

A lone, accursed desert-wight,
Doomed e'er to walk the land,
Compelled to wander day and night,
Across the searing, shifting sands.

He's naught but bones and ashes now,
His flesh from frame has fell,
And yet with hushed and frightened sounds,
The wise his story tell.

There was a kingdom of green fields,
Grown fat upon its lands,
And though it could spare half its yields,
It slew its neighbors to a man.

A mighty king on mighty throne,
Who wished to not know death,
So he took his foes' life for his own,
With runes upon his chest.

But soon his kingdom's rivers failed,
His fields could slake no thirst,
Though children starved and mothers wailed,
His fate was yet the worst.

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