

## Motley Crue "Tales Of The Ever-sea"

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Bitter taste the western waters..  
(wonder ye never what the horizont hides?)  
And bitter are the tales and stories of  
the sea whose waves now beat against the  
stones in the cold and dark north..

They speak often of dragon  
islands..Beautifull yet terrible beasts..  
Dealing death and destruction as they spit  
their fires of malice..

Even far away cities in the darkest deeps  
of the oceans..Of kingdoms none ever saw..

And the western jewel city..Standing proud  
and lone at the western coast..

Not knowing that soon their crystal  
heavens and distant spheres would be the  
houses of armies of spirits, and their  
beloved city was doomed before it was  
raised by hands now dust in a traveller's  
tale or song..

Few memories remain for the descendants  
are few and listeners are less..  
Who doth now worship the gods of old and  
hold their names dear at heart?  
(did not that there old man wear a queer  
looking necklace?)  
Aye! How forgotten are not the ancient  
days...

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