Songs of Fire, Songs of Life

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Nu Ormenel Collected, Volume 4 Supplement:

Songs of Fire, Songs of Life

Music and Lyrics by Fern Marder

Artwork by Dan Haskett, Fern Marder,
Carol Walske, and Kyrol Waters

Layout by Fern Marder and Carol Walske

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*Lyrics to "Lament" and "Piece of Mind" by Fern Marder and Carol Walske

PREVIOUS PUBLICATION:

In Alkarin Warlord, © 1978 Fern Marder and Carol Walske:
"Alkarin Warlord"
"*Evriand Fevesan Getheni*"
"Song of the *Ormen*"
"Beyond the Shadows"

In *Nu Ormenel* Collected, Volume 3, © 1979 Fern Marder and Carol Walske:
Lyrics only: "Tomorrow's Promise"
"March to Honor"
"Where Are You, My Love?"
"Lament"
"Makhiri"
"Piece of Mind"
"Fight for Glory"
"Legacy of Sorrow"
"Call to Mourning"

In *Nu Ormenel* Collected, Volume 4, © 1979 Fern Marder and Carol Walske
Lyrics only: "Though I Want You"
"In Faraway Lands"
"Home"
"The Homecoming"
"Changeling" (Part 2)

In Probe 6, © 1975 Winston A. Howlett:
Lyrics and illustration: "Karplunk's Last Stand"

In Threshold, © 1978 Fern Marder and Carol Walske:
Music and lyrics: "Changeling" (Part 1)

In Time Warp 2, © 1979 Anne Elizabeth Zeek:
Music and lyrics: "Discovery"

In Universes in Science Fiction, Volume 2, © 1976 Germaine Best/Tetrumbriant Press:
Music: "*Evriand Fevesan Getheni*"

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PREFACE

by Carol Walske

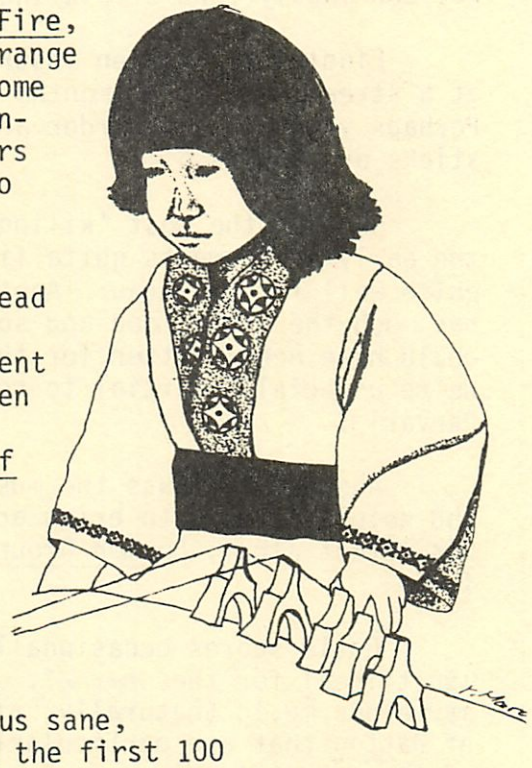
Fern has been tongue-lashed, been subjected to three thousand verses of "What shall we do with a captive Klingon" sung off-key, and sent to bed without her guitar. She disobeyed orders. She wrote two more songs. After going through all the bother of doing the list of poetry/music in Volume 4, Fern goes and makes it prematurely obsolete! Aargh.

Welcome to *Nu Ormenel* Collected, Volume 4 Supplement: Songs of Fire, Songs of Life. And, as it was Fern's privilege to do the introduction to Arakenyo, it is now my turn to do the intro on this songbook--which is all Fern's work from beginning to end.

I've never known very much about music, except that I know what I like to hear. At the same time, it's always been important to make the *Nu Ormenel* universe as complete as possible. That has required, in the past, research and reading in such varied subjects as meteorology, topology, and agriculture, to name a few.

But there was a gap in the *Ormenel*, a lack, a void in the universe's creativity. The *Ormenel* had no music. Art it had in plenty, and all the other forms of creative expression that I could command. But the lack of music and poetry was as depressing as a favorite movie with the sound turned off.

When someone offers you a large sum of money, do you turn it down? When Fern showed up, now some three and a half years ago, and revealed to me that she wrote poetry and music (and could fry eggs while doing a fast soft-shoe)--well, I sort of grabbed her. This was opportunity sneaking up to my door, a way to fill our stories with song--to wit, a person to foist off extra work onto. (Watch for our upcoming musical spectacular, "The *Ormen* and I," starring John Travolta as Kor Alkarin and Barbra Streisand as Tavia Nelson.)



Well, anyway. I am very proud to present Songs of Fire, Songs of Life. The twenty-five songs in this supplement range from rousing to humorous to deeply sorrowful. They are some of the songs of an alien people--different melodies and unusual rhythms, forms of expression that reveal the contours of the culture of the *Ormenel*. They were written on piano and guitar, but for many of them we envision the use of other stringed instruments, oboes, pipes and drums.

I hope, even for those of you out there who don't read music (like me), that you will appreciate a work of love, beauty and care on Fern's part. Kor Alkarin makes a comment in "Fireside Song" (Volume 3) to the effect that 'even when I am no longer a memory, these songs will live on.' May that turn out to be equally true for the music in Songs of Fire, Songs of Life.

* * *

A special note of warmest thanks to Kyrol Waters, who commuted from southern New Jersey to Manhattan for four straight weekends to help see us through Volumes 3 and 4, and who, while we were putting together this songbook, ran the house, did the errands, fed the cats, kept us sane, and singlehandedly collated, checked, covered and stapled the first 100 copies of Volume 4. *Oikhon vekkis, kavgar*--a thousand thanks, our friend--for these and a thousand other deeds.

--Fern and Carol

The Hunter's Harmonies

by Fern Marder

Kilingau are hunters. And they know no finer way to end a hunt than to sit around the fire, roasting their game, and singing songs of noble deeds, raucous jests, joy and love, sorrow and defeat. The music presented in this songbook may be all the music written especially for *Nu Ormenel* to date, but it is by no means all the music in *Nu Ormenel*.

Carol had some very definite ideas about *Ormenel* music when I first met her, and, since then, we have found quite a large selection of *Ormenel*-type music which we listen to while we write (it's rather difficult to write and play an instrument at the same time. . .).

The music of the *Ormenel* is characterized by simple sounds in complex combinations. As with many other facets of daily life, kilingau do not apply advanced technology and mechanization to the arts. A kiling would be horrified at the idea of an electric guitar or a synthesizer. Music is a part of the soul of a kiling and, as such, is prized as a basic form, not to be taken from nature.

Kilingaven instruments tend toward the simple: pipes, drums, shell and animal horns, basic strings, some rudimentary brass, perhaps a keyboard-type instrument or pipe-type organ. Variations in music are built more on harmonies and altered rhythms than on different-sounding instruments played together. Individualistic kilingau are not enormously fond of playing in orchestras.

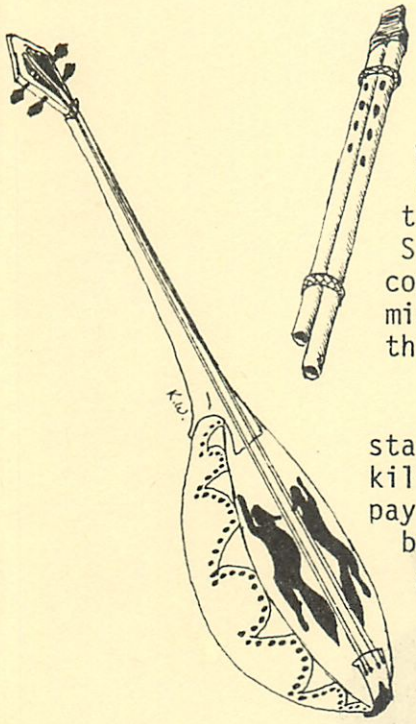
Finding kilingaven instruments isn't hard. Carol bought a lovely bamboo flute at a street fair a few months ago. Bongos and other small drums turn up everywhere. Perhaps you have a recorder around the house from a school music class--or a pair of sticks or maracas.

Some of the most 'kilingaven' music we've found is medieval music. Not only are the early instruments quite fitting, but the tone and flavor of the music seem to do quite well for kilingau. Another good source is Israeli folk and dance music which has much the right mood and sound. And the songs of the Six Day and Yom Kippur Wars could have been written for the *Orashathnavi* Revolution or the war with the Federation. We're especially partial to records by two Israeli kilingau who call themselves the Parvarim.

Another find was the music of Paul Winter. The use of 'primitive' instruments and natural sounds to bring across very natural themes seems perfect for the *Ormenel*. His latest album, Common Ground, and some of his very early albums are particularly fine.

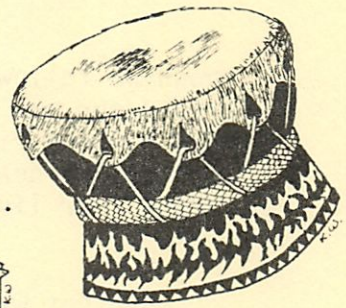
Movie scores occasionally have the right 'feel,' even if the instrumentation isn't ideal for the *Ormenel*. Michel Legrand's score for The Three Musketeers has some marvelous music (naturally, all those swordfights!). There are two bands on the score of Patton that are particularly poignant when applied to Kor and the revolution. Parts of the scores for Exodus, Z and The Lion in Winter are stirring, sensitive, and appropriate to kilingaven themes. There are some wonderful kilingaven marches on the score album from the Montreal Olympics.

You'll notice that most of the music I've listed are instrumental pieces. This is largely because it is hard to find songs that fit the *Ormenel* in both music and

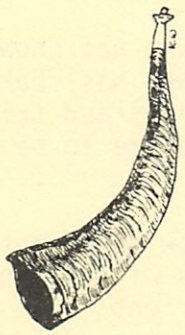


lyrics. Finding the right lyrics is a hard task, because of the necessary subject matter. This is somewhat ironic, as songs, with elaborate lyrics, are so very important in kilingaven culture. Kilingau favor an oral rather than a written tradition, and so the minstrel and troubadour are very much a part of daily life. Such skilled performers are highly respected and generally welcomed wherever they bring their songs. In this respect, I am reminded of an oft-mentioned theme: may I do one deed in my life that may be worthy of a song. This holds very true for kilingau.

If you can find them, the old Stone Ponies' albums (Linda Ronstadt was their lead singer, many moons ago) have some wonderfully kilingaven songs: "Evergreen" (". . . how high is the price we must pay for the springtime. . ."), "Orion" (". . . how long will my trial be. . ."), "Sweet Summer Blue and Gold," "Driftin'," and "Autumn Afternoon." The song, "Today," on the Jefferson Airplane's Surrealistic Pillow album is a great song for Kor and Tavia. And, again, some of Paul Winter's music.



Obviously, the records here make far from an exhaustive list. We're constantly on the lookout for 'kilingaven albums.' No doubt some of our readers have their own ideas and favorite songs for the *Ormenel*. So the next time you watch a good old Errol Flynn movie on TV, keep an eye out for tell-tale kilingau under those period trappings.



Discovery

Learning how to go with honor,
seeking one who knows how to give,
finding courage, wisdom, harmony
and a place to live.

Brother who has shown me honor,
brother who has shared with me
all the joys and trials of life
and taught me to be free.

Though we follow different roads
forever our way will be the same:
fight for the right
to do as our hearts must do,
live all our lives in honor's name.

Brother who has shown me honor,
brother who has shared with me
all the joys and trials of life
and taught me to be free.

Though we follow different roads
forever our way will be the same:
fight for the right
to do as your heart must do,
live all your life in honor's name.

Brother who has shown me honor,
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all the joys and trials of life
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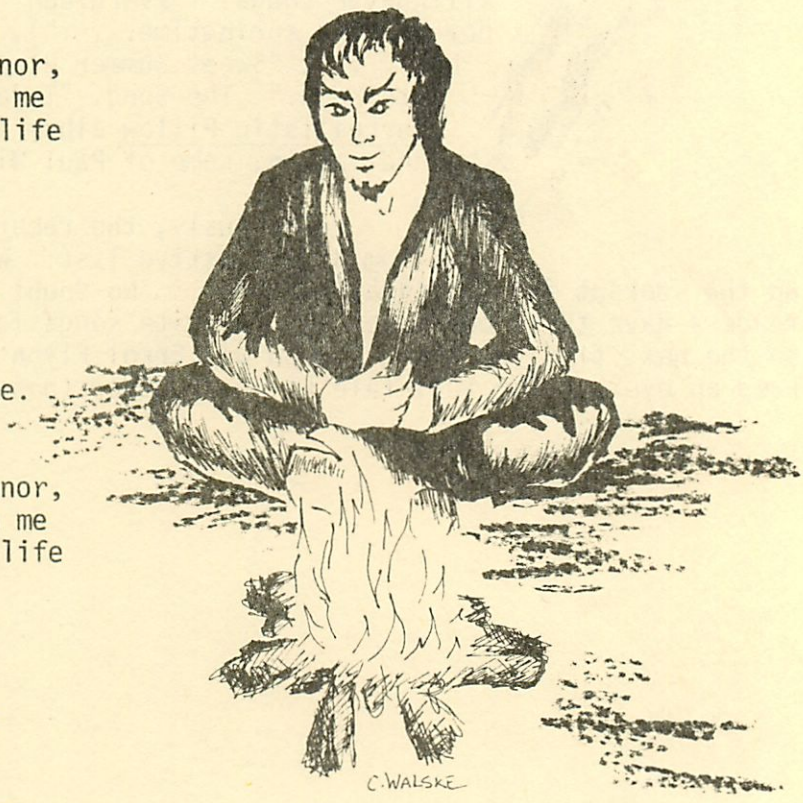

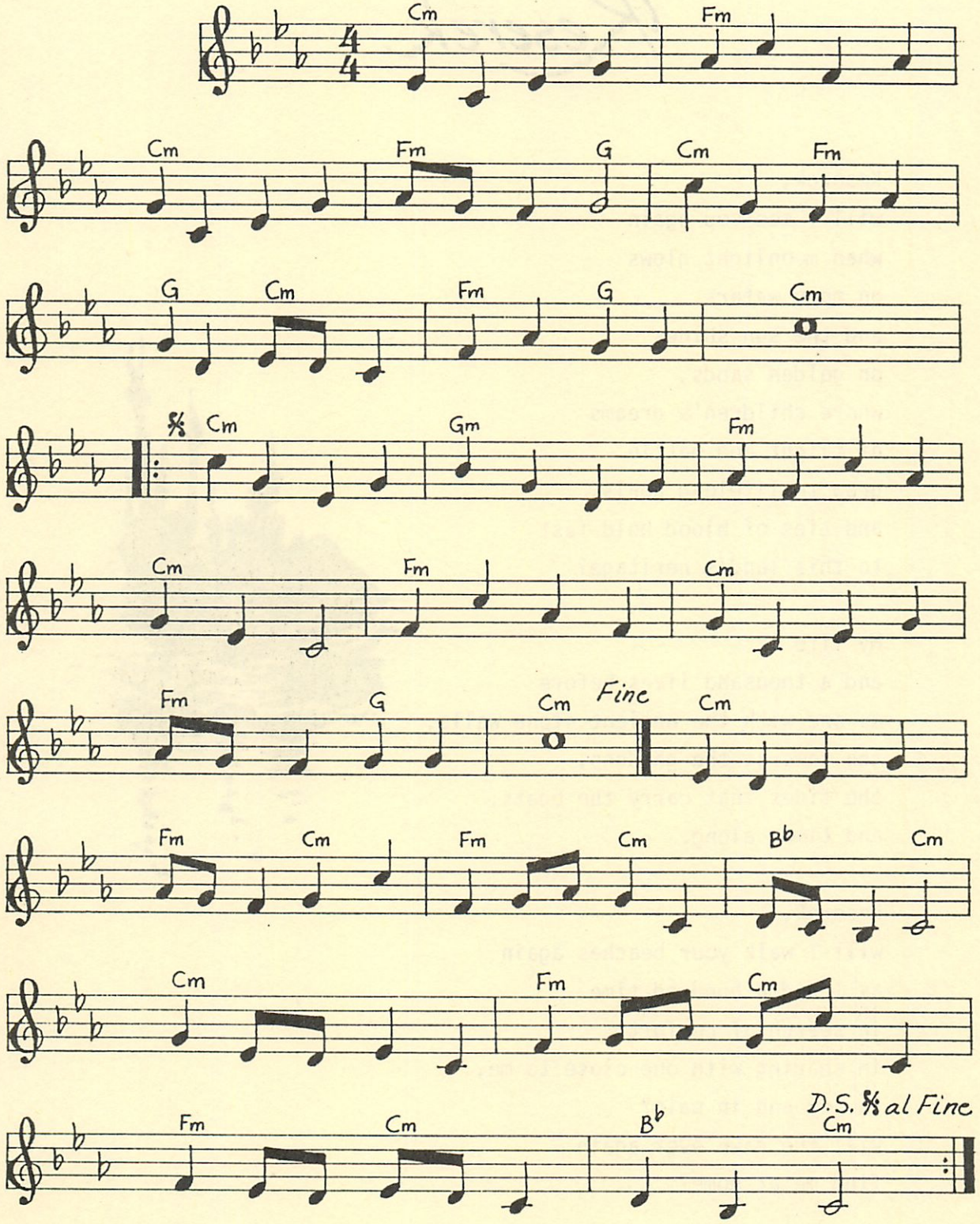
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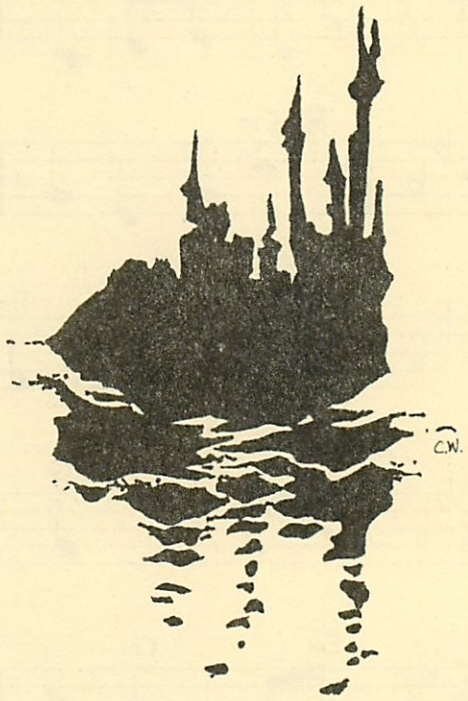
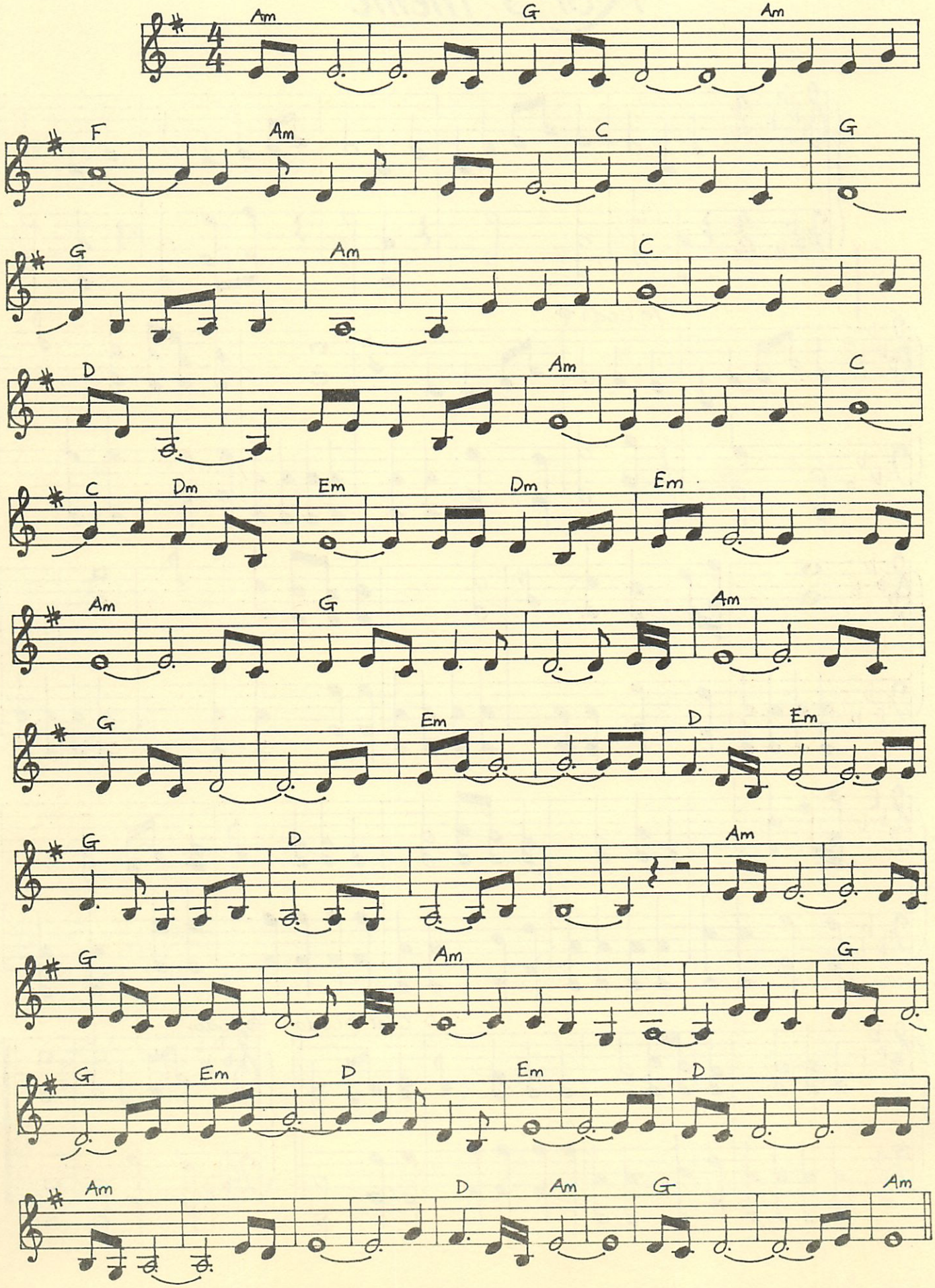
Keserek

Keserek,
will I see you again
when moonlight glows
on open waters
and the sun shines
on golden sands,
where children's dreams
of flight and battle
grow to lifelong goals,
and ties of blood hold fast
to this land's heritage?

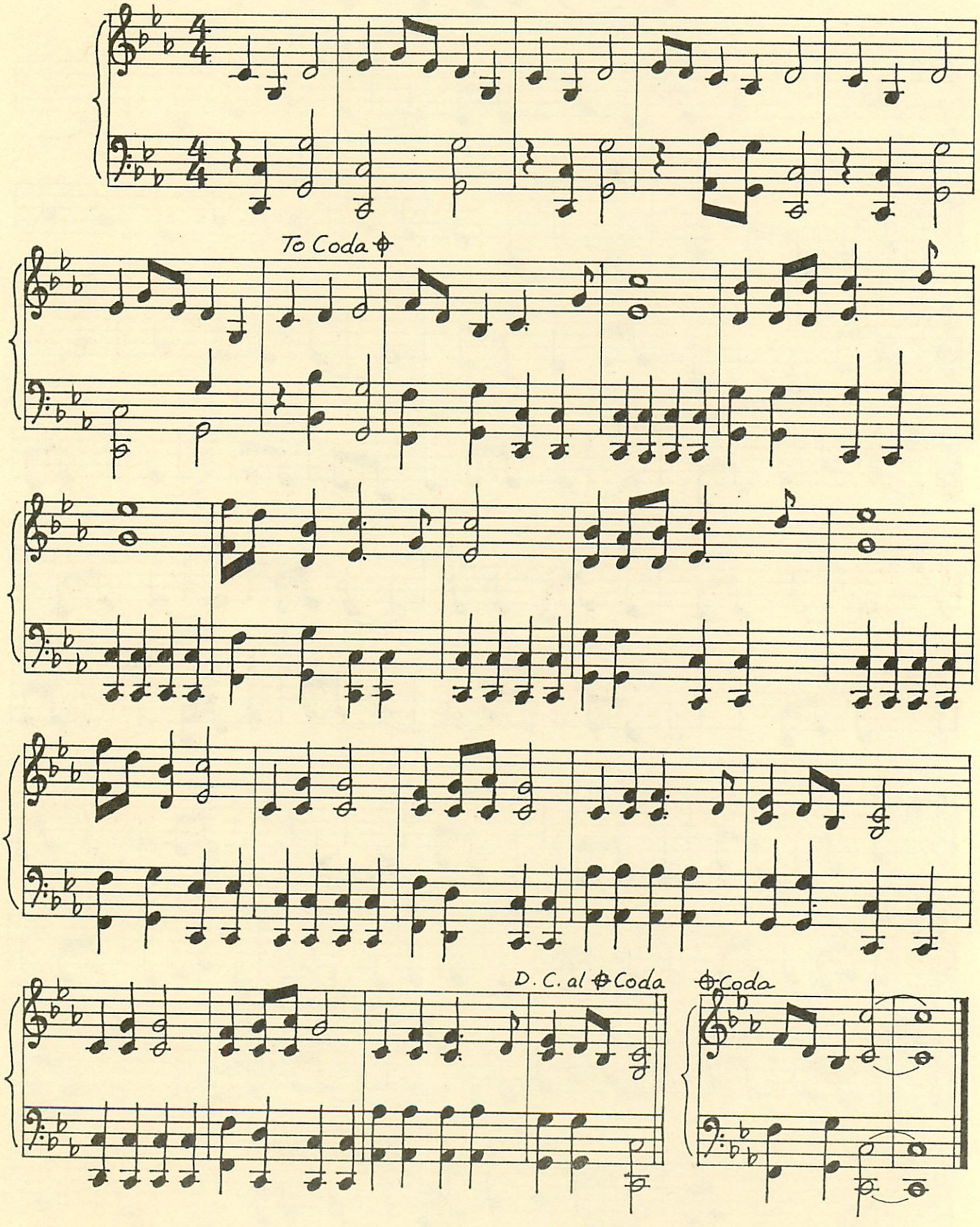


My life
and a thousand lives before
as one with the ancient stone walls,
the towers, the gardens,
the tides that carry the boats,
and time, along.

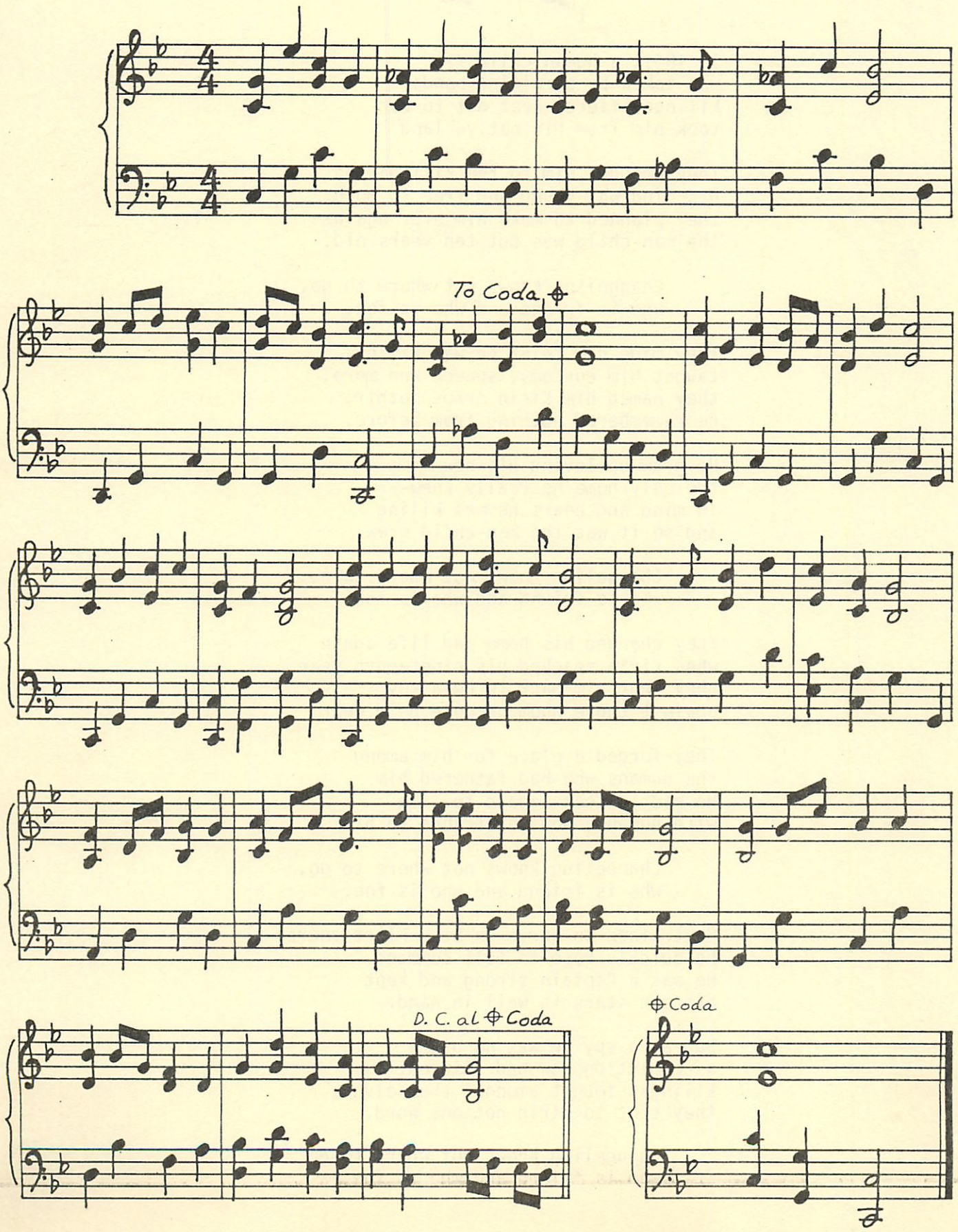
Keserek,
will I walk your beaches again
as I did a hundred time
in search of comfort,
in sharing with one close to me,
in joy and in pain?
Will the dawn ever again
find me at home?


Am G Am
F Am C G
G Am C
D Am C
C Dm Em Dm Em
Am G Am
G Em D Em
G D Am
G Am G
G Em D Em D
Am D Am G Am

Kor's Theme



Katni's Theme



Changeling

I

In 1001, a human child
was taken by a raiding band;
kilingau fierce sent out to war
took him from his native land.

They brought him to the Kilingarlan
his mind was young and free to mold;
they planned to make him over again--
the man-child was but ten years old.

Changeling knows not where to go,
who is friend and who is foe.

They made him think he was kiling,
taught him customs, speech and more;
they named him Kirin Arkos Kothir;
he remembered nothing from before.

He grew up loving his new home--
the only home he really knew--
in mind and heart he was kiling
and so it was the man-child grew.

Changeling knows not where to go,
who is friend and who is foe.

They changed his home and life again
when Kirin reached his nineteenth year;
they sent him back to be a spy
against those whom he once held dear.

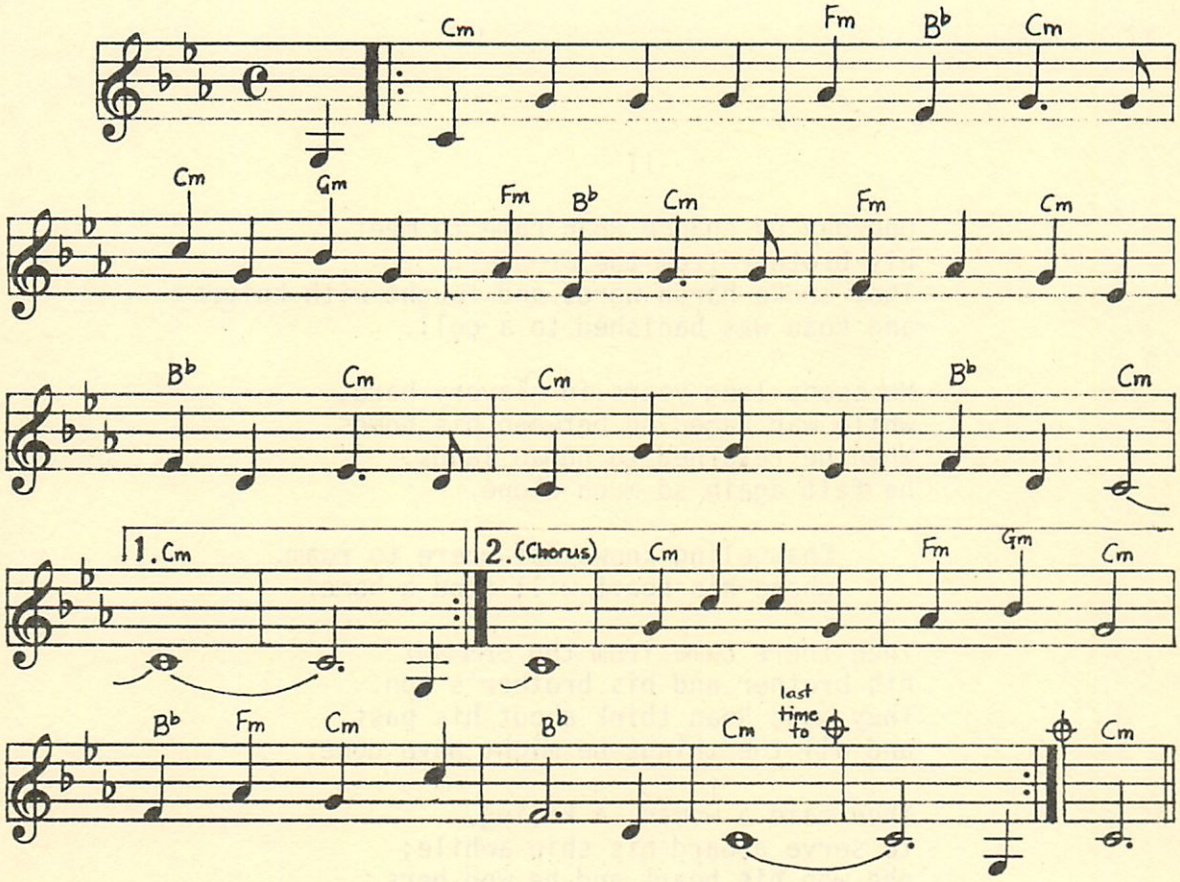
They forged a place for him among
the humans who had fathered him.
He had to learn again to live
with humans, now so strange to him.

Changeling knows not where to go,
who is friend and who is foe.

He trained to serve in Star Fleet there;
he quickly rose to full command.
He was a Captain strong and kept
his own starship well in hand.

But as a spy he was no use--
a revolution now had stirred;
kilingau fought amongst themselves;
they sent to Kirin not one word.

Changeling knows not where to go,
who is friend and who is foe.



One day his ship took prisoners:
three kilingau caught in space.
Kirin helped them to escape
and gave himself up in their place.

The Star Fleet doctors questioned him
by every means they had to try.
They thought to learn about his race;
instead they found the Changeling spy.

Changeling knows not where to go,
who is friend and who is foe.

They found this kilingaven spy
to be a human after all;
they helped him to return to them
so that his past he could recall.

And so the Changeling has returned
to the world from whence he came,
to the life he should have led,
where Roan Morgan was his name.

Changeling knows not where to go,
who is friend and who is foe.

II

One day by chance Roan came to meet
his brother from the *Ormenel*.
They spoke harsh words and fought with knives
and Roan was banished to a cell.

He spent long years in slavery hard,
while war raged on between his homes.
When he returned to human lands,
he felt again so much alone.

Changeling knows not where to roam,
where his heart will find a home.

Then there came from the *Ormenel*
his brother and his brother's son.
They made Roan think about his past
and all the things he might have done.

Then came a woman, a kiling,
to serve aboard his ship awhile;
she won his heart and he won hers,
and when she left, he missed her smile.

Alone again with humans all,
Roan soon found he could not live;
so he set out for his former home
to see what comfort it could give.

Changeling knows not where to roam,
where his heart will find a home.

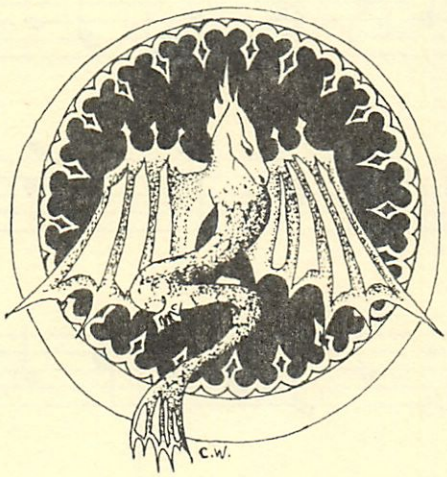
His brother welcomed him with pride;
his brother's son was still his friend;
his lady was yet his true love;
they all knew joy until the end.

And so the Changeling found at last,
peace and joy as ne'er before;
he chose to be kiling again
and so remained forevermore.

Changeling knows not where to roam,
where his heart will find a home.

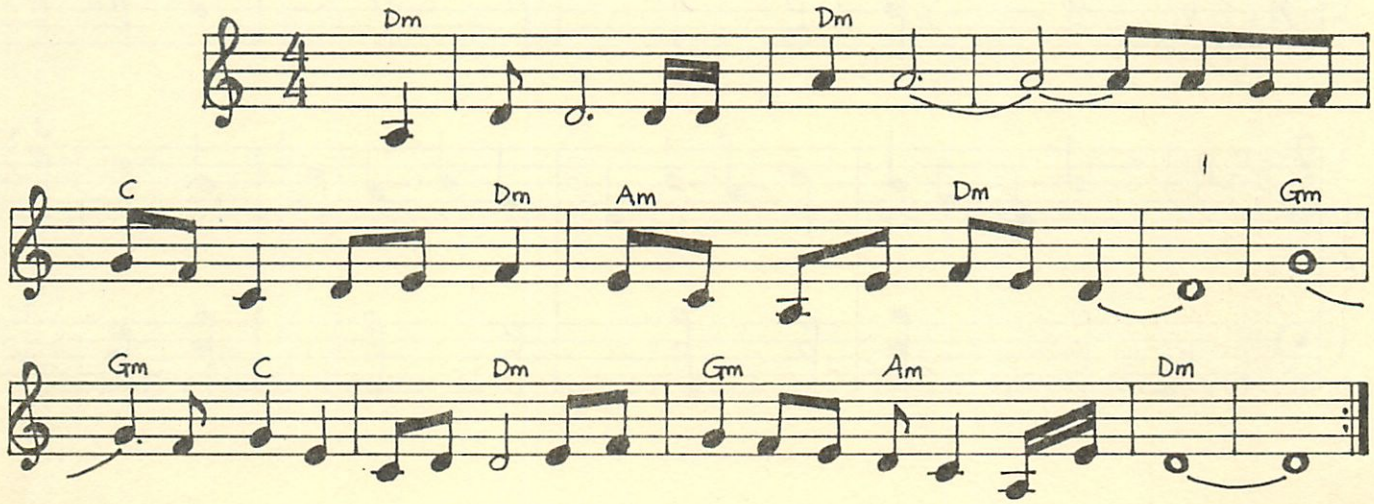
Makhiri

Makhiri who is gentle,
a winged dragon
made tame by his noble spirit;
kiling and yet somehow not,
he is lord of his people
and my heart.

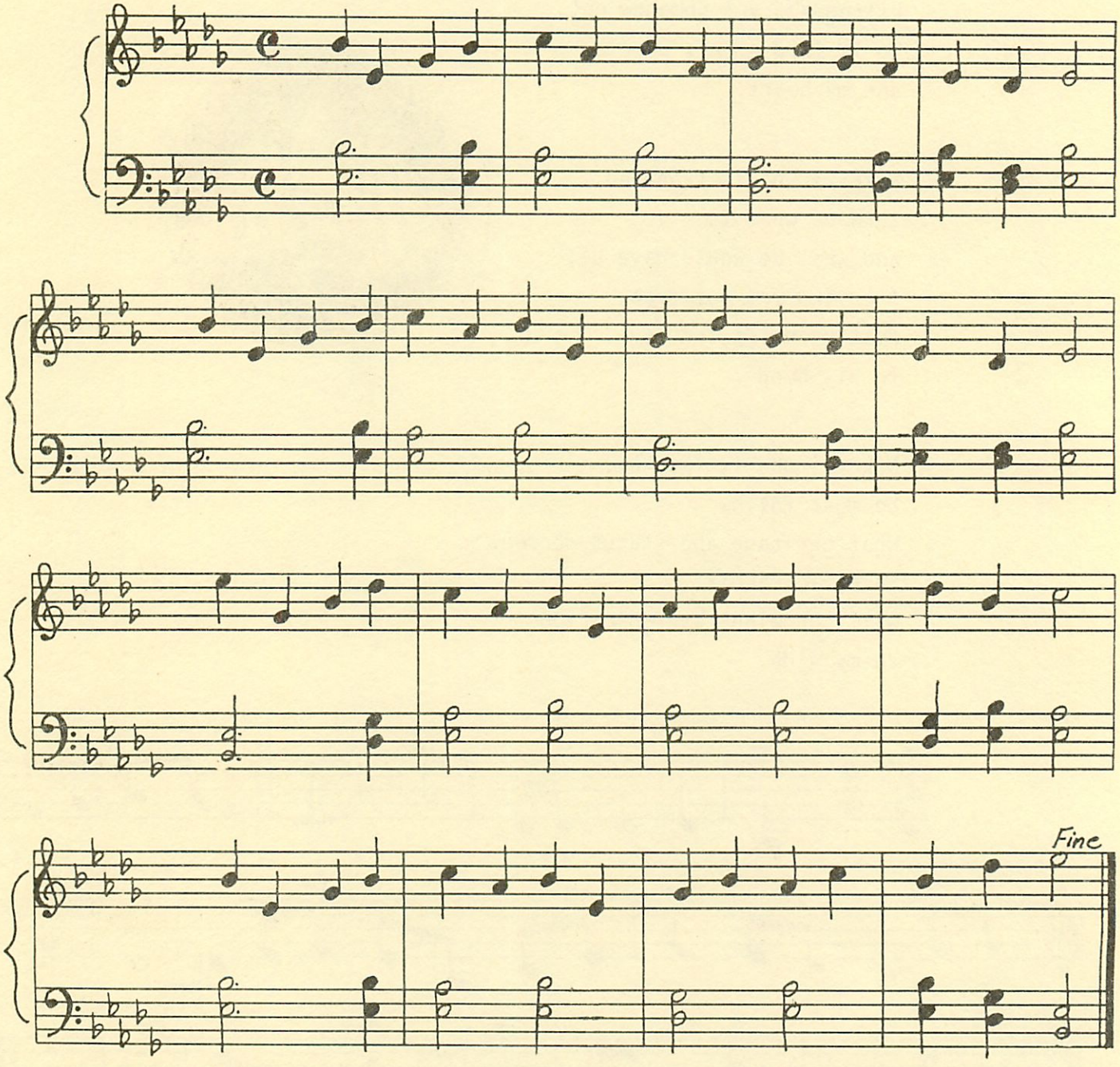


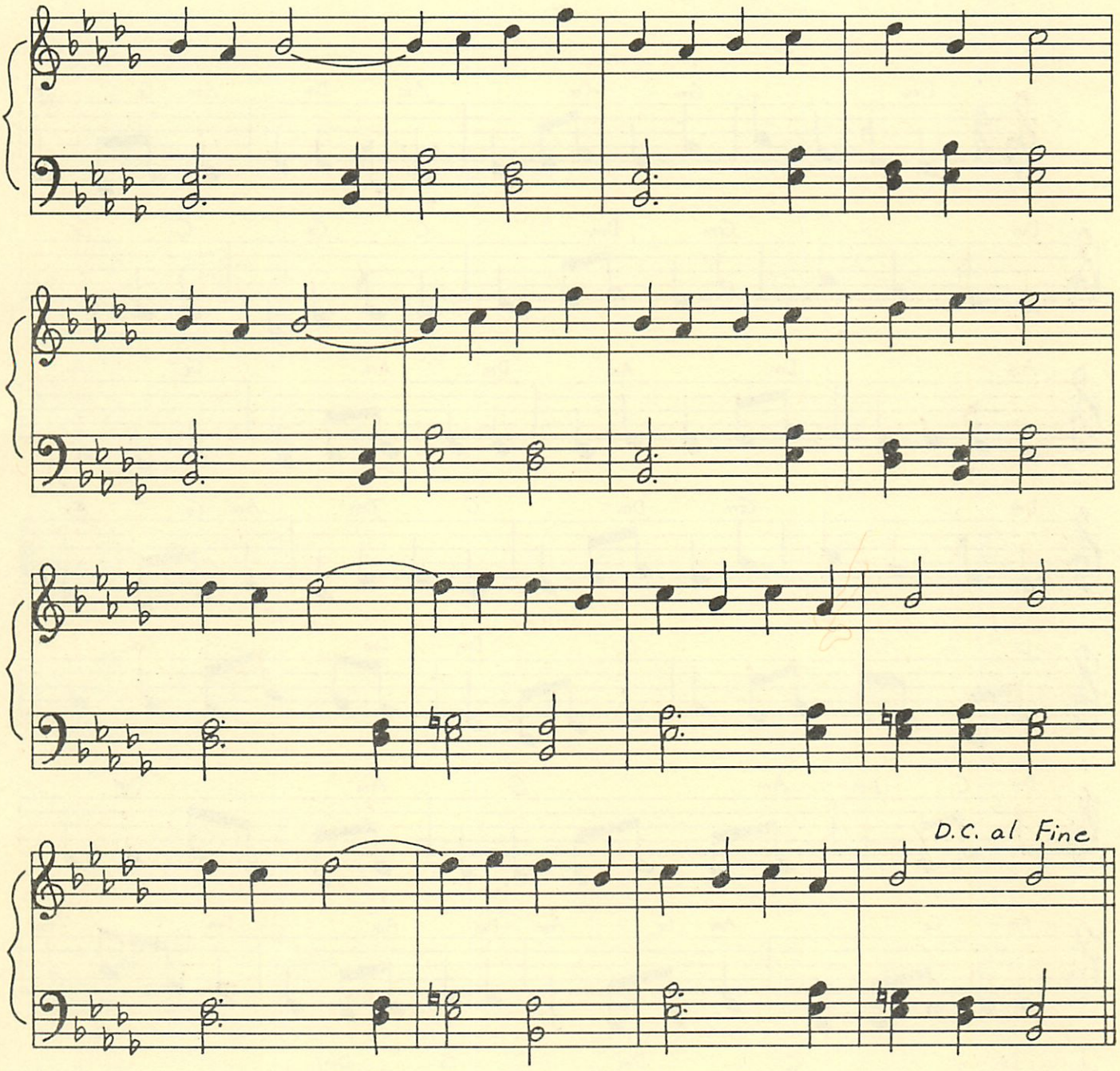
Makhiri who is troubled,
torn by what is
and what he would have be;
free and yet not free,
destiny holds the key
to his bonds.

Makhiri who is Tayarak,
he must follow
what heritage and status decree.
Makhiri, Makhiri,
will the winds ever blow you
to my side.



Song for the Ormen

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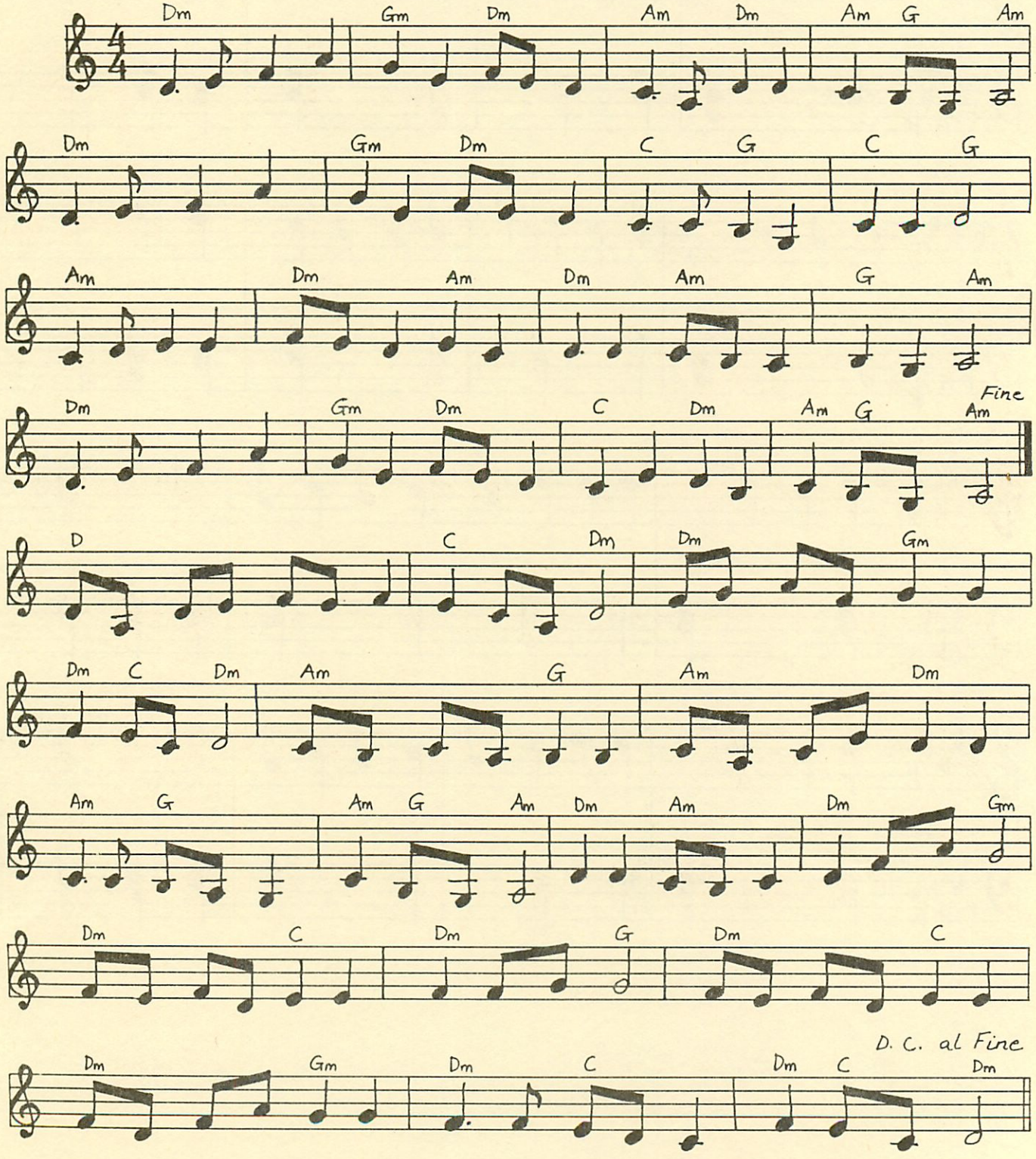
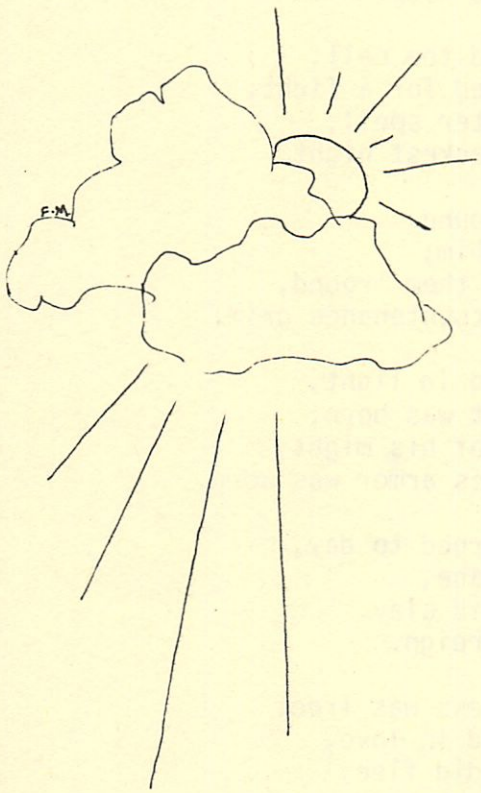
Though I Want You



Though I want you,
I must leave you;
something calls me--
I must go home.
Though my heart is
ever with you,
I must know that
this is right.

All this time I've
lived here in joy
and yet my heart is
burdened now.
All my past,
my birthright calls to me--
though I want you,
I must go home.



Ever will I think of you,
ever in love;
ever will I long for
you and dream of
all we shared in gladness,
all we bore in sadness,
all I'll hold in my
heart for all time.

Yet I must be strong,
I must return
to my world and see
what there is to learn
of my home, my loved ones
whom I'd lose forever
if I gave myself
only to you.

All this time I've
lived here in joy
and yet my heart is
burdened now.
All my past,
my birthright calls to me--
though I want you,
I must go home.

In Faraway Lands

(to the tune of "Scarborough Fair")

Know you the land of sea-breezed air,
of emerald fields and roses of wine?
Remember me to one who lives there,
she once was a true love of mine.

A fair-haired princess with sparkling eyes
who came to seek her father and kin
was stolen away 'neath the morning skies
to a sorcerer's fortress and kept there within.

She was made to toil all the waking day
at menial tasks not befitting her birth
with others also hidden away
in a tower devoid of both color and mirth.

In a faraway land lived a noble lord
of courage strong and honor deep;
he vowed to avenge her with his sword
and so set out for the sorcerer's keep.

He came to the castle and sounded the bell;
he proclaimed his cause and called for a fight,
but the sorcerer chanted a sinister spell,
and the glow of day turned to blackest night.

Then the lord heard a terrible sound
as a horde of imps descended on him;
he fought them off and scattered them 'round,
and his heart grew hard and his countenance grim.

The unnatural night then exploded in light,
as a dragon fierce in enchantment was born;
the brave lord battled with all of his might,
till his breath came short and his armor was worn.

But slowly the darkness again turned to day,
even as the dragon's fires did wane,
for the mighty lord the dragon did slay,
and with it fell the sorcerer's reign.

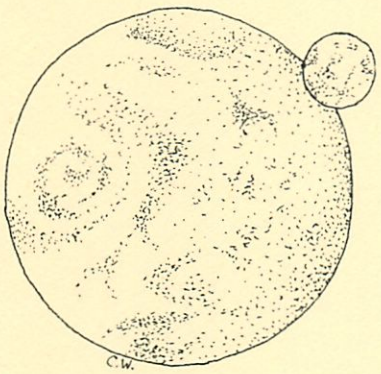
The fortress breached, the princess was free;
she pledged her heart to the lord in love,
and so from the evil lands they did flee,
to his castle away in the skies above.

Know you the land of sea-breezed air,
of emerald fields and roses of wine?
There I won the princess most fair,
forever she'll be a true love of mine.

The Homecoming

Time to learn,
and a time to wander;
time to reach out,
and a time to roam.
Freedom now to live,
to rejoice in wonder
at all that's new
and a welcome home.

Chorus: Feeling pride
and peace and harmony.
knowing that I
am no longer alone.
Feeling as one
with what I've found here:
knowing that I
am finally home.

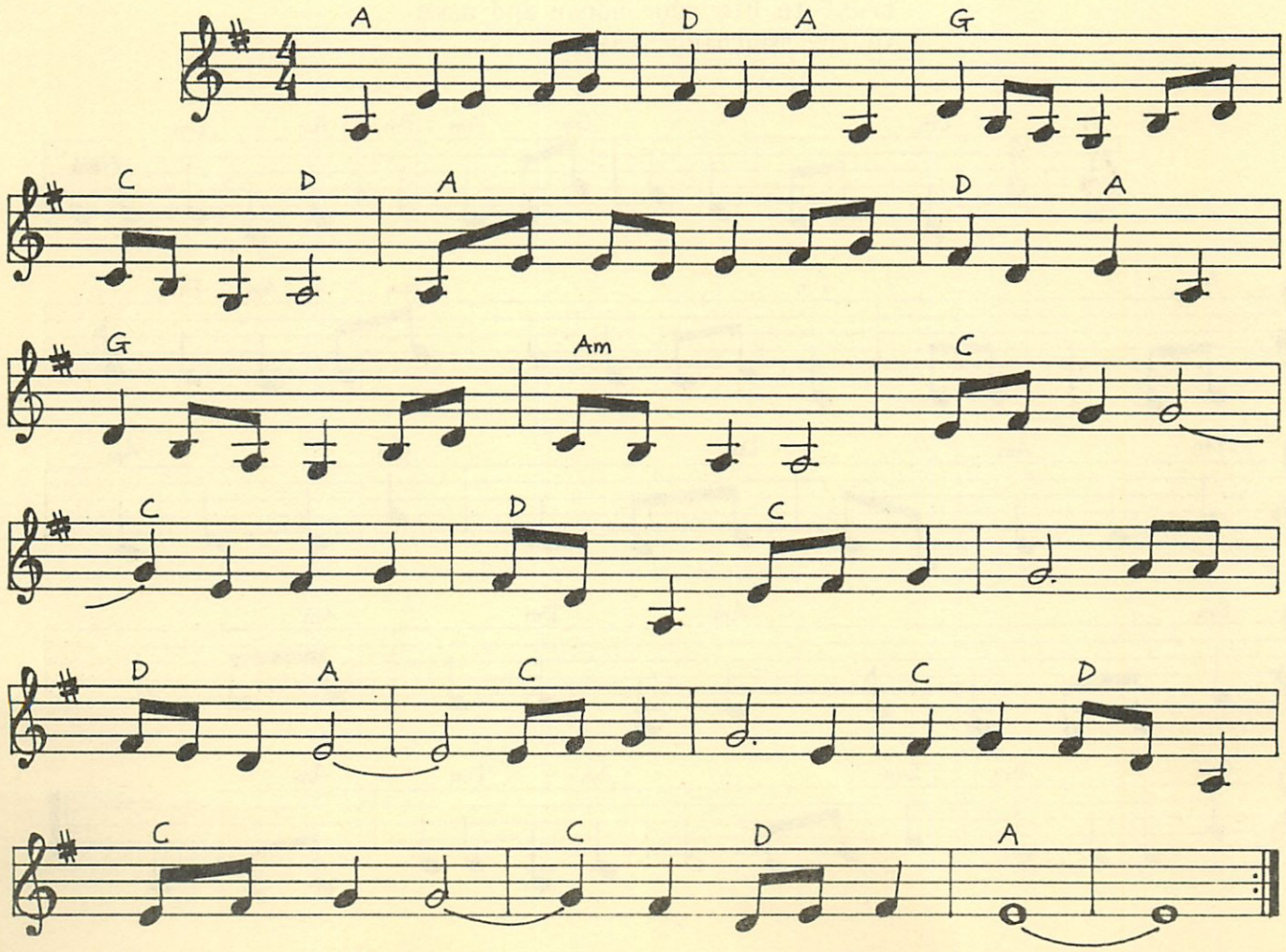


So much to see,
to awake and smile;
so much to feel,
to accept as my own.
Freedom now to laugh,
to lie back awhile,
sharing the warmth
of a welcome home.

(Chorus)

Time to strive,
and a time to explore;
time to share,
and a time to grow.
Trying to regain
what I knew before;
happy to embrace
a welcoming home.

(Chorus)



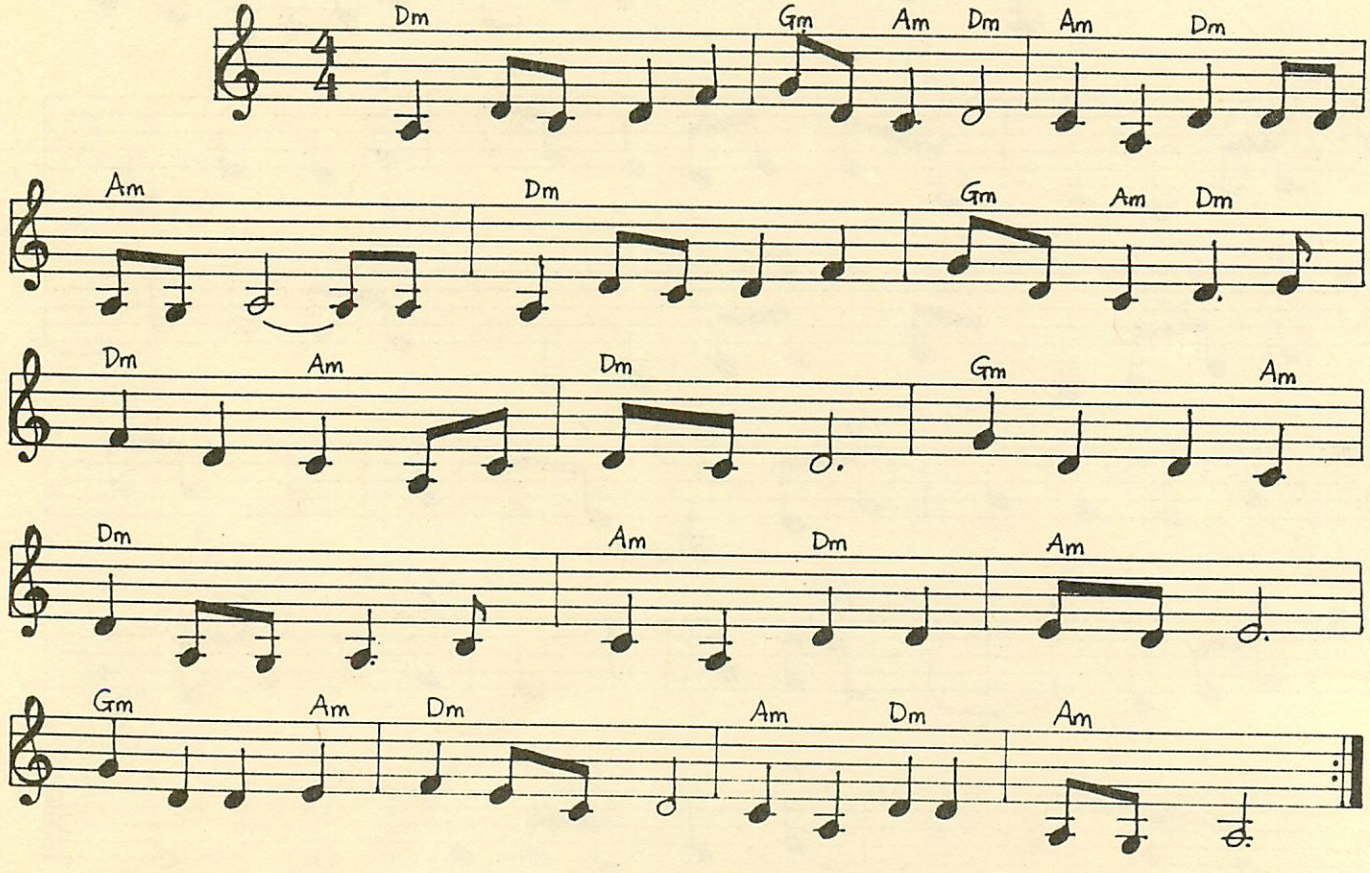
Call to Mourning

Go to one
who mourns and grieves;
go and share
in his sorrow.
Fulfill your deeds
of yesterday,
before you look
toward tomorrow.

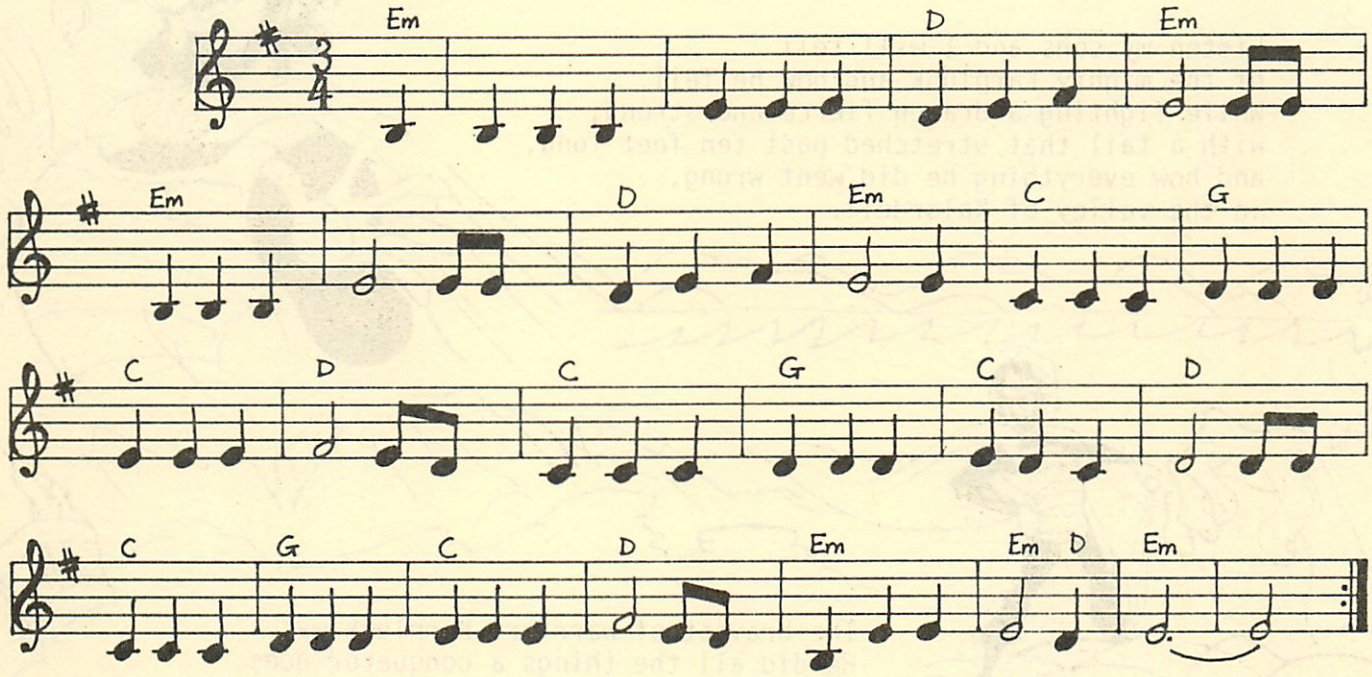
Help him heal his anger and pain;
accept his judgment's reason;
trust to him your honor and name
in the mourning season.

A Challenge was fought,
a Challenge was won;
and honor now
must be ever strong.
Reply must be made
to those who remain;
and tribute given
for every wrong.

Help him heal his anger and pain;
accept his judgment's reason;
trust to him your honor and name
in the mourning season.



Karplunk's Last Stand



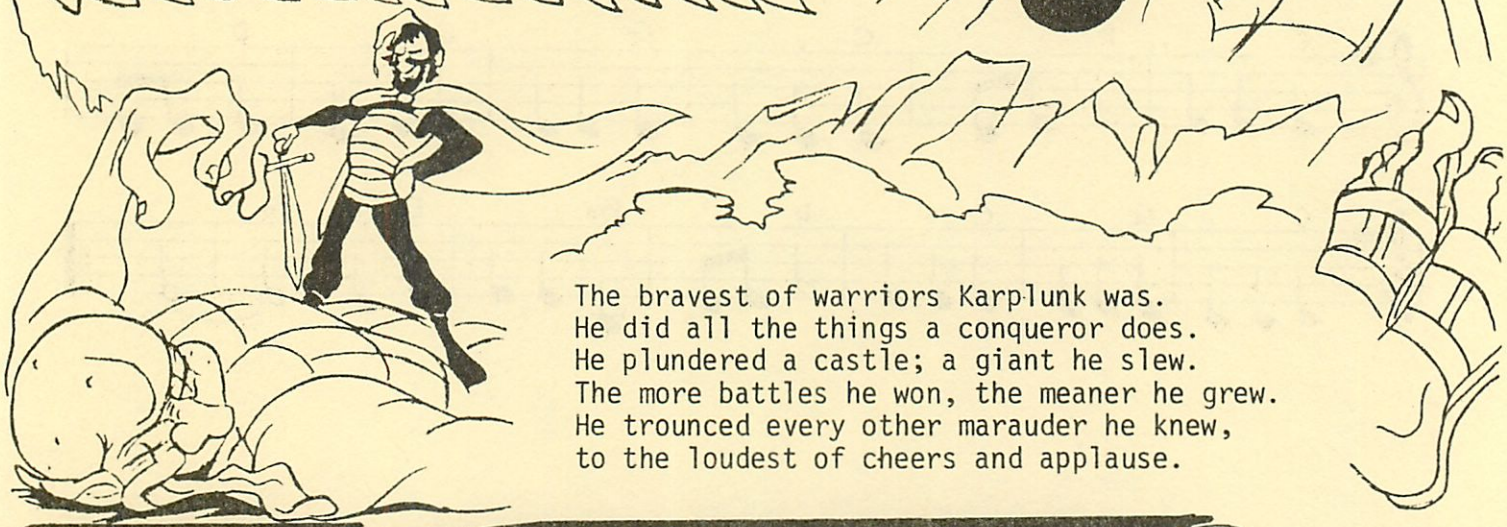
Karplunk is, you might say, a naturalized kiling. The following poem was written well before Fern knew anything about the *Ormenel* (obviously, she was a closet Klingon even then!). At some point, I looked at the poem and said, "I want it," and thus the *Ormenel* grew another poem and another character. The music is a recent addition, written to create a ballad for this hero of legend.

Karplunk the Mighty was, as the following pages graphically indicate, a swordmaster and warrior of fame. He was everything the poem says he was and more: he brought fire to civilization (he enticed Saichanat to a village, and brought out steaks and marshmallows as the firebird acted according to its nature); saved a thousand fair maidens (he preferred, quite naturally, to save fair maidens rather than save comely male youths); founded several dynasties (the maidens were grateful); won all the tournaments around (by default--no one else ever showed up), and other assorted deeds, both noble and valorous.

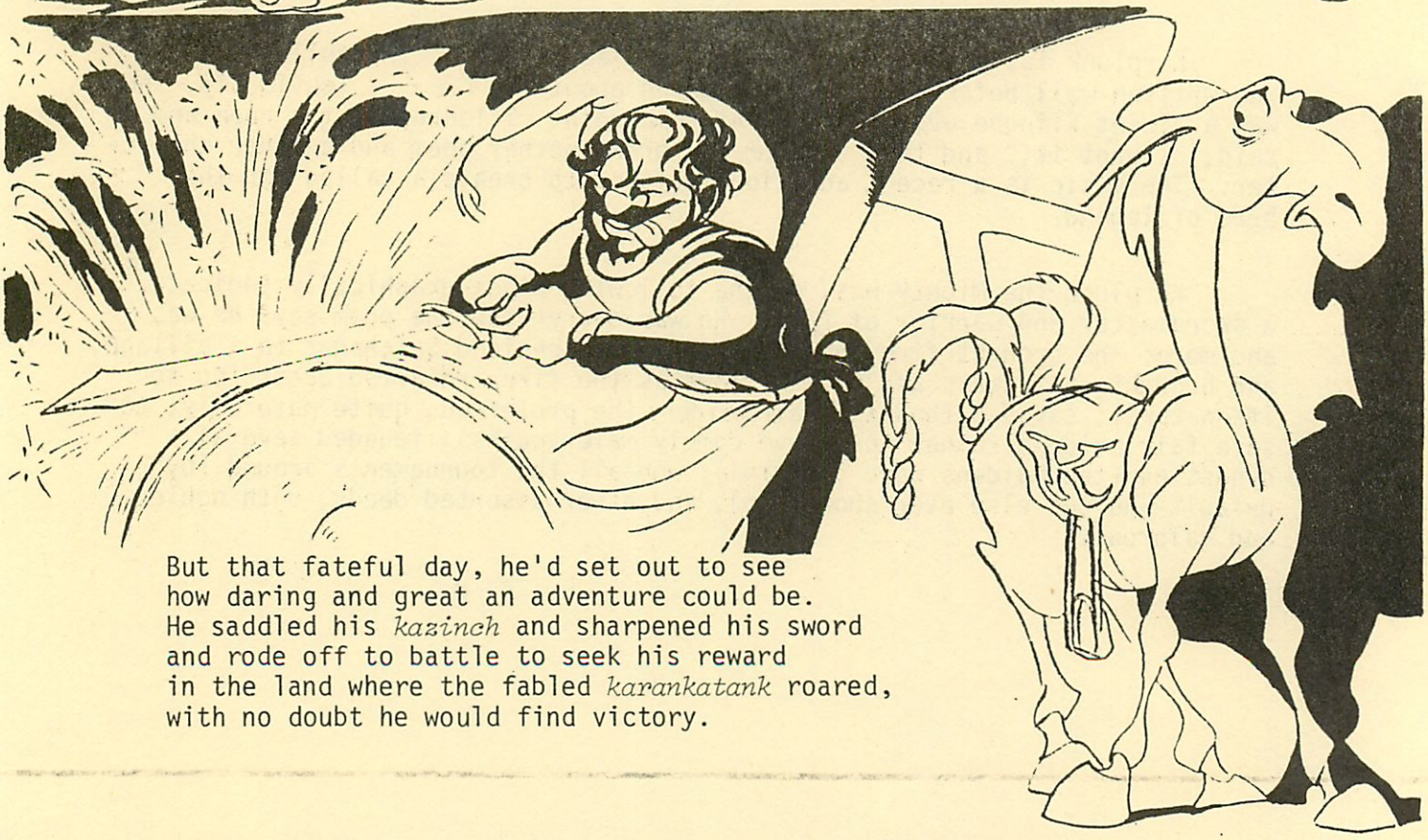
C. W.

Karplunk's Last Stand

Listen my sons and I will tell
of the mighty Karplunk and how he fell.
While fighting a dragon fierce and strong,
with a tail that stretched past ten feet long,
and how everything he did went wrong,
in the valley of Kalardell.

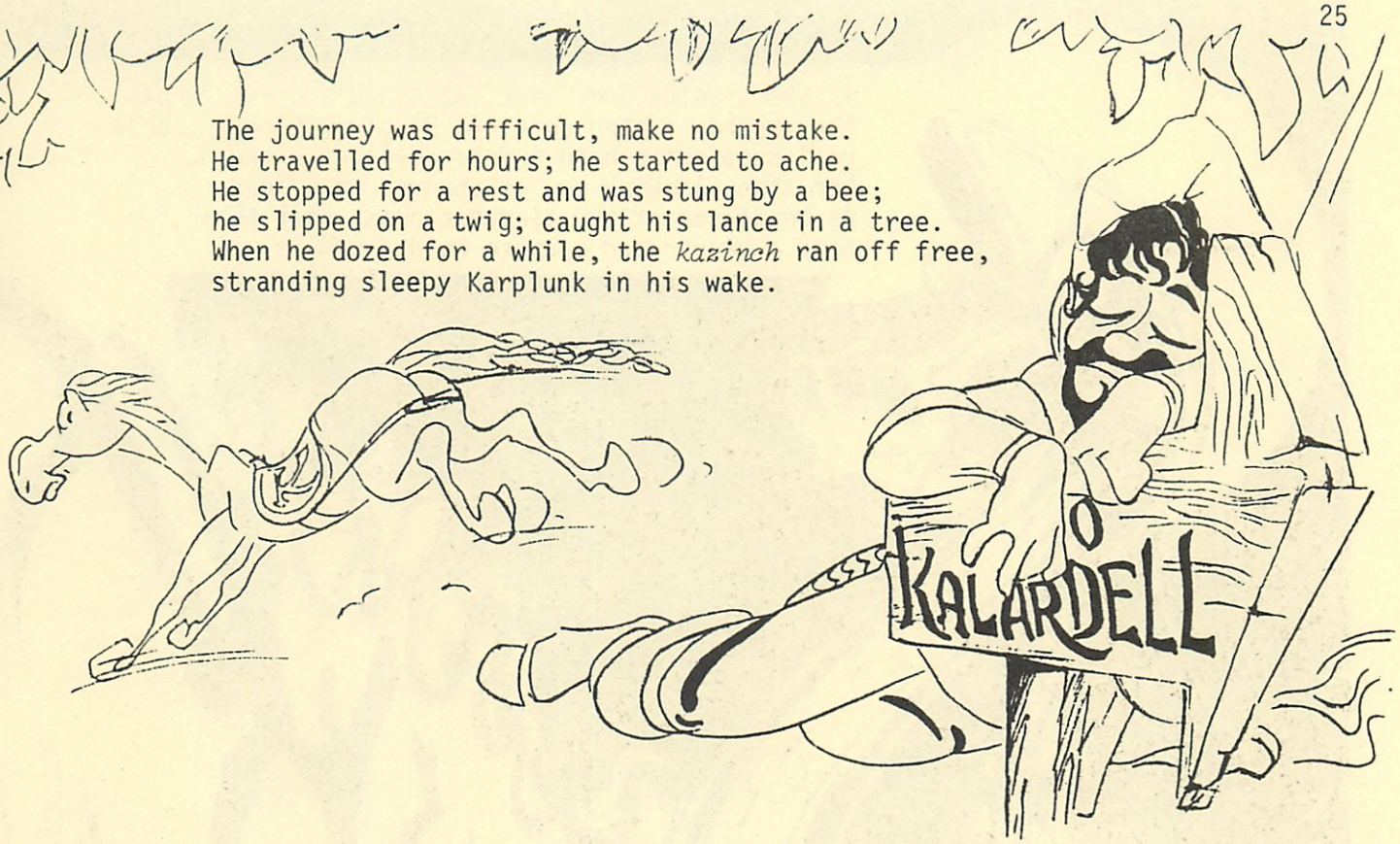


The bravest of warriors Karplunk was.
He did all the things a conqueror does.
He plundered a castle; a giant he slew.
The more battles he won, the meaner he grew.
He trounced every other marauder he knew,
to the loudest of cheers and applause.

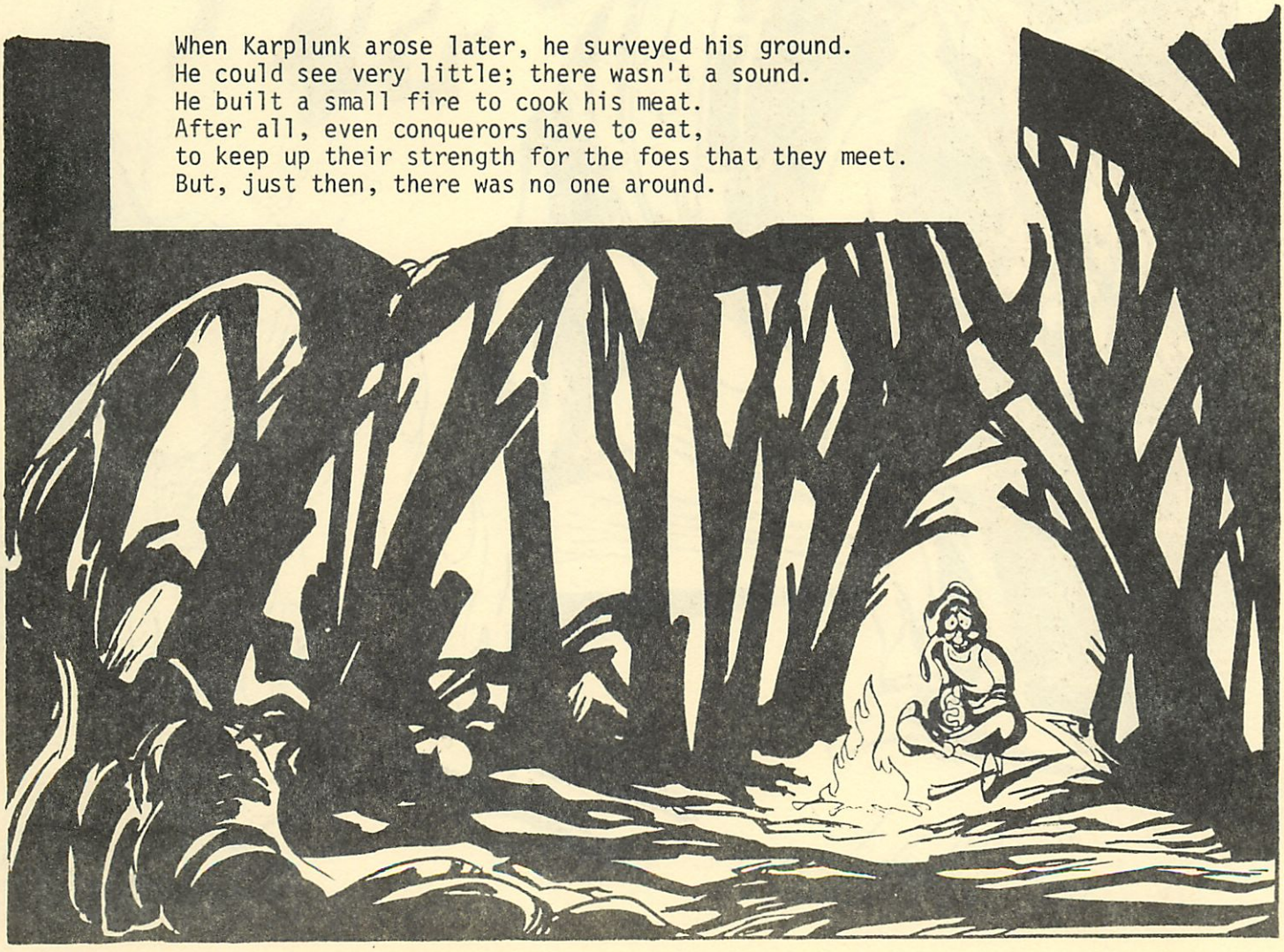


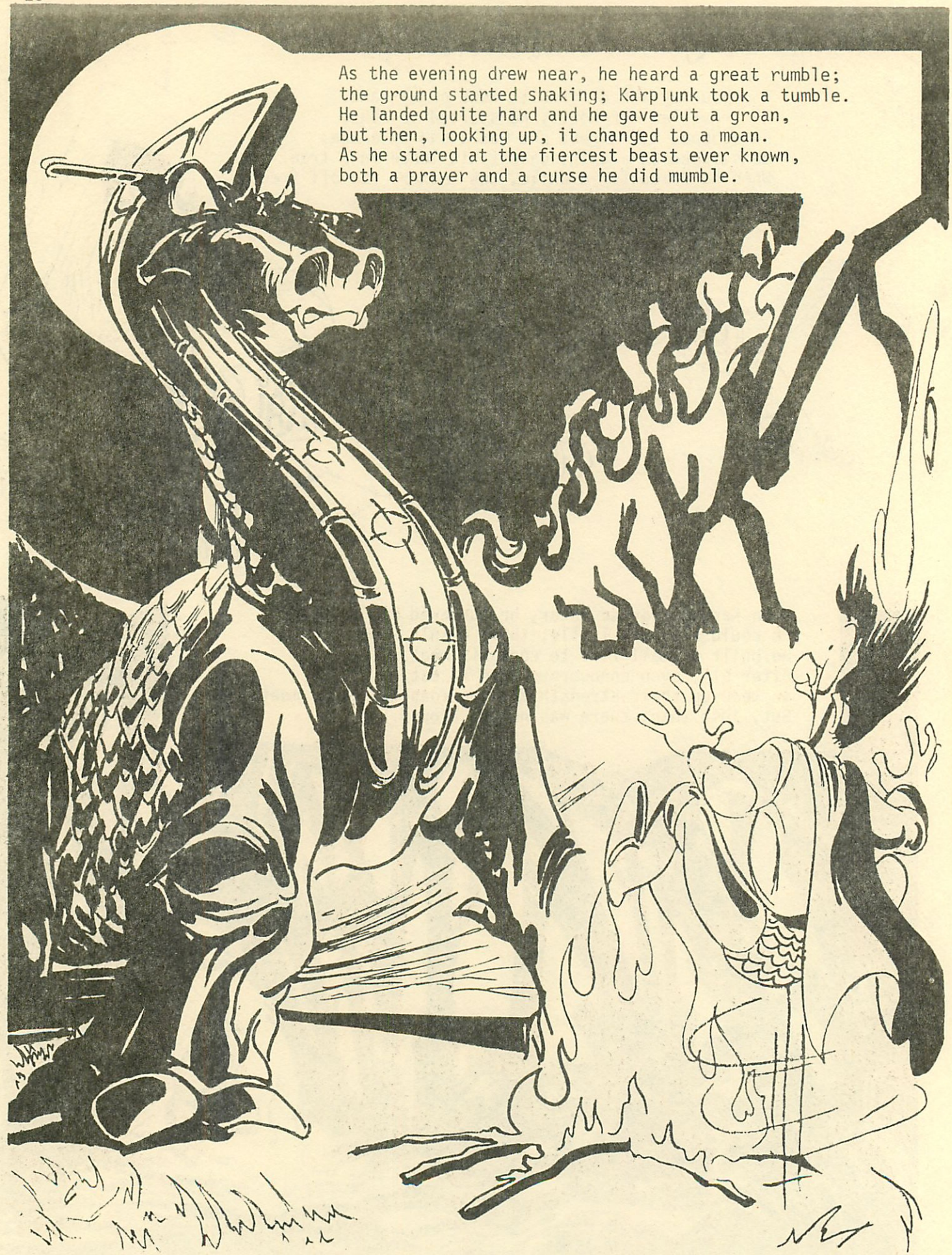
But that fateful day, he'd set out to see
how daring and great an adventure could be.
He saddled his *kazinch* and sharpened his sword
and rode off to battle to seek his reward
in the land where the fabled *karankatank* roared,
with no doubt he would find victory.

The journey was difficult, make no mistake.
He travelled for hours; he started to ache.
He stopped for a rest and was stung by a bee;
he slipped on a twig; caught his lance in a tree.
When he dozed for a while, the *kazinch* ran off free,
stranding sleepy Karplunk in his wake.

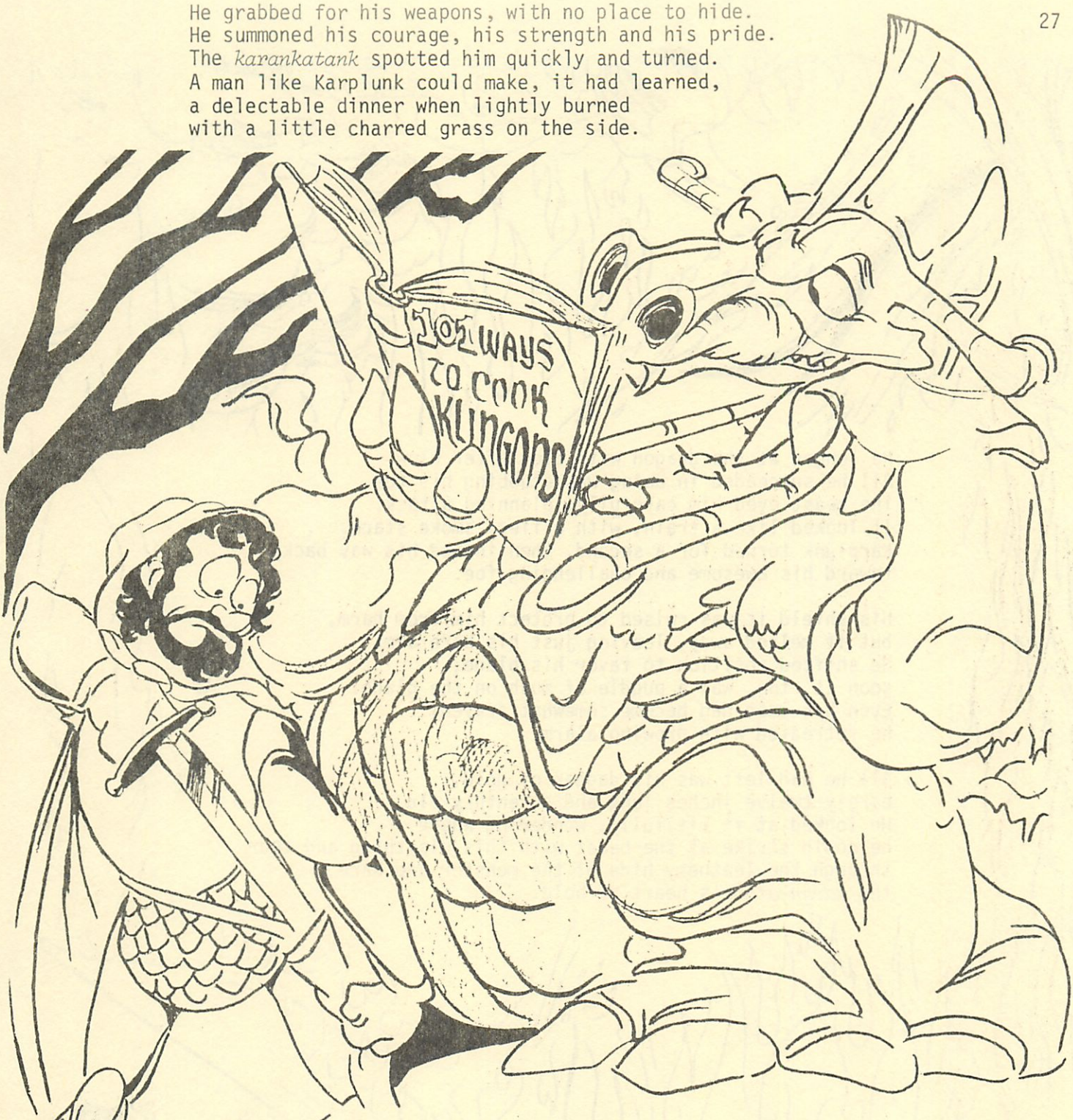


When Karplunk arose later, he surveyed his ground.
He could see very little; there wasn't a sound.
He built a small fire to cook his meat.
After all, even conquerors have to eat,
to keep up their strength for the foes that they meet.
But, just then, there was no one around.

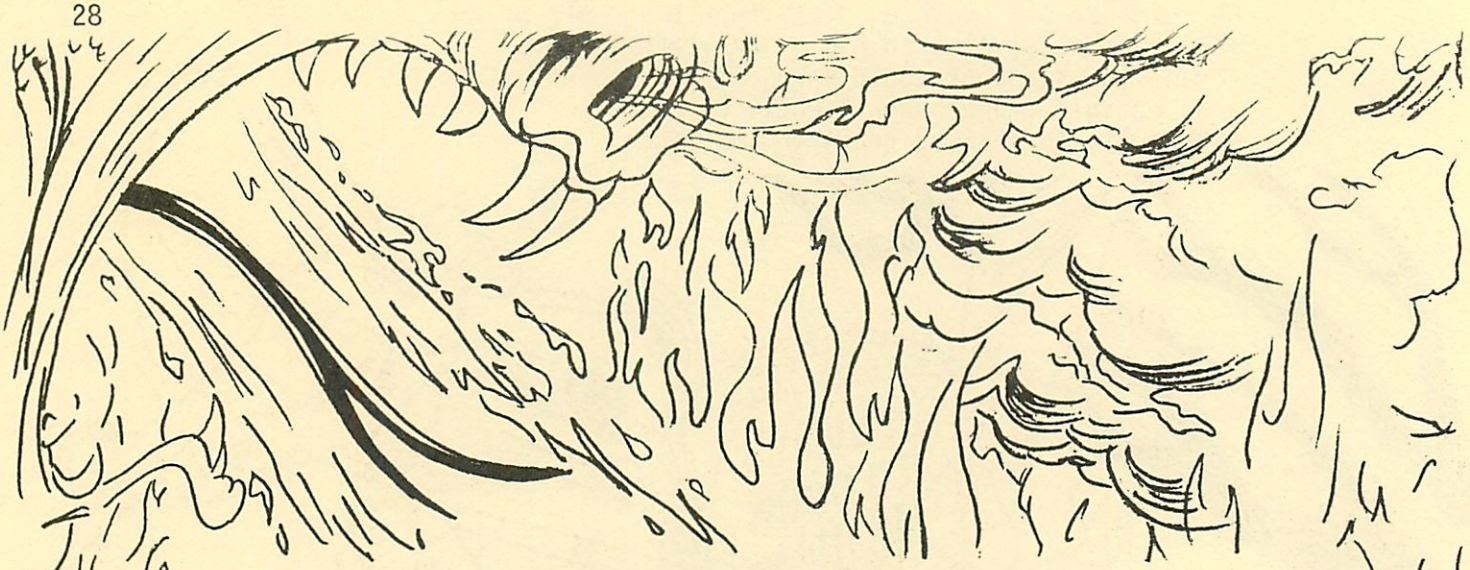



As the evening drew near, he heard a great rumble;
the ground started shaking; Karplunk took a tumble.
He landed quite hard and he gave out a groan,
but then, looking up, it changed to a moan.
As he stared at the fiercest beast ever known,
both a prayer and a curse he did mumble.

He grabbed for his weapons, with no place to hide.
He summoned his courage, his strength and his pride.
The *karankatank* spotted him quickly and turned.
A man like Karplunk could make, it had learned,
a delectable dinner when lightly burned
with a little charred grass on the side.



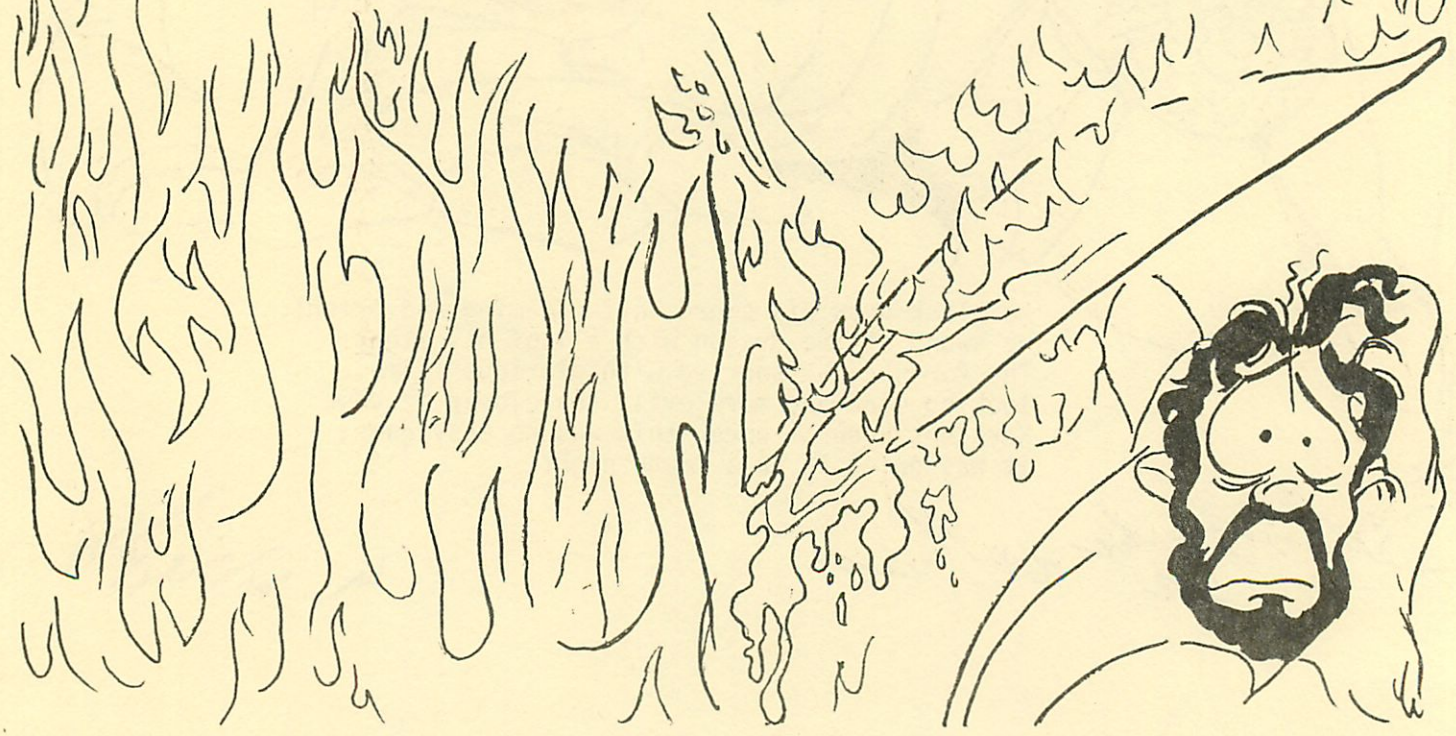
Karplunk drew his sword, all gleaming and bright.
He swung at the dragon with all of his might.
The *karankatank* snorted with glorious flame,
looking more and more evil, the closer it came.
Karplunk knew at once, this was no easy game;
it was going to be a rough night.



He lunged at the dragon with blow after blow.
All he succeeded in doing was stubbing his toe.
The beast eyed him carefully, planning attack.
It looked like a train, with a fiery smoke stack.
Karplunk turned for a second, then inched his way back
toward his awesome and challenging foe.

His shield it was raised to protect him from harm,
but it melted away, leaving just his bare arm.
He shifted position to favor his blade;
soon it, too, was a puddle of mush on the glade.
Even his cape had become somewhat frayed;
he retreated with growing alarm.

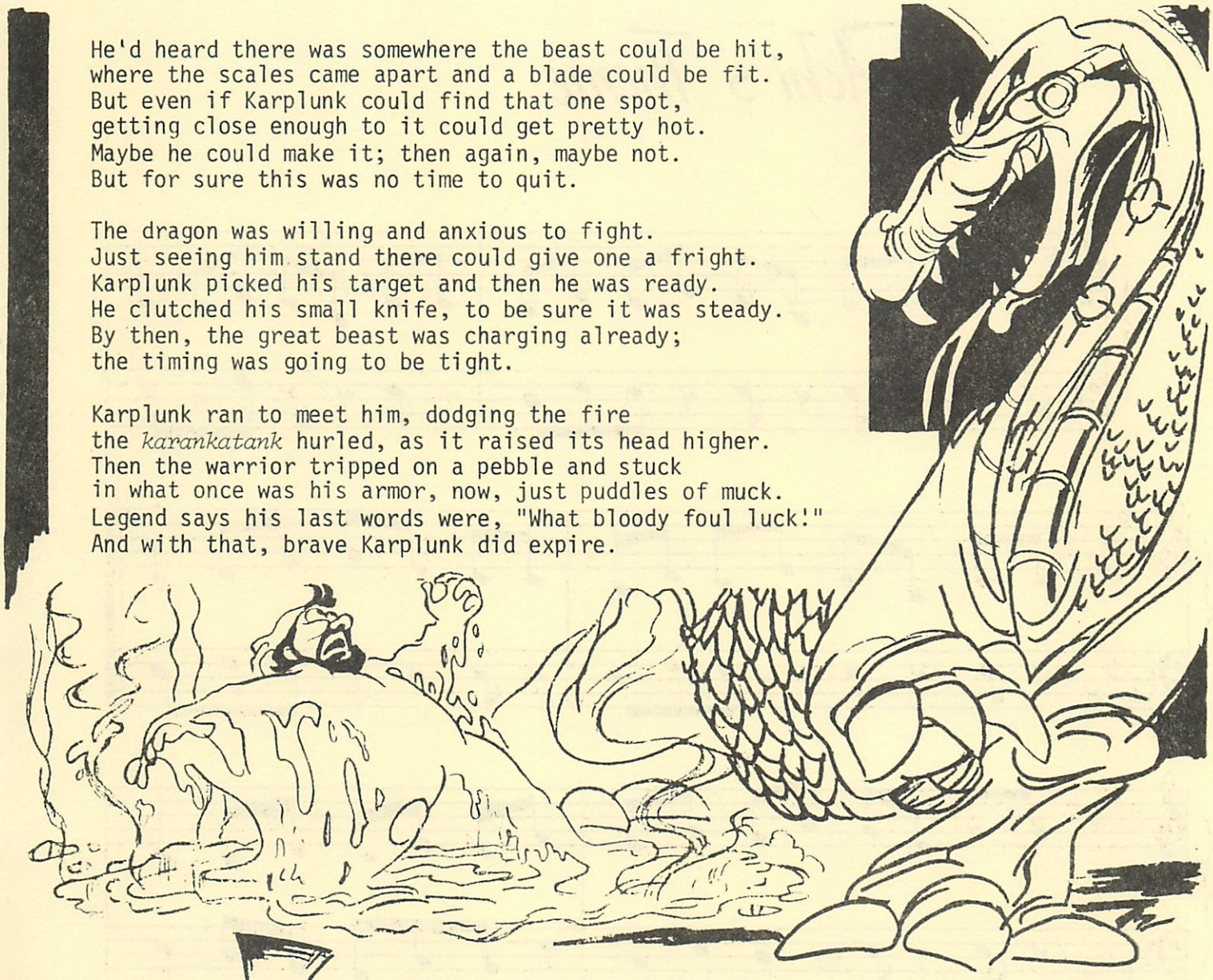
All he had left was his dagger of gold,
barely twelve inches long and a century old.
He looked at it pitifully, wondering where
he could strike at the beast with this plaything and tear
through the leathery hide of the monster and bare
the *karankatank*'s heart so bold.



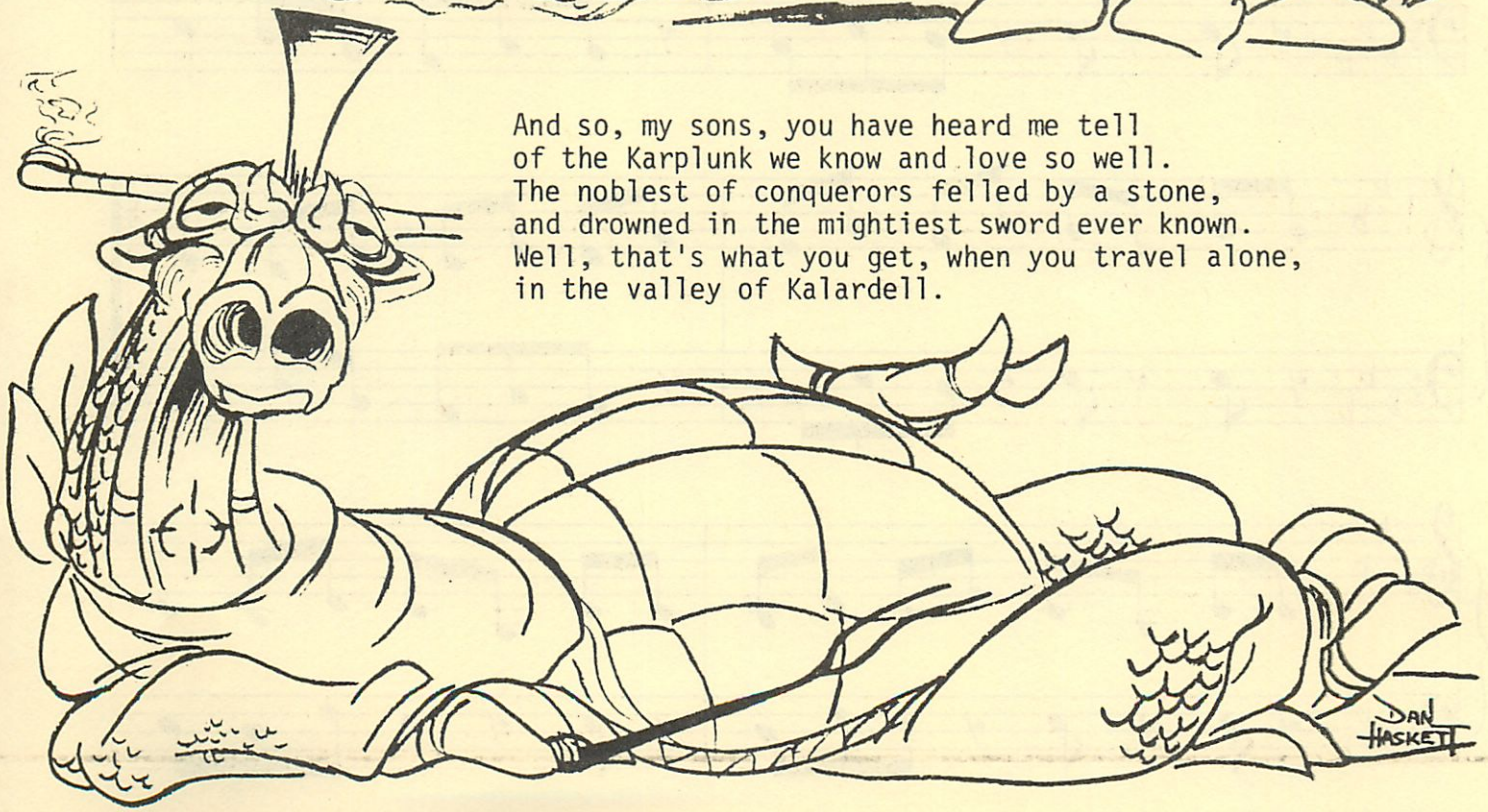
He'd heard there was somewhere the beast could be hit,
where the scales came apart and a blade could be fit.
But even if Karplunk could find that one spot,
getting close enough to it could get pretty hot.
Maybe he could make it; then again, maybe not.
But for sure this was no time to quit.

The dragon was willing and anxious to fight.
Just seeing him stand there could give one a fright.
Karplunk picked his target and then he was ready.
He clutched his small knife, to be sure it was steady.
By then, the great beast was charging already;
the timing was going to be tight.

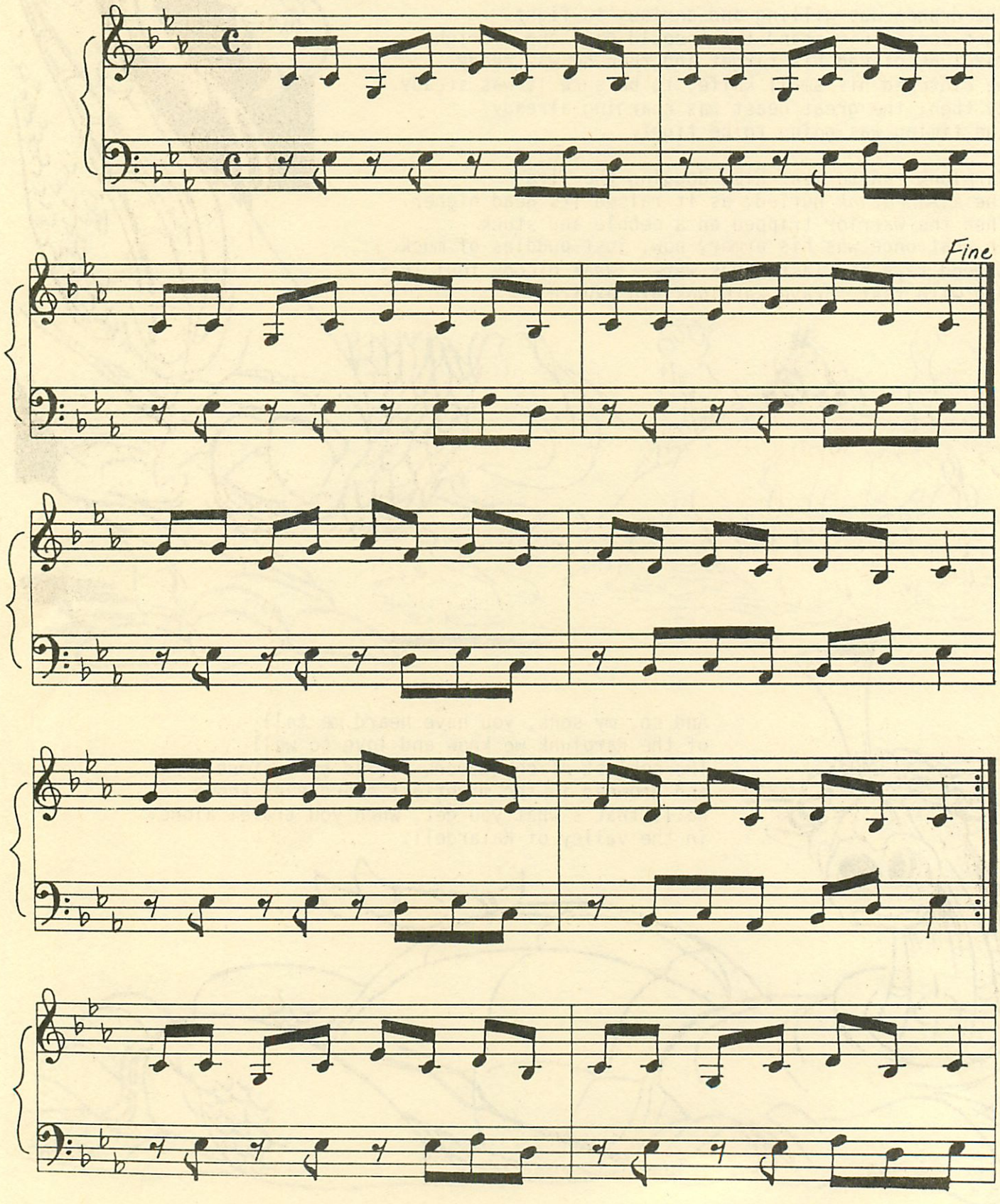
Karplunk ran to meet him, dodging the fire
the *karankatank* hurled, as it raised its head higher.
Then the warrior tripped on a pebble and stuck
in what once was his armor, now, just puddles of muck.
Legend says his last words were, "What bloody foul luck!"
And with that, brave Karplunk did expire.

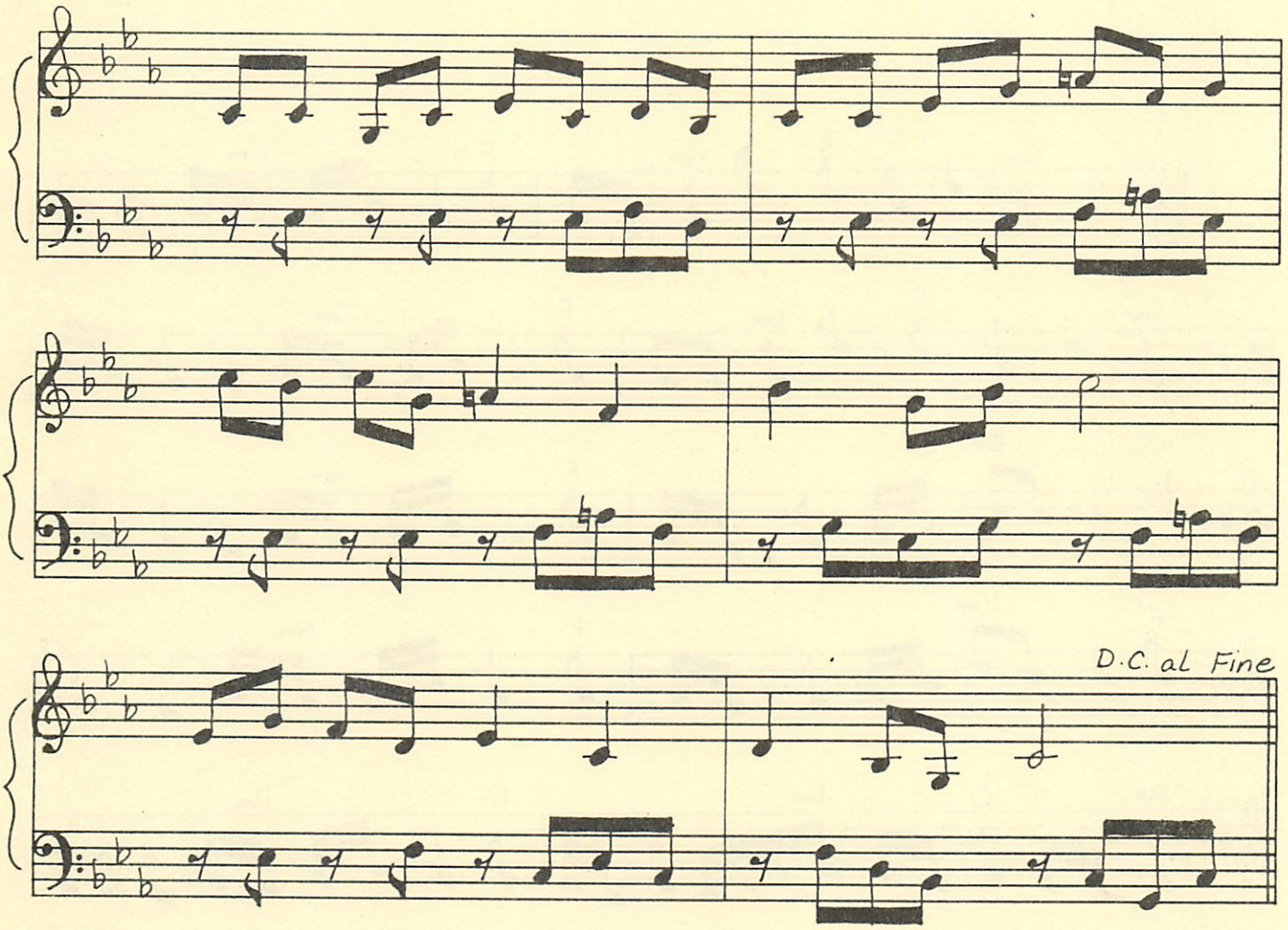


And so, my sons, you have heard me tell
of the Karplunk we know and love so well.
The noblest of conquerors felled by a stone,
and drowned in the mightiest sword ever known.
Well, that's what you get, when you travel alone,
in the valley of Kalardell.



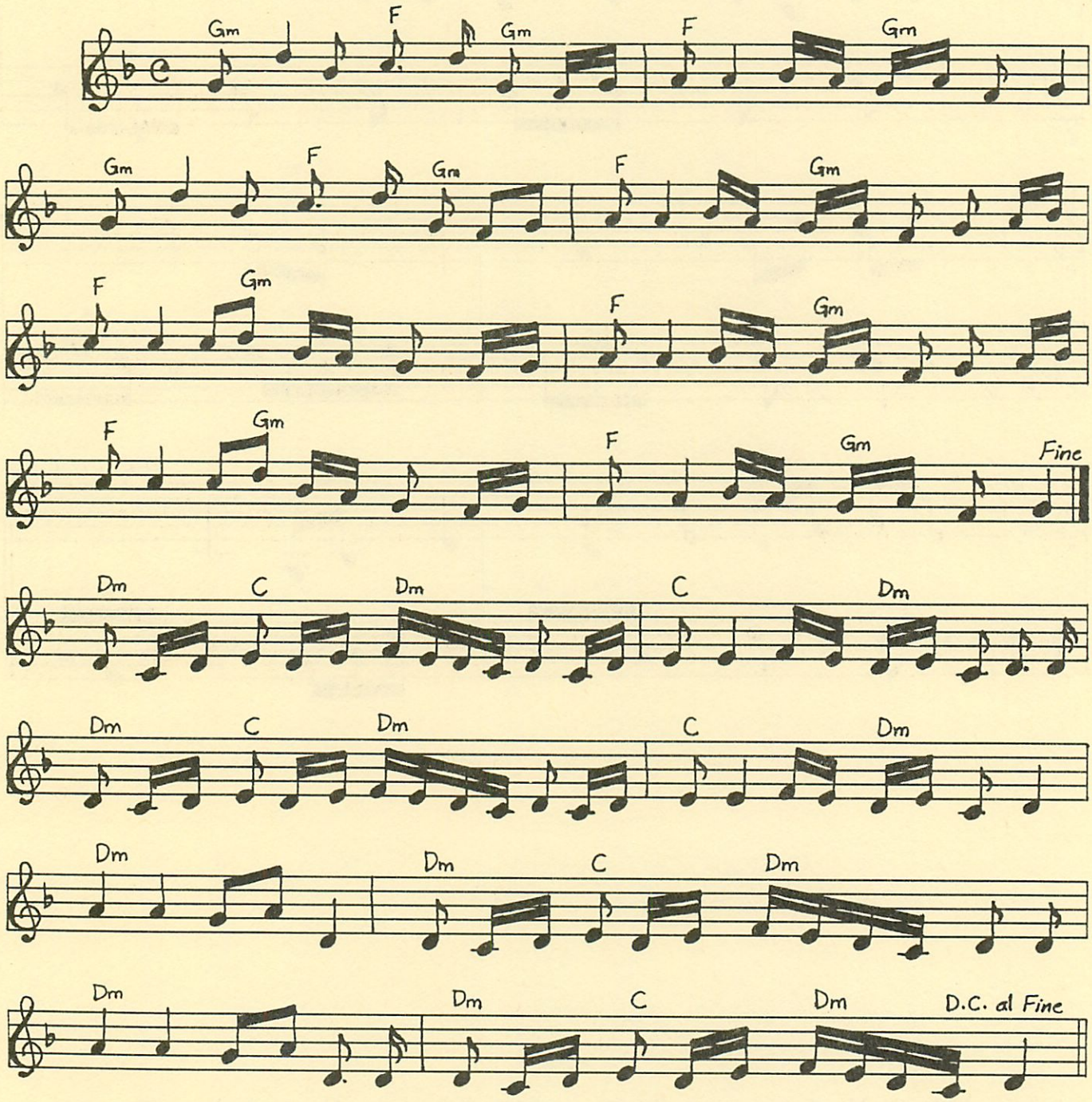
Achi's Theme





(Note: Almost all of the poems in "The *Vakkfar*" (Volume 4), including "The Epic of the Eeps," can be sung to this music--with a little fudging.)

Nu Evriand Fevesan Getheni

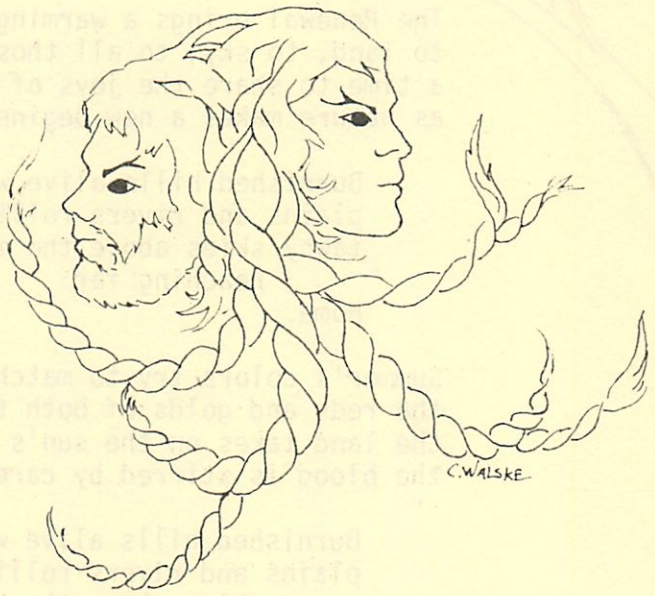


Vinith sto evriak;
Enu vinith sto evronnak;
Vinith esewa
nu kiensi sto chukiak.

Vinith altan hakkindek;
Enu vinith an talaishek;
Tha Kisu tanraiashand
nu tawa sto kalistek?

Vothor avratsai;
Vinithir aksayai;
Nu av'gethek kieli
u nu kanrak hakkenai.

Vothor kulanai;
Vinithir chilasukai;
Ol kamsha tarakind
nu sarasu inaraksai



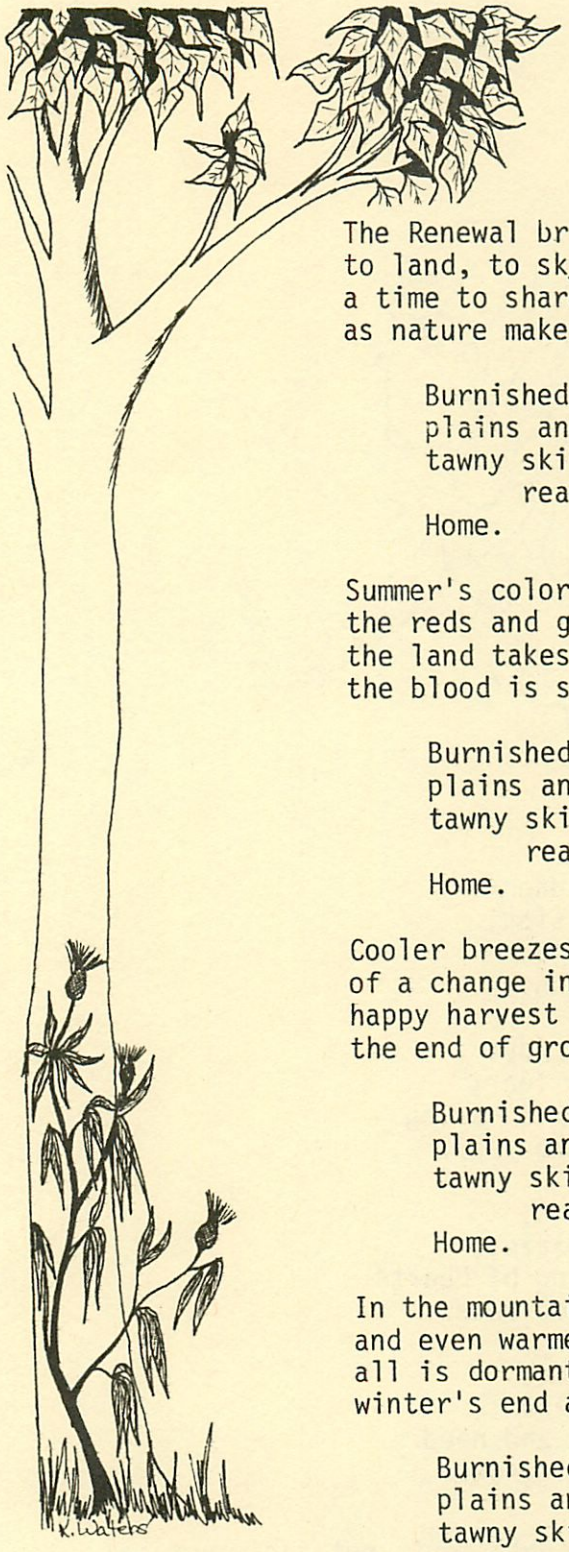
A time to dance;
A time to sing;
A time to make
a new beginning.

A time for joy;
A time for fear;
What will Kisu bring
to start the year?

Vothor burns;
Vinithir blazes;
An awakening of hearts
as the blood races.

Vothor warms;
Vinithir glows;
In passion and need
the Renewal grows.

(Note: The English translation is for enlightenment, not for practical use. The music is for the Agavoi lyrics.)



Home

The Renewal brings a warming glow
to land, to sky, to all those living;
a time to share the joys of life
as nature makes a new beginning.

Burnished hills alive with warmth,
plains and rivers rolling on,
tawny skies above the mountains,
reaching far:
Home.

Summer's colors try to match
the reds and golds of both the suns;
the land takes on the sun's own fire;
the blood is stirred by carefree play.

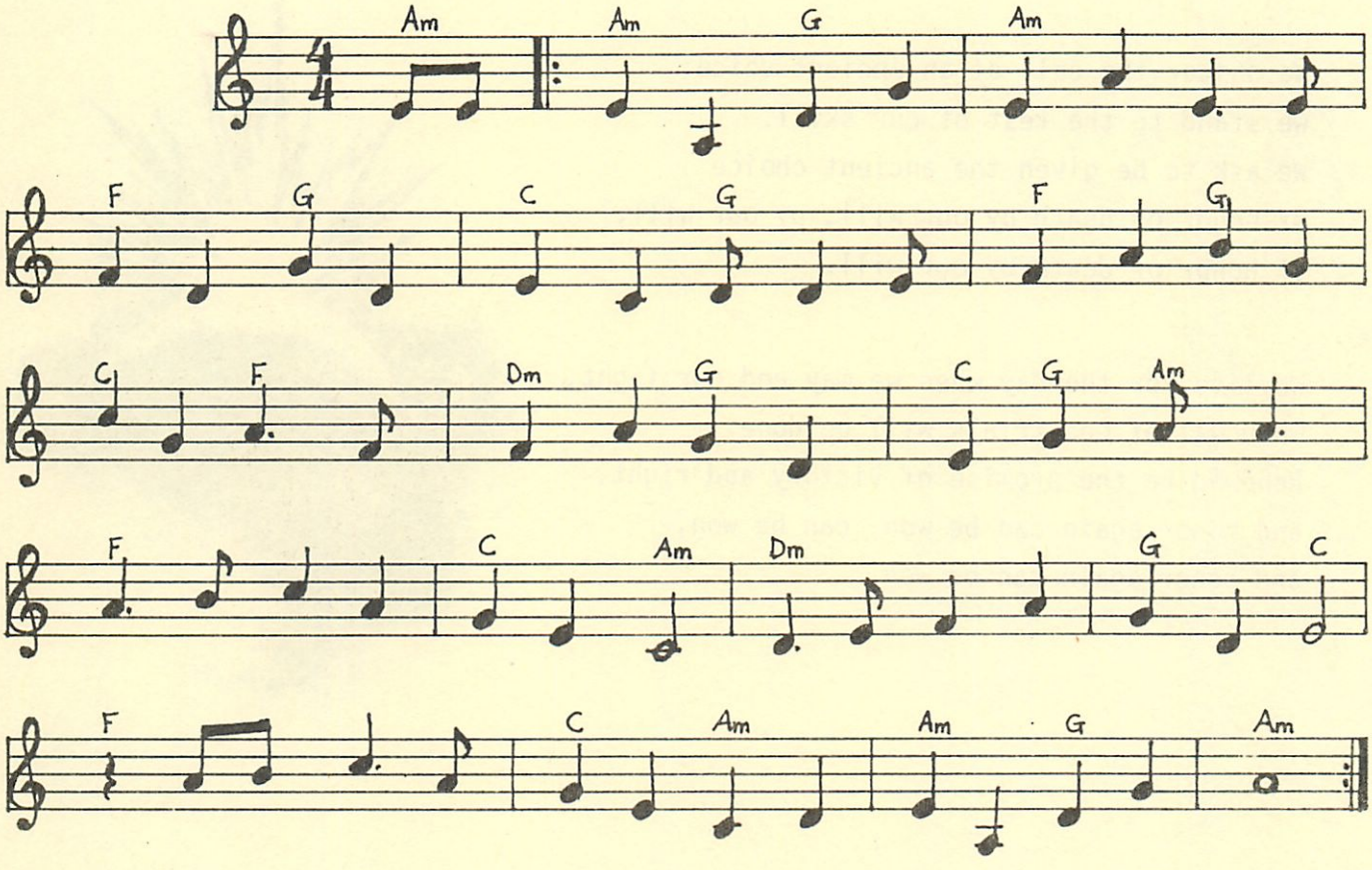
Burnished hills alive with warmth,
plains and rivers rolling on,
tawny skies above the mountains,
reaching far:
Home.

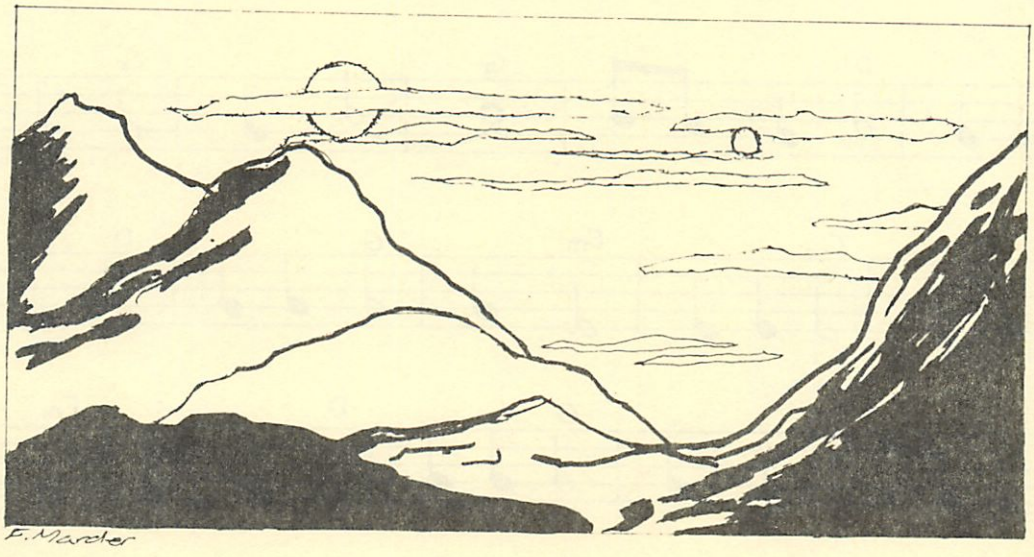
Cooler breezes mark the coming
of a change in nature's cycle;
happy harvest dances mark
the end of growth and a time to rest.

Burnished hills alive with warmth,
plains and rivers rolling on,
tawny skies above the mountains,
reaching far:
Home.

In the mountains ice will form
and even warmer climates cool;
all is dormant and awaiting
winter's end and the year's Renewal.

Burnished hills alive with warmth,
plains and rivers rolling on,
tawny skies above the mountains,
reaching far:
Home.

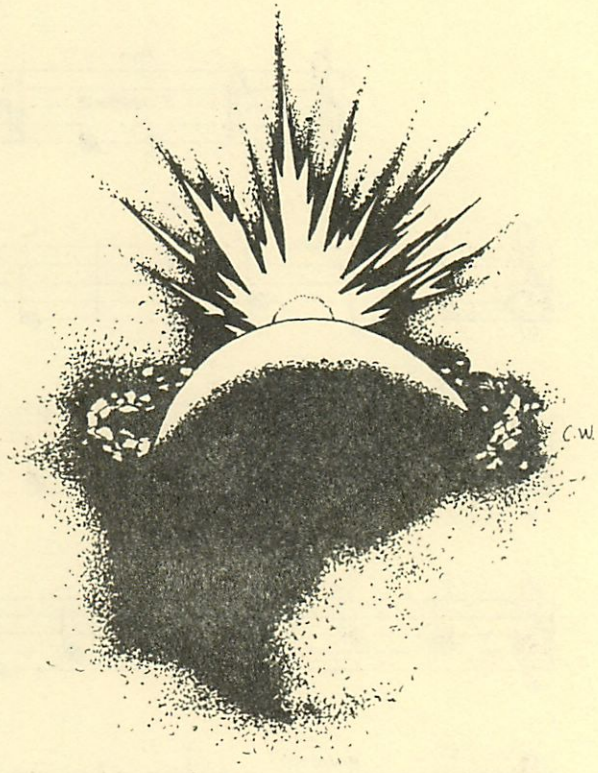

Am
Am G Am
F G C G F G
C F Dm G C G Am
F C Am Dm G C
F C Am Am G Am

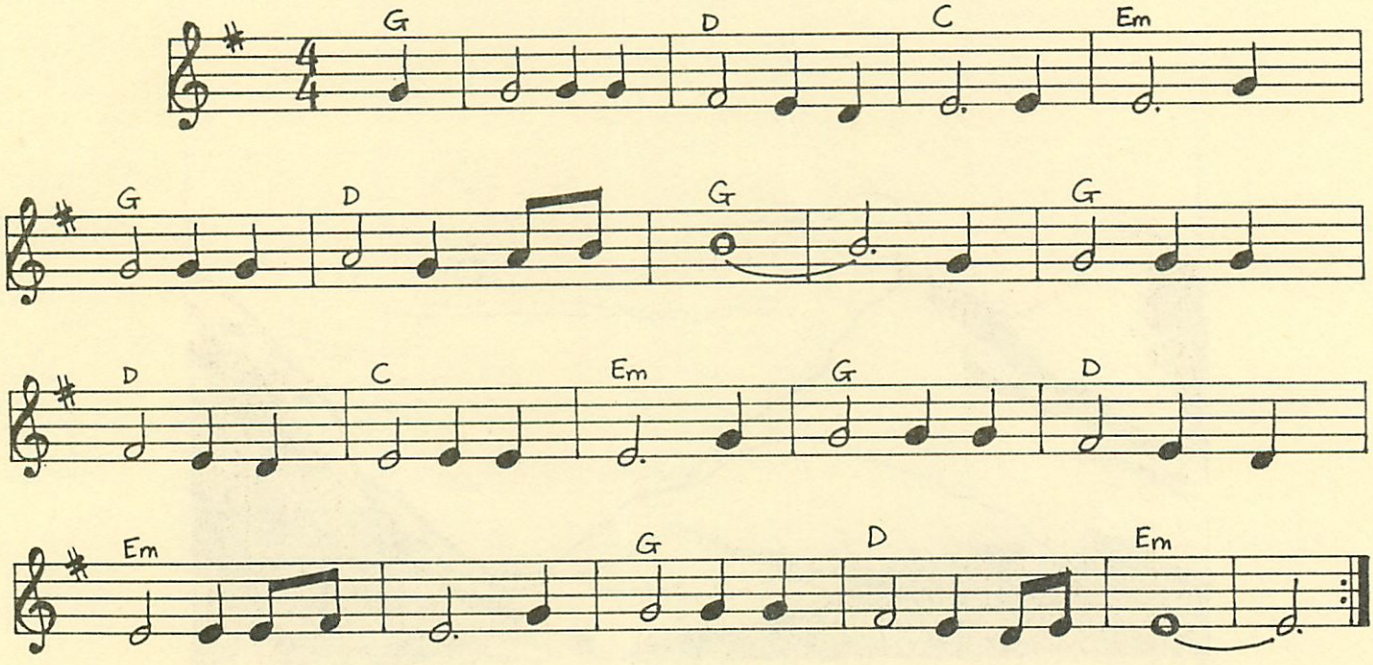

F. Marder

Tomorrow's Promise

We answer the call of an ancient voice;
we stand to the test of our skill.
We ask to be given the ancient choice
of honor or death by our will, by our will,
of honor or death by our will.

We live for the day when we may end our fight,
when all of our trials will be done.
Renewed be the promise of victory and right,
and honor again can be won, can be won,
and honor again can be won.





March to Honor

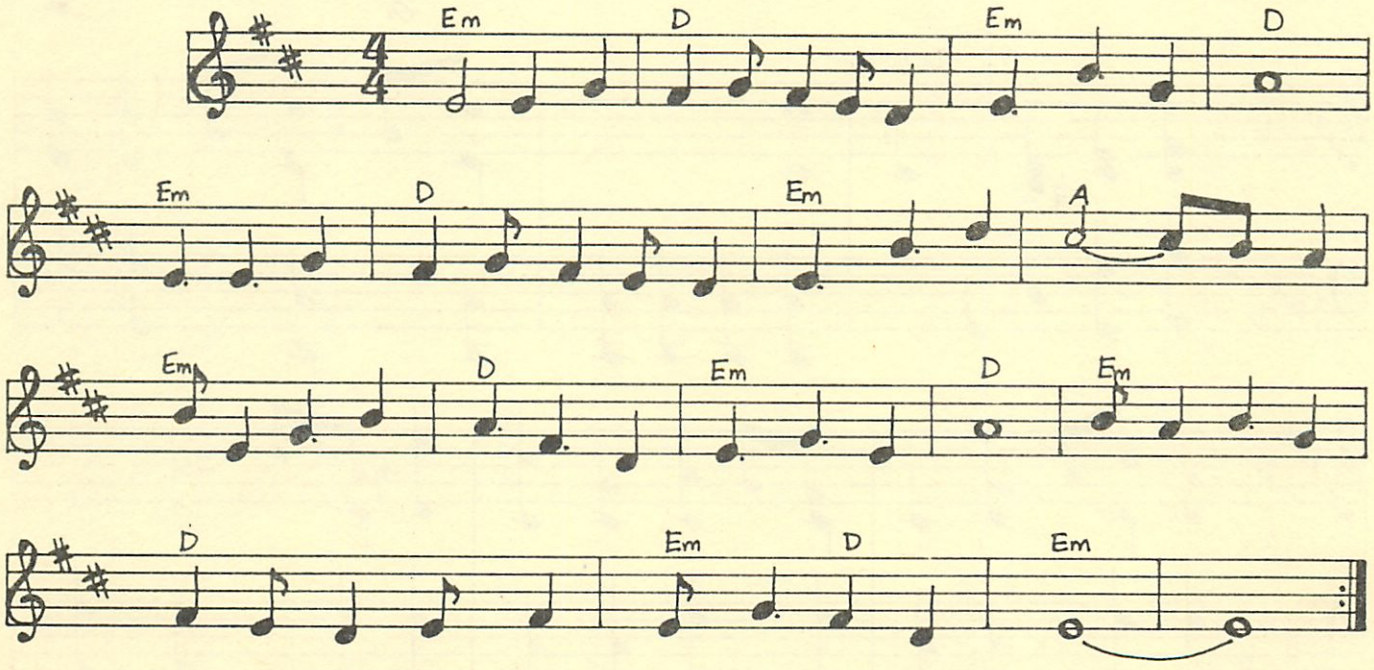
Each day a march to honor and glory begun;
each day a victory to meet till we have won
the war Challenging our foes on the land, in the sky;
never resting, we will fight on for honor till we die.

Swords drawn and banners flying we head for the skies;
our goal to make the Kilingarlan once more our prize
and home, fighting for the honor of yesterday's laws,
knowing that each day we march others join us in our cause.

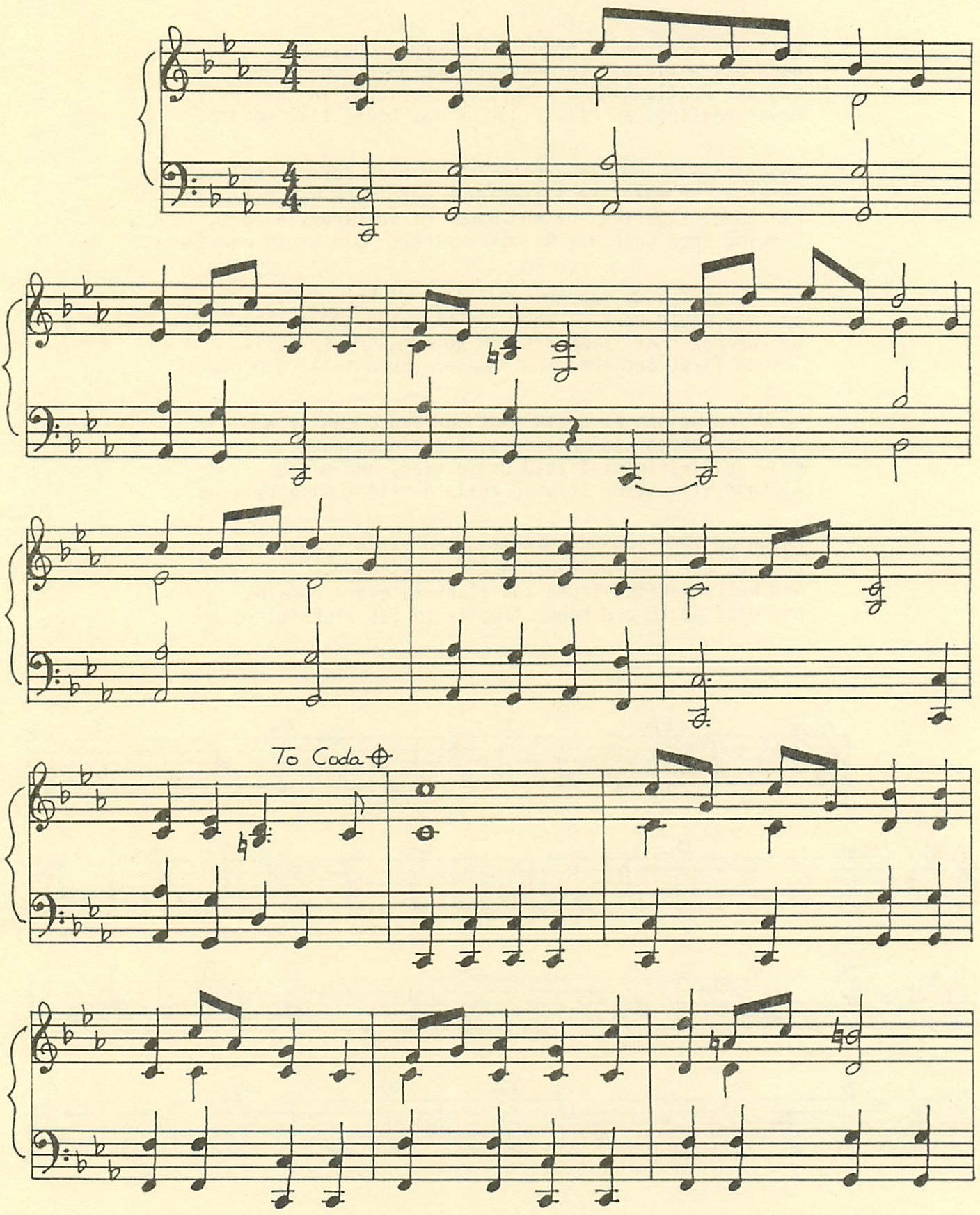
The first day we marched on Inirth we knew it was right;
the way would be hard and long till the end of the fight.
But we saw that if we trusted to time and to skill,
Inirth first and then the *Ormenel* would fall to our will.

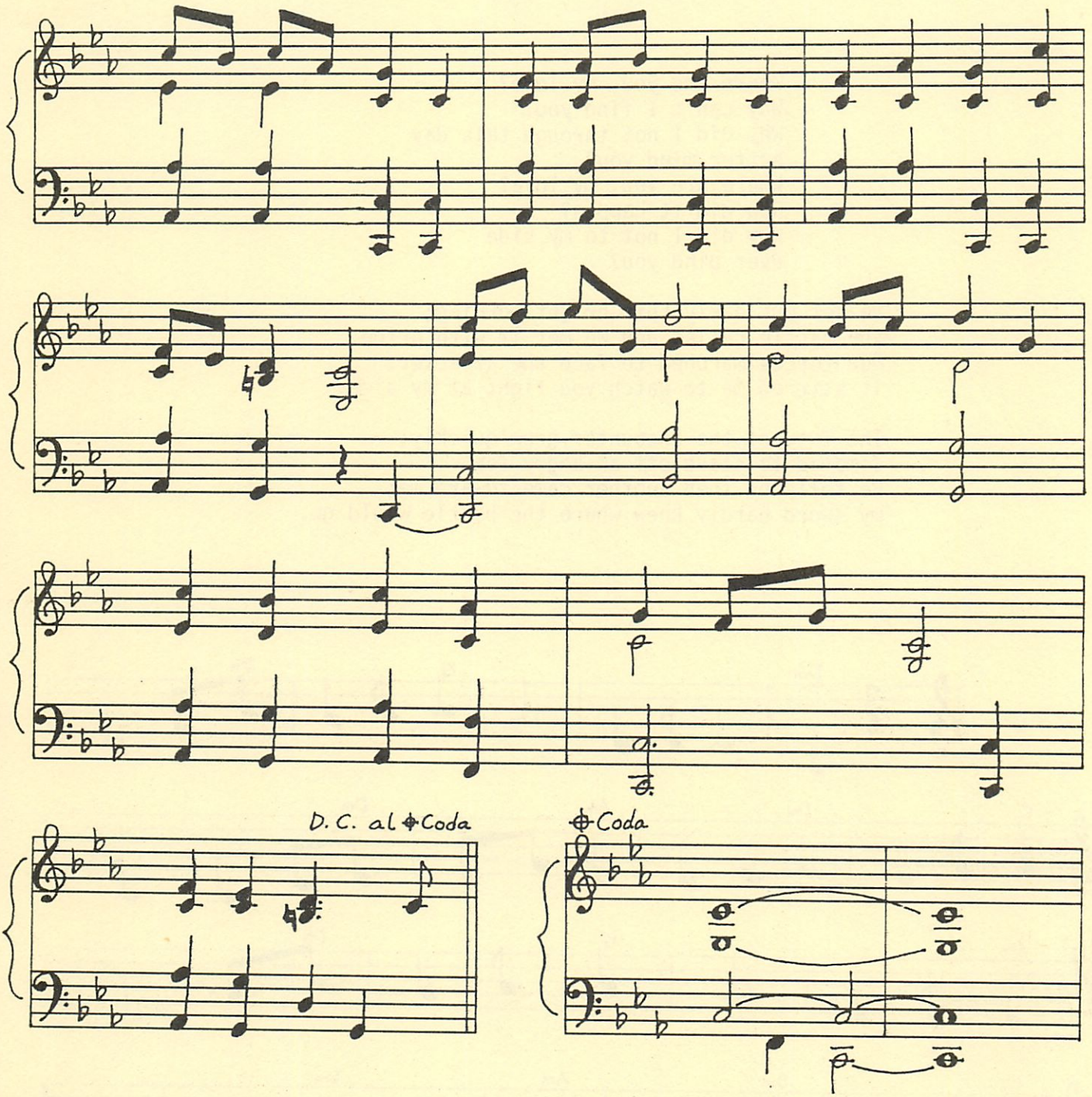
On Ursha we proved again that our cause can be won;
Arkishen stood with kilingau, fighting as one,
knowing Alkarin will lead us in glory and pride;
Alargor will never triumph while we fight side by side.

Raise up your weapons gleaming and march toward the sun;
cry out the name of honor until it is done,
and we've carried truth and glory to every domain,
bringing peace and honor finally to its rightful reign.



Alkarin Warlord



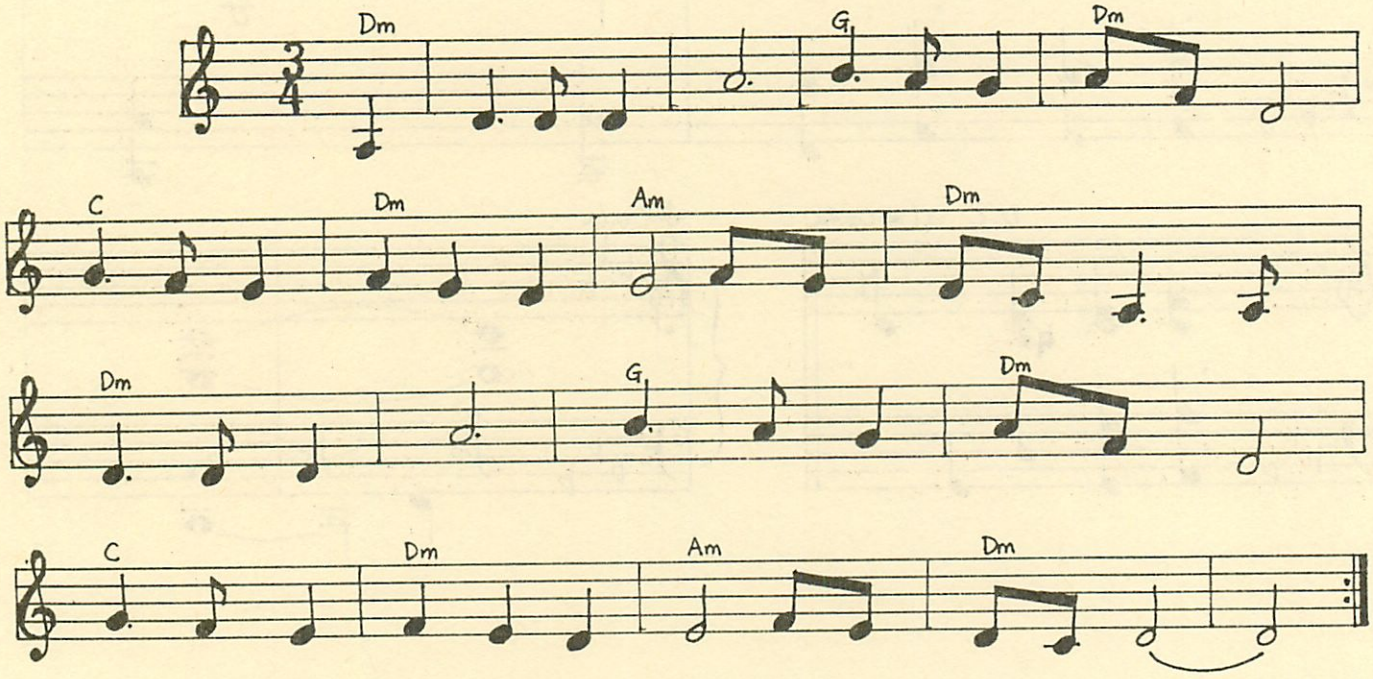

D. C. al Coda
Coda

Where Are You, My Love?

Where are you, my love?
Why can't I find you?
Why did I not through this day
better mind you?
Where are you, my love?
How did it happen?
Why did I not to my side
ever bind you?

We set out early this bright morning;
the battle called and we met it with pride.
Our forces marched to face the attacker;
it stirred me to watch you fight at my side.

The fury of the encounter grew quickly;
I moved to stave off an angry foe.
He fell and then another came toward me;
my sword hardly knew where the battle would go.



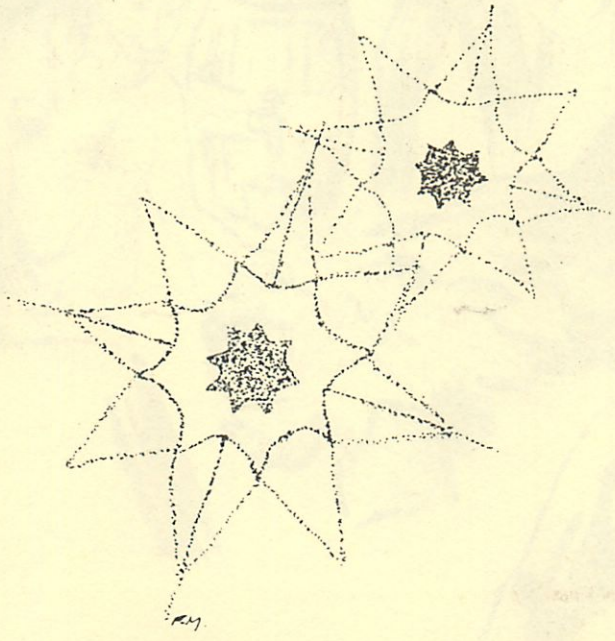
Hundred to hundred, then hundred to fifty;
we finally saw them fall to our stand.
In weary joy we saluted our victory;
I turned and sought your comforting hand.

Where are you, my love?
Why can't I find you?
Why did I not through this day
better mind you?
Where are you, my love?
How did it happen?
Why did I not to my side
ever bind you?

I searched amongst the milling soldiers;
I searched amongst the wounded as well.
I learned that none of our troop had been taken,
and slowly I reasoned what no one would tell.

I found your sword where it had fallen;
I held it next to my heart for a while.
I'll sit for your vigil till the fight again calls me;
I'll remember your strength; I'll remember your smile.

Where are you, my love?
Why can't I find you?
Why did I not through this day
better mind you?
Where are you, my love?
How did it happen?
Why did I not to my side
ever bind you?



Piece of Mind

1. I've got eeps in my boots
   and sand in my hair;
   I'd like to eat my dinner
   but I really don't dare.
   If only the rain would stop
   I wouldn't care
   about the tree-crawlers living
   in my underwear.

2. My sword's getting dull
   and it's starting to rust;
   the wind has covered
   my uniform with dust.
   I'd like to be as brave
   as I know I must;
   but sleeping with a dune-worm
   is really unjust.

3. My gear is so heavy
   I could leave it behind;
   so what if my nerve gun's
   dead I don't mind.
   Alargor's forces can
   have what they find:
   an empty canteen and
   a piece of my mind.

4. Our noble leader
   was born to command;
   he rules his troops
   with an iron hand.
   But sometimes things
   don't go as planned;
   he just fell into
   a mess of quicksand.

5. Karth Keorl
   is as big as a bear;
   it's hard for him to find
   clothes big enough to wear.
   His tunic only goes
   down to. . . there;
   match him in a knife-fight
   if only you dare.

6. Kang has a mouth
   as big as a cave;
   he certainly is
   a wily knave.
   He may be strong
   and he may be brave;
   but if he doesn't shut up
   he'll dig his own grave.

7. Theremir's sneaking;
   he's looking around
   trying to find the softest
   spot on the ground.
   When he finds it,
   you'll know by the sound
   of him and his wench
   both thrashing around.

8. Katni looks like
Kerrekurasarm;
you know she'll keep
her troops from harm.
If need be she'll lead
them by the arm
through the enemy camps
bewitched by her charm.

9. Kelantan Tarolorin
thinks he's great;
he likes fine wine
and he sets a fine plate.
But if he doesn't look out
he'll seal his fate:
they'll send him an Arkishen
for a bedmate.

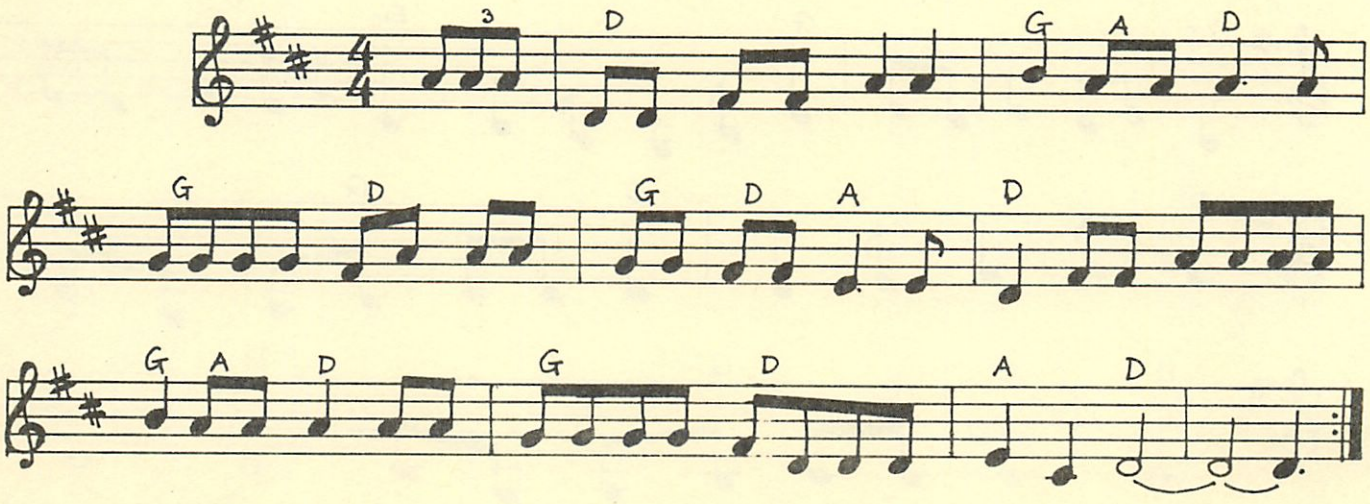
10. Dovi sings
like a little bird;
the sweetest songs
you've ever heard.
Until she's crossed
and her anger's stirred;
then every line is followed
by a dirty word.

11. Makhiri the Haura
has pretty blue eyes;
what a lovely asset
for *Federen* and spies.
But if you look close
you'll get a surprise;
he's really Alargor
in disguise.

12. Alargor is a
bastard at heart;
they couldn't have picked
a better man for the part.
His temper's the only thing
blacker than his heart;
if I ever get close enough
I'll tear him apart.

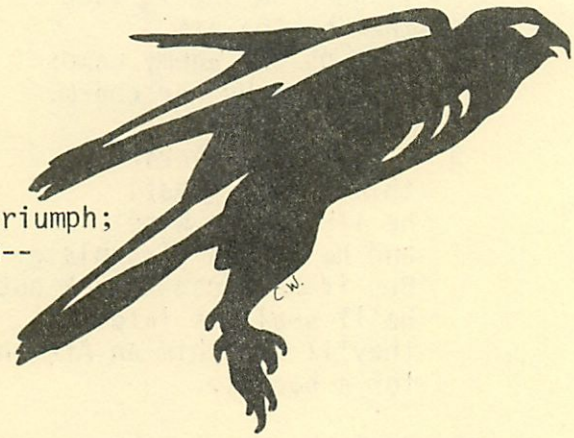
13. There's lumps in my soup;
there's lumps in my bed;
there's lumps on my *ufkil*
and lumps on my head.
But I've got to remember
what the commander said:
if I keep on bitchin'
I'm gonna be dead.

14. So hear me, my friends
and mark what I say;
you'll never get rich
on a dissident's pay.
But if you keep your head down
and don't waste away,
you may even live
to see home some day.



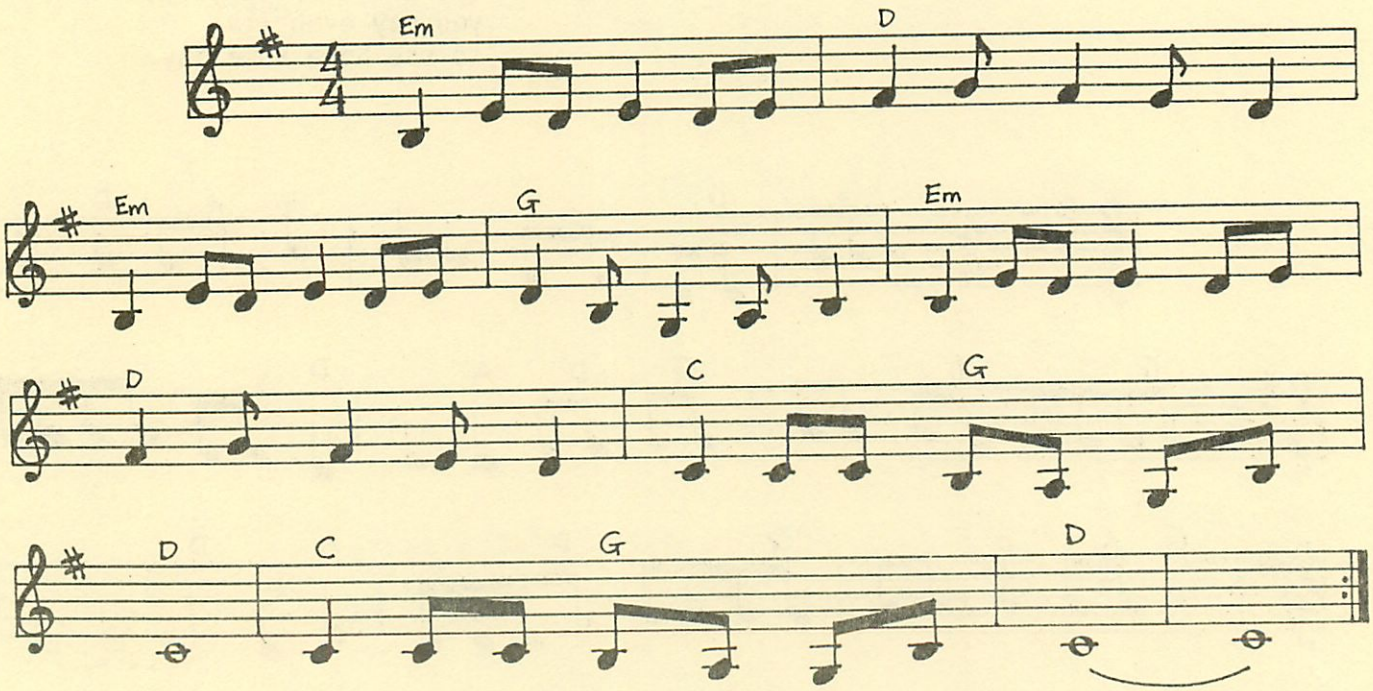
Fight for Glory

Fight for the day when our lives
     are ours to live;
strive for the day when our hearts
     are ours to give;
honor and glory will rule again as we
march to the Kilingarlan and win--
Alkarin's battle to begin.



Look at the sky and believe that
     it is ours;
touch the land and know
     we have the power;
we will advance till we're home in triumph;
we'll march to the Kilingarlan again--
Alkarin's *Ormenel* to win.

Hold out your hands and accept
     the Challenge
that every man faces who stands
     for honor;
at last we will come to our hour of glory;
we'll march to the Kilingarlan and win--
Alkarin's *Ormenel* to win;
we'll take the Rasethi Sarin;
march to the Kilingarlan and win;
Alkarin's *Ormenel* to win.



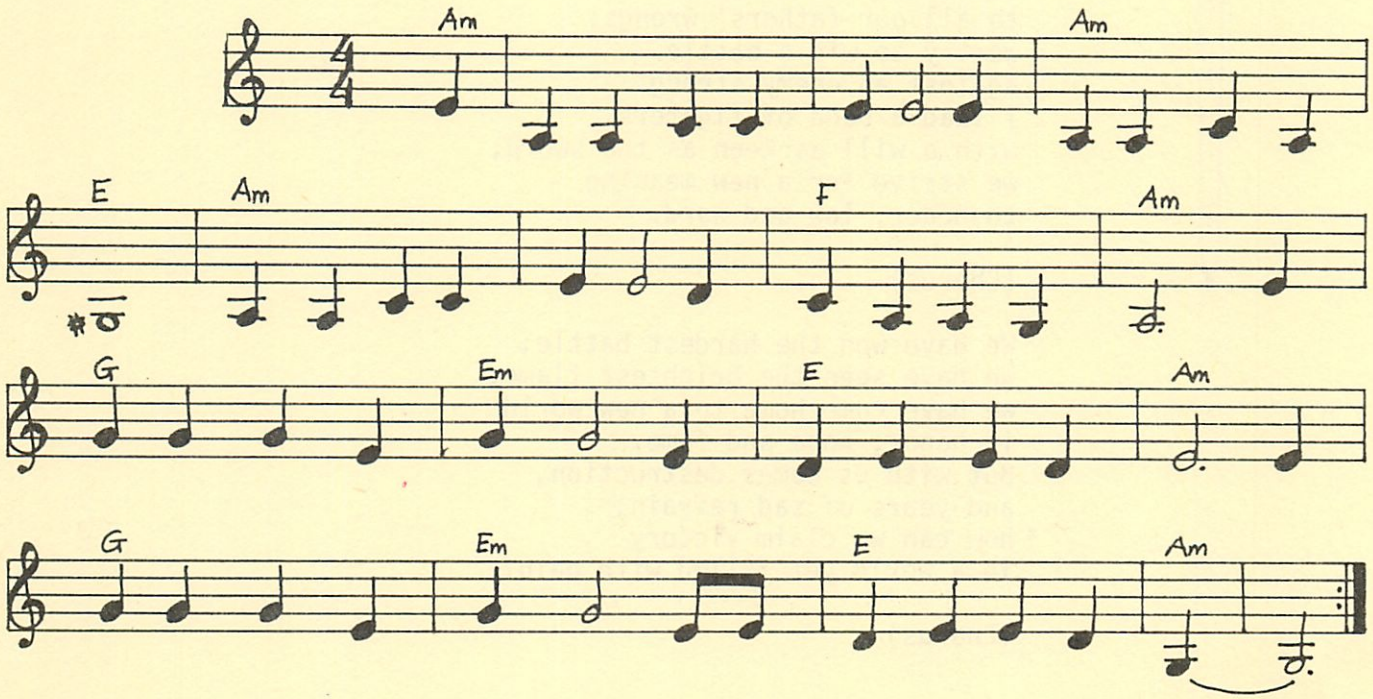
Lament

The homeless shall find shelter;
the wounded shall grow strong;
friends shall join together
and families be reborn.

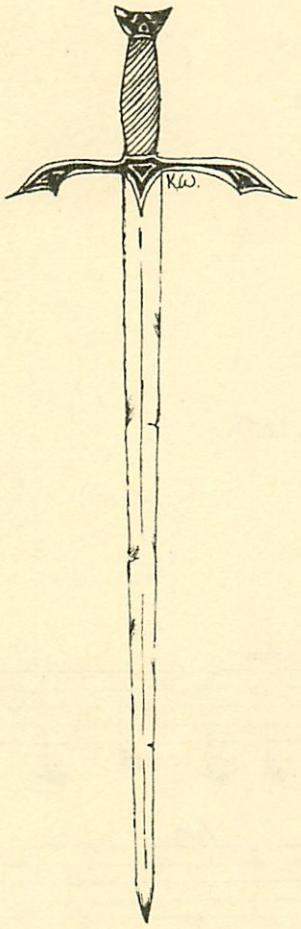
But where do I find my home?
Who shall bind my wounds?
My friends have died in battle
and my family is doomed.

Bonds of love shall be strengthened
and ties of blood reforged;
honor's true dominion
over life shall be restored.

But loneliness is my lover;
my hearth bears blood's rich stain.
I am weary of honor;
survival brings only pain.



Legacy of Sorrow



All my thoughts are lined with shadows;
all my dreams are dark with pain;
as I stare into the fire
wondering what I have to gain.
And yet I must keep on striving,
for all my heart holds right;
though the Challenge last forever,
I cannot renounce my fight.

Chorus: Will the day ever come for me to know
time to rest and to watch my children grow?
Will the dawn ever bring a day for me
to know honor and peace and to be free?

Forsaking all tradition,
abandoning my name;
I must fight to give some meaning
to the status I now claim.
But I know that as I've wandered,
I have shared my heart's desire,
with a people seeking honor,
and a cause alive with fire.

(Chorus)

Searching for an answer
to all our fathers' wrongs;
we try to win a battle
against an enemy strong.
I lead a band of fighters
with a will as keen as the sword;
we strive for a new meaning
to honor, law and word.

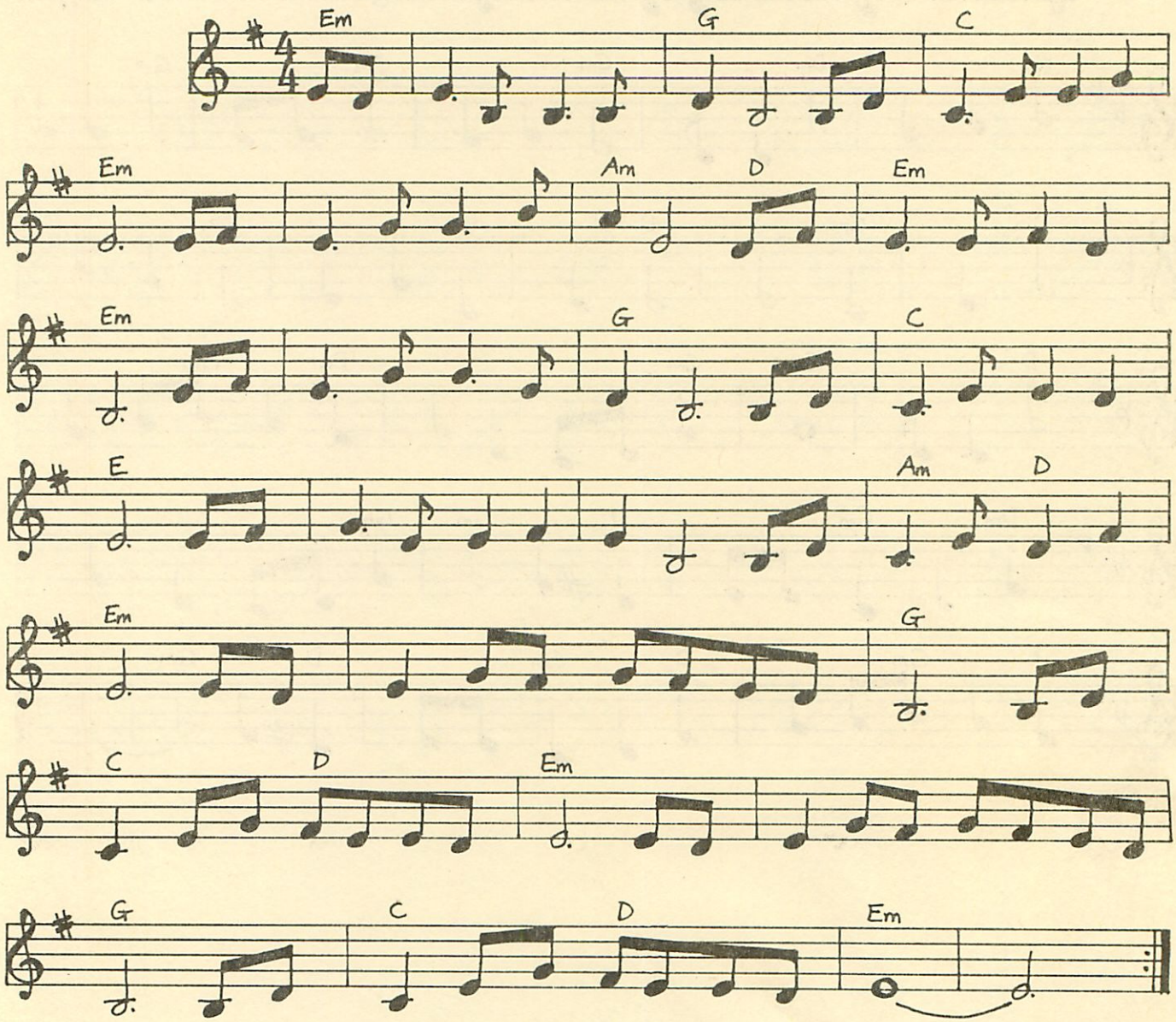
(Chorus)

We have won the hardest battle;
we have seen the brightest flame;
we have come home to a new world
in honor, hope and fame.
But with us comes destruction,
and years of sad refrain;
how can we claim victory
in a world yet filled with pain?

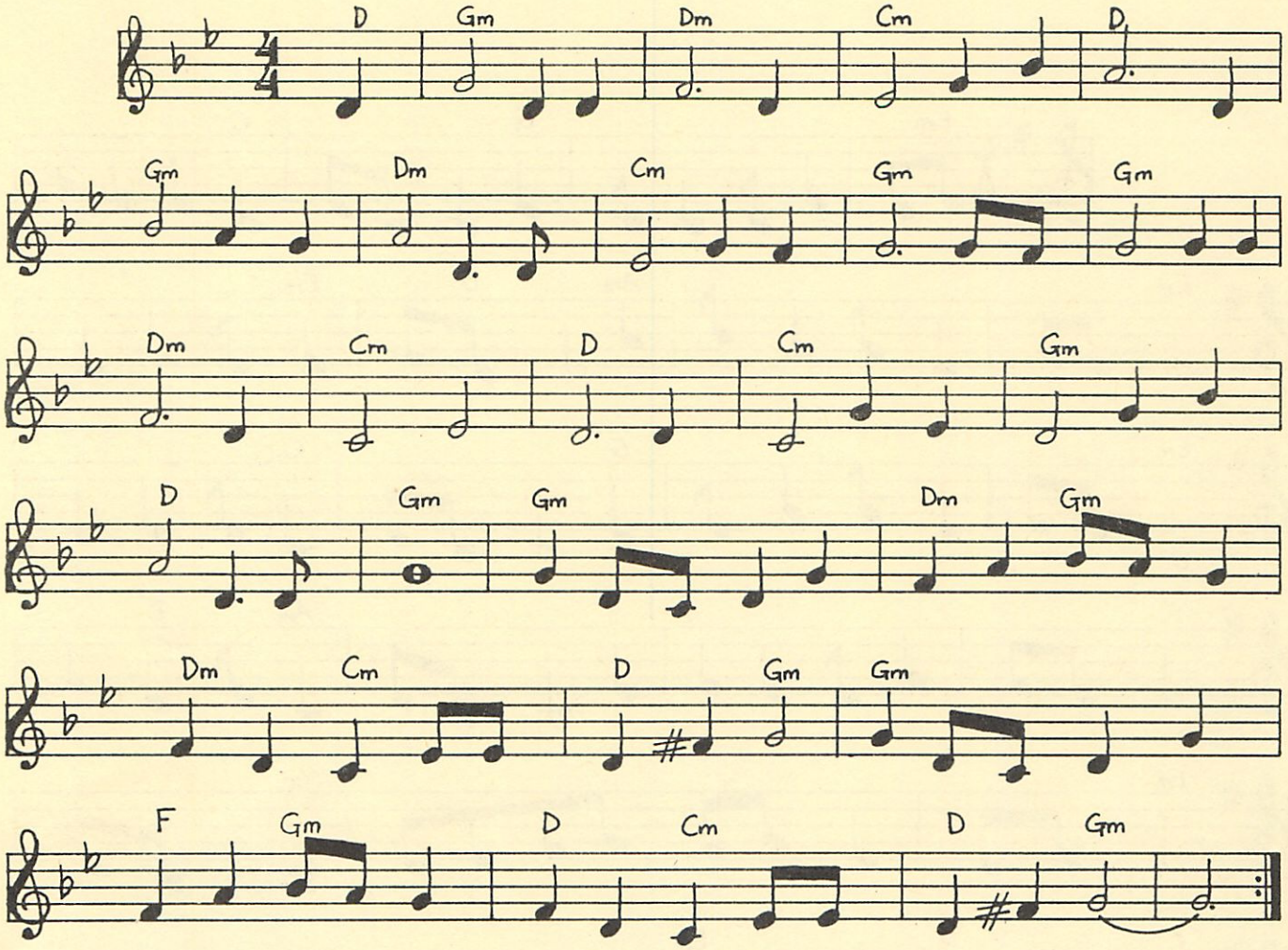
(Chorus)

A fortress reaches upward,
with its ancient walls of stone;
and a river flows around it,
keeping me apart, alone.
But it's time now to build bridges,
leading out and leading in,
as we look into the future
for a way to start again.

(Chorus)



Beyond the Shadows

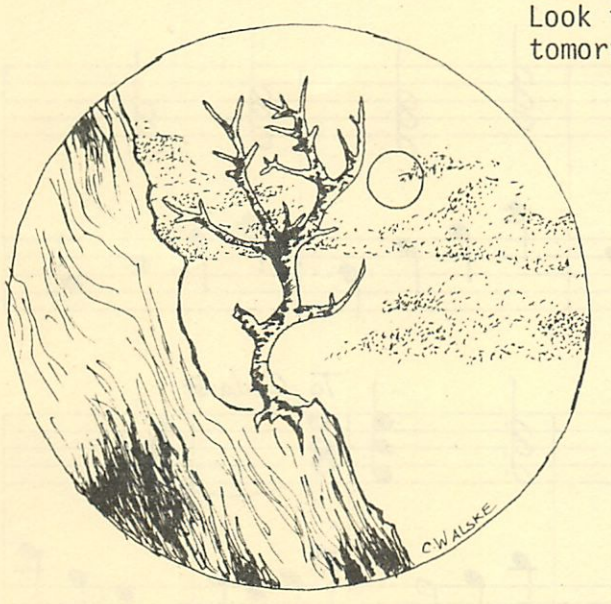


The black evening sky
looks cold from afar;
an ocean of darkness
that yields only fear.
But there's life in the stars
that burn with fire
and keep for the future
the dreams we hold dear.

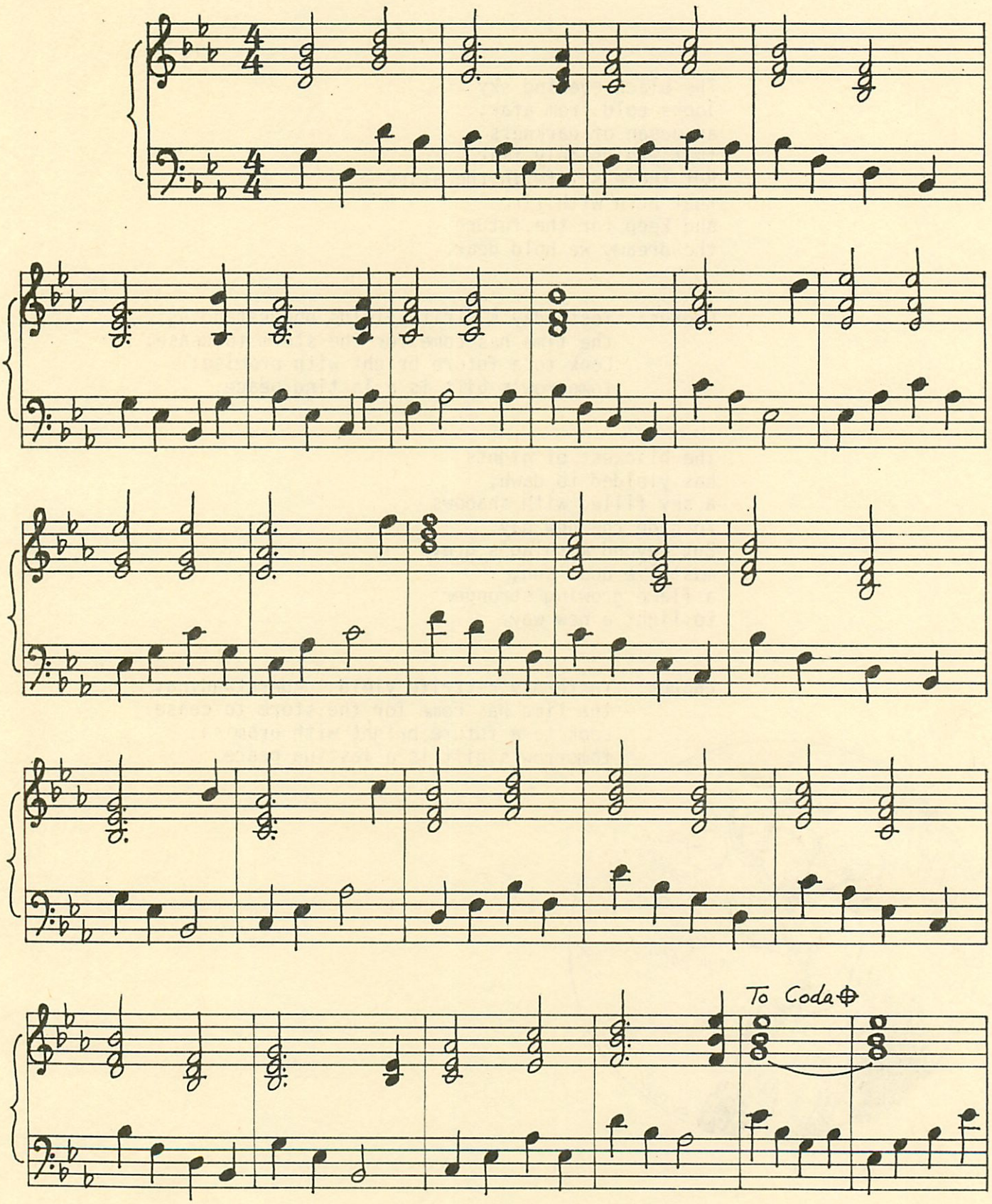
Chorus: Yesterday's strife yields understanding;
the time has come for the storm to cease.
Look to a future bright with promise;
tomorrow's gift is a lasting peace.

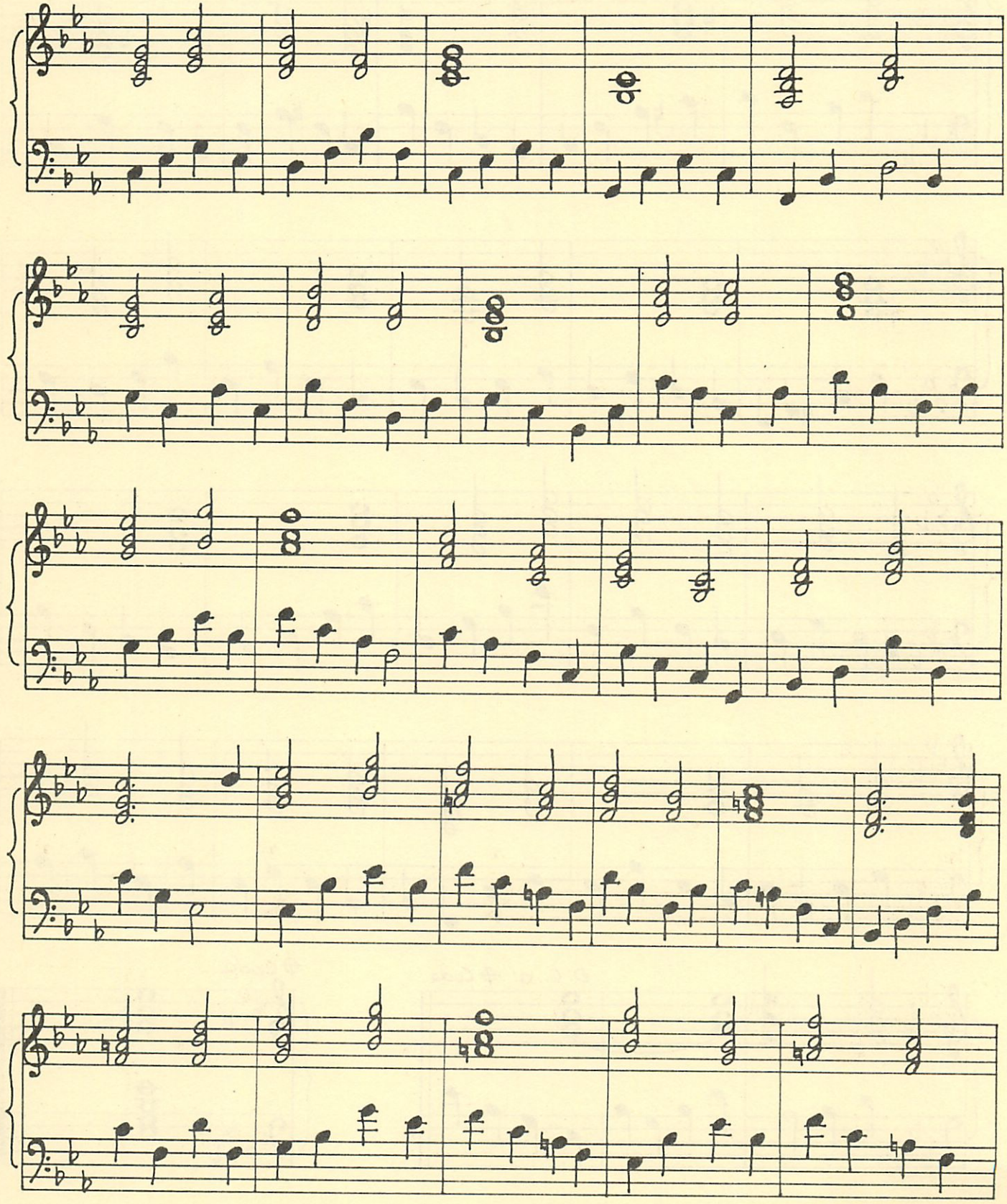
The blackest of nights
has yielded to dawn,
a sky filled with shadows
to hide the new day.
But beyond morning's grey
must lie noon sun,
a flame growing stronger
to light a new way.

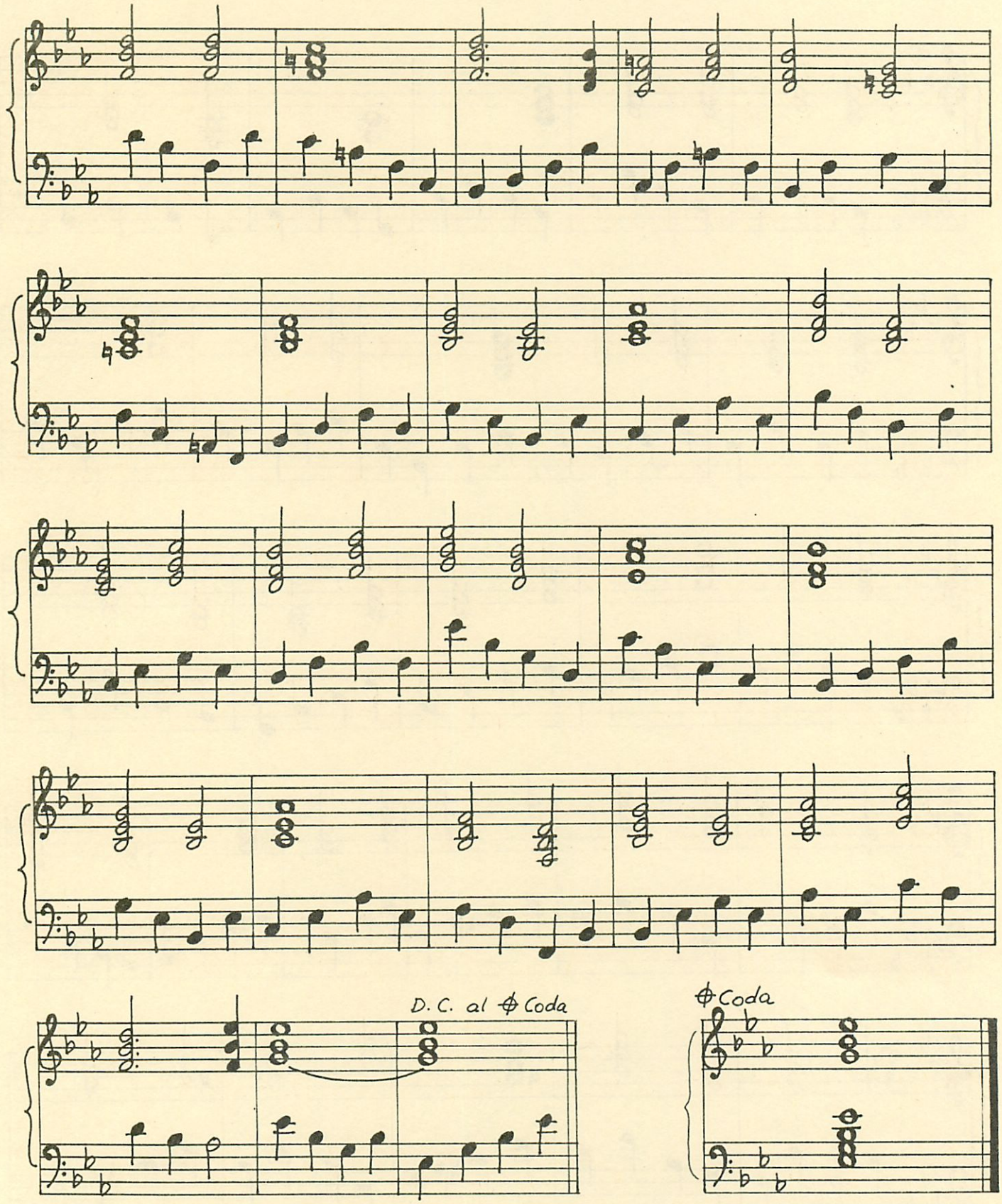
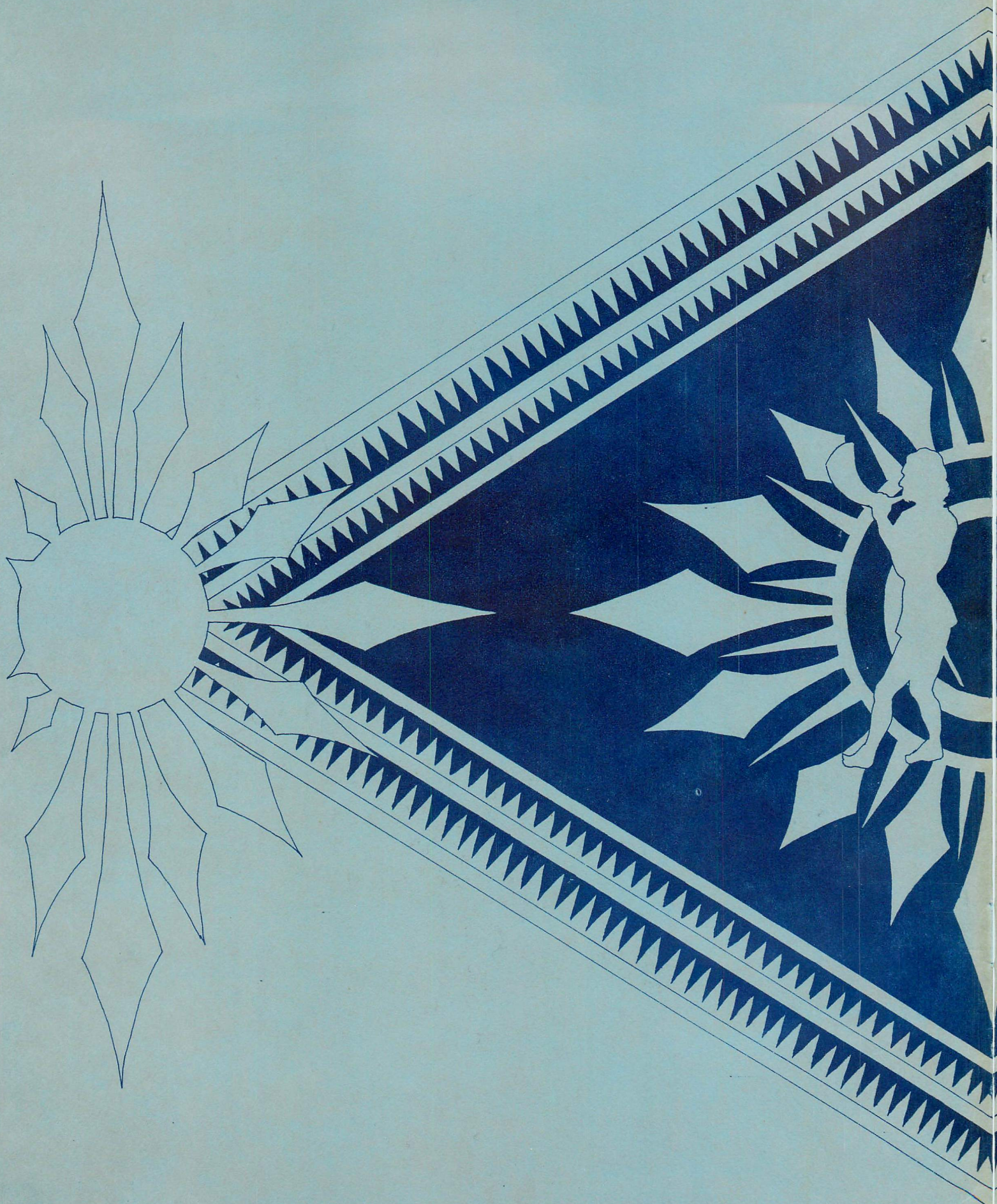
Chorus: Yesterday's strife yields understanding;
the time has come for the storm to cease.
Look to a future bright with promise;
tomorrow's gift is a lasting peace.



The Celebration of Alkarin



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