

Orcs im Frühling

Geschichten und Gedichte aus Mitteleerde

Von Venedig-6379

Kapitel 1: Orc's in Springtime

Spring. Do'ya see it?
The nasty sun comes early
and sends its rays of light
to our un-delight.
Birds are singing,
the bells in our ears are ringing.

Spring. So warm!
From freezing to feazing.
It melts aways the ice
that is... somewhat nice.
It casts out the bone-chilling cold,
our beasts are feeling bold.

Spring. Horribly green.
Plants are so pretty. And vile.
Look! Flowers!
Don't trample them,
yet; send out the plowers!
Kill an elf, once in a while.

Spring! Just before summer.
We hate it, we awaite it.
It gives us food,
which is kinda good.
Need some flesh,
Need some bones, our master groans.

Spring! Raining
Raining, wrrr, it's wet.
Washes away my dirt,
give me a new shirt,
darts and bows,

our anger grows.

Spring!

Spring to your feet! Spring to attention!

Spring to the arms! Spring into action!

We spring from Darkness,

what a mess - our homes are caverns,

but now storm into the taverns!