Jayme Dawson was the Captain of the Christian and her crew,  
And he flew and fought the Christian in the War of '82.  
Now the Christian was the tightest ship 'tween here and Charlemagne,  
And the crew of Jayme Dawson was the same.

On patrol in sector seven, keeping watch on Barber's sun,  
They were jumped by three light cruisers though they wern't a match for one.  
As they came to general quarters and they sent out the alarm,  
Dawson's crew was sure they'd finally bought the farm.

No one living saw that battle though the fleet was quick to leave.  
When they reached the site they found a scene no sane man could believe.  
Dead in space lay three light cruisers, cut to ribbons all around,  
But no sign of Dawson's Christian could be found.

15, 5, 5, 5,

15

15

11

Story of the wendigo

Grins her frozen smile

When the night grows long | and harvest’s gone and | winter bares her teeth,

When the sky weeps ice | and rooftop heights are | buried underneath,

When the hart of wood | has frozen blood and | hoarfrost covered horns,

Then the Azil weaves a crown of iron thorns.

When his store of rice | is only dust and | meat a fantasy,

When the ravening | of his nothing leaves | not but agony,

When his body’s bare, | and skins he wore was | eaten long ago

Then the Azil dons his crown and greets the snow

At First they seemed like | shadows, or the dream | that the Azil sought

Then he saw the gleam | of demon eyes and | knew that he was caught

But instead of leap | ing on him they raised | noses to the wind.

Smelling chimney smoke the wolves and Azil grinned.

Stealing through the night | upon the light and | warmth of men inside

Who became the prey | of lupine grey and | that which should have died.

But its hunger was | not sated, growing | stronger than before

There’s not can fill the hollow well at its core.

Not can fill the hollow beast called vendigore.

not can fill the emptiness at its core

Fear empty Azils, child, fear the vendigore.

Fear empty men my child, fear the vendigore.

And not can fill the empty chill that is the Azil

At first they seemed like | shadows, or the dream | he'that kills his kin.

Then he saw the eyes | that terrorize yel | low to his hazel

But instead of leap | ing on him they raised | noses to the wind.

Smelling chimney smoke the wolves and Azil grinned.

Creeping up to the | house it undid the | latch and slipped inside,

And true men were feast | ed on by wolves and | that which should have died.

But its hunger can’t | be sated and the | Azil was no more,

Fear empty Azils, child, fear the vendigore.

Fear empty men my child, fear the vendigore.

What once was human | feasted then

n on the mountain side,

Lifting latches, breaking windows

Fed to a beast that should have died

Homes and memories

By a | thing that should have died

Half man, half beast and a

Hunger only grows

An emptiness that only grows

Azil to vendagore

When its brood and it |

And he sheds his skin |

brethren,

Stalking naked and |

wasteland

Stalking naked ‘neath | the moon, his wreath of | rime

He heard a howl

sleepless rime frost

The pack of starving | wolves appeared

The wolves and azil

When the wolves are mad |

Then the Azil

in his

leather | his belt and

When his belt

feet are bare | and he’s

When his hearth is cold | and

| and

When he’s eaten every scrap of meat an

Then the Azil

Sheath, beneath

Mourning winds greet howling wolves and winter bares her frozen fangs,

Empty stores and empty bellies

And the rice is gone and meat

Hunger pangs