

## **Heresiarh**

# **"Dragon Domain"**

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It was in the long gone days of old  
When the mighty master of darkness  
Hit the earth with his terrible mace  
And tremendous tumults shook the soil  
Amidst vast vapours of fire and dust  
A great mound arose in the wastelands of north,  
And there among fields of heather and moss  
Began the tale of Dragon's Domain...

Within the majestic mountain of stone  
The master then carved great caves beyond count  
And inside the gloomy cold walls of the rock  
Forth brought he the darkest design of his thought  
And shaped a mighty kingdom for worms  
Finally under the roofs of the hill.  
Where black pitches loomed and ground belched  
flames.  
He placed the first seeds of a Dragon's Domain.

The new devised race of horror and dread -  
Like birds merged with serpents of lizards, or worms -

Soon woke from their wyrmish slumber of time  
And no beasts yet greater had followed the Moon.  
They hardened their flesh in the fires of the earth  
And sharpened their claws on the edges of rock  
And soon every tree in the wastelands was burnt  
By the scorching breath of the Dragon's Domain.

Far beyond the borders they went  
And sacked and brought ruin to every neighbouring  
realm  
And the king of serpents wore a crown of their hoard  
A golden-horned sign of their splendour and might  
And only the bravest warriors dared  
To enter the bare lands around the kingdom of snakes  
And never through many a century after  
Did bards forget the tale of the Dragon's Domain.

The bards forgot the tale of Dragon's Domain...

