

Laika

"The Hydra Coils Upon This Wicked Mountain"

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Where murderers, heretics and thieves
Come for penance, and purifying
Stretching swamplands, out to the sea
Holy place the Hydra's terrorizing

Nine giant, monstrous snake heads
One of them, immortal
In a cave, beneath a dead tree
Lie mass graves, as far as you can see

It won't be taking me...

So venomous, it's breath destroys life
I pelt him, with burning knives
I stand up, sword in my hand
The hydra coils upon this wicked mountain

I swing hard and decapitate one head
Two grow in it's place
I unsheathe my golden blade
What was immortal, I shall see dead

As I bury the head...

I still hear
It hiss
Disembowel
The carcass...

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