

Bison B. C. "The Curse"

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Long ago in days of yore
There was a town found way up north
There was a coldness in the air
For all the people who lived there

Were being held prisoner
By a wizard with white hair
High up in his mountain cave
The wizard looks down on his slaves

The wizard wrings his hands and laughs
While the peasants talk about their pasts
Until someone asks "When did this come that we do so
fear the sun?"

Your heart, it will grow cold
When the white wizard takes his hold
With fire in hand the peasants climb
To reclaim all their lost time

In his cave he's left to burn
And once again the seasons turn
No longer cursed by the wizard's hand
The peasants now enjoy their land

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