

Heather Alexander "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,
Its 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,
Its 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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