

## Lair Of The Minotaur "Caravan Of Blood Soaked Kentauroi"

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Here we ride once again,  
With the pain and dust left behind,  
Toward the caves of Mt. Pholoe,  
I say...

Last night the blood did spill,  
Upon the ground of nuptial rite,  
In the house of Ixion's son,  
I say...

Devour!

The spirits sank in our veins,  
Insolence from too much wine,  
At the sight of that fair dame,  
I say...

The drink was in command,  
Doubled by the fire of lust,  
As I seize the hair of the bride,  
I say...

Maraud!

Caravan through the night,  
With the north wind at our manes,  
Cry out to the Gods,  
Give me the strength to ride once again,

Theseus charged Eurytus,  
Champion with jagged steel,  
Smashed his brains in battle lust,  
Crunching bones beneath his heel,

Mt. Pholoe is where I ride,  
Slaying all the passerby  
Plundering the mountain side,  
Ravenous until I die...

My brothers all grabbed a dame,  
To do with them as they will,  
What became such violent rape,

I say...

4 lay in pools of blood,  
Fallen to the spoils of war,  
With the bride's milk on my lips,  
I say...

We ride!  
Caravan through the night,  
With the north wind at our manes,  
Cry out to the Gods,  
Give me the strength to ride once again.

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