

In the year of the wyrms
With an amethyst hue
Lay the land of the Lost
Where Ubtao withdrew

In a place of dry seas
Dying Sons can be found
And runes will awaken
The bones that are bound

An advantage to find
The city that's lost
Heroes will rise
At a terrible cost

While far to the south
A Death-god doth sleep
And feeds on the lives
Of the Souls he doth keep

The Serpents do watch
While their master decays
The Tomb, it does slumber
At the heart of the maze

The Nine gods do wait
Hanging on by a thread
For Heroes to give them
The peace of the Dead

But the Bones are the keys
To preventing the birth
Lest the Death that awakens
Doth swallow the earth

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