

## Gwythant's Song

### A Broadside Ballad

They came from up above the sky  
They came from down below the ground  
Swarming up to eat the foul dead  
Teeth gnashing, a horrible sound

Demons came forth to steal their souls  
Rape their children then kill them all  
Hatred burning within their eyes  
Fearing nothing, even the Law

Gwythant's blade was made of cold steel  
Not even it could stem the dark tide  
When the hordes came upon the plain  
Gwythant struck out with his black blade

Death had not come for him before  
Evading, dodging, falling more  
Demon teeth bit into his arm  
Claws ripping, tearing, howling roar

Hot blood flows around like water  
Across his dampened crimson flesh  
Striking at blackness around him  
Cleaving through a new demon's flesh

Pain joined him in his conscious thought  
Screaming he could no longer fight  
Around him friends and fighters died  
Gwythant fell to the death of night

Blackness, blackness, the morning's light  
With cracking crusty blood dried eyes  
Slumped bodies filled his single sight  
Death had not come – for it had lied

Bitter sore wounds covered his being  
He left that battlefield behind  
Stumbling north towards his love's home  
His wife and child were on his mind

Onward he staggered over the hills  
A day passed by and then to night  
Fitful dreams invaded his thoughts  
As daylight brought an awful sight

His home lay in smoking ruins  
Child impaled upon a tree  
Loving wife bloodied, naked and cold  
Cut his eyes out so he can't see!

Sobbing cries for the dead loved  
Tears tracking down to wet his cloak  
Acts of demons - hatred anew  
Upon his heart the fires now stoked

Hot blood flows around like water  
Across his dampened crimson flesh  
Striking at blackness around him  
Cleaving through a new demon's flesh

Cleansing his mind – one purpose now  
The rain fell down to join his tears  
Washing the dried blood from his wounds  
This point on he would have no fear

He would follow the demons dark  
Find them, catch them and slay them all  
Make them pay for the deaths they caused  
Punished by one - slaughter them all

He walked, following the ruin  
Past dead corpses and fallen soldiers  
Finding villages still smoking  
Red embers cooking the slaughter

Devastation stood everywhere  
The sky black now with sooty fumes  
Trees engulfed, dead animals rot  
Demons had sealed this cursed world's doom

Walking among the putrid dead  
A demon entered Gwythant's sight  
Eating flesh from a child's arm  
Gwythant's sole urge was but to fight

Hot blood flows around like water  
Across his dampened crimson flesh  
Striking at blackness around him  
Cleaving through a new demon's flesh

Rage billowed up and through his chest  
Screaming outward a wordless cry  
Down came his sword upon its brow  
The demon died with not a sigh

Gwythant's passion was now reborn  
Bloodlust wetted with his black blade  
One had fallen - more would join it  
The death quest would not ever fade

Walking, following destruction  
His anger burned deep down below  
Another demon rose to fight  
Another demon was too slow

Time passed by like a flowing stream  
Freshly spilt blood bathed all around  
Demons fell down around his knees  
He did not stop, was like a hound

Hot blood flows around like water  
Across his dampened crimson flesh  
Striking at blackness around him  
Cleaving through a new demon's flesh

He could not catch the great beast host  
Those left behind were all he killed  
Unsure how to fulfill his quest  
From the vague distance he was hailed

Turning, a fellow did appear  
Wounded and propped by bloody steel  
A soldier not unlike himself  
Elation Gywthant did not once feel

"I watched you battle the black hearts  
Along this foul, blood soaked road  
Wounded am I, I could not help  
Sit and rest your weary load"

Gwythant said nothing - his soul ached  
Knowing he could not stop his quest  
Turn away from the wounded man  
Knowing to continue was best

Sensing evil all around him  
The soldier's form disguised a foe  
Gwythant's blade did flash to protect  
Through the demons hard flesh it flowed

Hot blood flows around like water  
Across his dampened crimson flesh  
Striking at blackness around him  
Cleaving through a new demon's flesh

Sadness arose as fresh new pain  
He was near easily deceived  
His black sword kept him safe from harm  
Their evil almost he received

Trudging onward towards the black host  
Their smoke and cries no longer heard  
Crossing a distance he could not  
Quickly, like a carrion bird

Outdistanced him, they had gone forth  
Onward to the plains of Lyr  
Where fields of gold and planted green  
Soon would be a lake of fire

A thought flowed through his fevered mind  
A way to catch the horde before  
Escaping back from whence they came  
Their ancient home of hellish lore

The mountains towered white and brown  
Blocking the evil demons path towards  
The golden plains of sweet Lyr  
They were his way to stop the horde.

For the demon horde had to pass  
Further up through the massive chain  
Of snow capped mountains tall and strong  
Only there was the widest lane

A pass where only one could go  
White ice and bitter cold up high  
Small and filled with utter danger  
Told by his father long ago

Up, up into the hills he went  
Trading down the comfort level  
For jagged crags and wicked winds  
And a chance to kill the devils

Snow pounded his weakened flesh  
His throbbing pains grew greater still  
The bitter cold ate his dim strength  
Fresh wounds tore at his faded will

Blackness came and went again  
And still he struggled on to see  
The bastards die upon his blade  
Alone he would finally be

Alone with his unending loss  
Alone with his internal pain  
Alone with thoughts of their lost love  
Alone with his eternal pain

Hot blood flows around like water  
Across his dampened crimson flesh  
Striking at blackness around him  
Cleaving through a new demon's flesh

The pass was there, not more a crack  
His father had not to him lied  
From up high he could see below  
The hell horde had not yet arrived

His hands were numb and icy cold  
Lost his black sword among the snow  
Gywhant fell down onto the ground  
He could not rise - he could not go

He spoke for the first time in days  
"I cannot go forth to avenge  
The deaths of my wife and my child  
Surely you will grant my revenge!"

Hot blood flows around like water  
Across his dampened crimson flesh  
Striking at blackness around him  
Cleaving through a new demon's flesh

His goddess came to him right then  
Beautiful woman dressed in white  
Two silver swords graced her pale hands  
Blinding with their shining might

She did not move, judging his soul  
Watching the frozen man below  
The swords she tossed into the snow  
For them, Gwythant did reach slow

In a flash the goddess was gone  
Leaving him to grasp the white steel  
A hot strength that melted the snow  
Warmed his hands, allowed him to feel

All around him the snow did melt  
Parting on all sides like a wave  
The swords filled him with such a warmth  
He knew his fate had now been saved

Walking easily down the slope  
Rushing towards his freshly changed fate  
Both rocks and boulders fell away  
Clearing way for justified hate

Hot blood flows around like water  
Across his dampened crimson flesh  
Striking at blackness around him  
Cleaving through a new demon's flesh

Down and down Gwythant boldly strode  
Past melting snow and into green  
Through the dark evergreens and boughs  
Down to the gold plains of Lyr

In the faint distance he could see  
The demon horde passing through the lane  
Dark clouds gathered all around them  
Thunder crashed and hard came down rain

As flashes of lightning struck down  
Gwythant closed his tired eyes and prayed  
Asking the white goddess for strength  
To wield the swords that she had made

Through his body flowed strength renewed  
The swords were held in offering  
To her into the darkened sky  
Lightning all around him dancing

The rain approached, cascading down  
Gwythant knew his time was at hand  
Death's bold blade would take him this time  
Now this would be his final stand

Day and night he stood there waiting  
Rain pounded down on the land  
The demons saw him from afar  
Amusement filled the hellish band

Laughter sparked in their demon speak  
As tired Gwythant readied his mind  
Steeling his soul for the bloodshed  
Returning that simple hate in kind

As one structure they surged forward  
Wanting to slaughter this buffoon  
Eat his flesh and crunch tasty bones  
Offer his soul up to the moon

The coupled swords flashed all around  
Gwythant focused his might and mind  
Cutting paths around his substance  
Stabbing, thrusting through demon hides

Defending, attacking, and dodges  
Again and again demons fell  
Gwythant tired as time slowly passed  
Never did he stop short the kills

He could not stop his flashing blades  
They did not evade his sly sight  
Weary his arms and legs became  
Would not give up the holy fight

Hot blood flows around like water  
Across his dampened crimson flesh  
Striking at blackness around him  
Cleaving through a new demon's flesh

Night overcame his sight again  
Exhaustion overtook his mind  
His body fought on though he dreamt  
Taking vengeance for mankind

Hot blood flows around like water  
Across his dampened crimson flesh  
Striking at blackness around him  
Cleaving through a new demon's flesh

Hot blood flows around like water  
Across his dampened crimson flesh!  
Striking at blackness around him  
Cleaving through a new demon's flesh!

Silence, quiet, peaceful silence  
Fluttering eyes, he saw the light  
His hands were on his gory swords  
Gwythant had no more will to fight

All around Gwythant lay the dead  
Dead demons piled all around  
None did survive - all had expired  
None made a solitary sound

The fair sun fell upon his face  
Warming up his shivering skin  
The demon horde had passed away  
There was no more grim raping din

Gwythant had won - he had survived  
The white swords faded from his sight  
Replaced by his old blackened blade  
Hell had ended – he won the fight

Gwythant stood amid the slaughter  
Seeing only horrid killing  
The white goddess came forth to him  
And thanked him for his offering

Gwythant had turned away from her  
Knowing she could not bring them back  
His wife and child were gone from him  
For their love he would always lack

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