

## **Accursed Wound "Dungeon Crawling"**

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Oh! Yeah!

Send by Queen Letish, beyond the stockade wall  
Through haunted wilderness, to enter Belgor's hall  
The coming days of darkness, you'll soon be  
underground  
Retrieve the cursed Rock of Wyrn, what's lost will soon  
be found

Dungeon Crawling...  
Gold and glory can only be stolen,  
But evil keeps it closely guarded.

Terror grows with every foolish step  
Deeper into catacombs where ancient evil rests

Dungeon crawling.  
The dead are coming.  
Ahhh! Awaken souls of sinners.

"Did you hear that?"  
"They won't take me alive."  
"Honor in battle!"  
"Arrgh!"

From sweating walls the fiends set forth,  
Brandishing sabers, and torches, and hooks.  
The leader is bludgeoned and sent to the ground,  
But the cowardous mage cannot speak a sound  
The crushing of steel and the spilling of blood  
These ghouls will surely drive them from here  
But the foyer is blocked and the party is stunned  
So further into the dungeon they run!

Your life will burn  
For the Rock of Wyrn

(Battle sounds)

Yah!  
This gold and glory that can only which can only be  
stolen

This ancient Rock of Wyrms is mine to bestow them  
These weary heroes they will soon be forgotten  
Like all the rest that fall into my kingdom

One missing step and Fenghor falls into a spikey trap  
A warrior crushed against the wall and slain by a  
demons jaw  
Some can get lost and die in darkness all alone  
Yet I am still upon my throne and goblins gnaw their  
rotting bones

Oh! Yeah! Oh!

Sent by Queen Letish to be my sacrifice  
The hero's quest will end in death until again they rise

Dungeon Crawling...  
The dead are coming!

Serve in afterlife to wage my sallow war  
What praise they had for honor gone,  
And only made to murder more

The evil's fallen  
The undead army

Grow the pile of broken skulls  
Of warriors and heroes who answered evil's call

This ancient Rock of Wyrms controls all the old 'uns  
Their lives of glory, which can only be broken

Gold and glory can only be stolen  
But evil keeps in closely guarded  
This gold and glory, which can only be stolen  
This ancient Rock of Wyrms is mine to beholden.

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