozen spirit burn.

Silver and amethyst the Colddrake hunts for prey,  
It's glowing eyes can hypnotize and steal your soul  
away.

He caught the cry of magic then and followed it where  
is led,  
And all the while a helpless anguish echoed in his  
head.

He came upon a holding in a sheltered forest vale,  
Destroyed in ruthless fury by a monster cold and pale.  
A woman and her children huddled near the  
Colddrake's paw.  
Her husband lay in shreds beneath an unforgiving  
claw.  
The beast entranced her victims neither looking left nor  
right,  
She knew for well the peasants had no way to run or  
fight.

Silver and amethyst the Colddrake hunts for prey,  
It's glowing eyes can hypnotize and steal your soul  
away.

Then suddenly a man stepped fourth, a pitch fork in his  
hand,  
As if alone he'd face the beast, and bravely take a

stand.

Though old and frail he could not bear to watch his  
kinfolk die,

He was the only chance they had, and he was bound to  
try.

The man thrust his weapon deep into the Coldrake

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