

## Darkwoods My Betrothed

### "Uller"

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A peaceful town down by the lake  
A cradle of goodness and righteousness it was said  
Quite prosperous one might add  
Rye fields, cattle, and the riches of the lake  
Fallacious was their dormancy of shelter  
Blindfolded had they themselves with the shadow of  
the cross

This dormancy lasted until a dusk in August  
A preacher came, handsome enough to wet any lady  
He was greeted with warmth and friendliness  
Though a bit of jealousy showed on the looks of the  
men

Nobody wondered why he spoke no words of god  
And his eyes were glued to women's bodies

Nobody simply paid any attention to it  
Especially the women enchanted by his attractiveness  
Until one day the paint on the church walls began to  
crumble  
The crop festered and the cattle began to die  
The wives disappeared just before midnight  
Only return before the first rays of sunrise

It began to show at the end of the month  
The crop and the cattle dead, ground frozen, famine  
awaited

Vanished was the atmosphere of honesty and good will  
People became wary of each other for anybody could  
have  
Evoked this curse upon them

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