

The Icy Claws **(Legend of the first polar Arqet)**

The windy woosh weather had surrounded us.
The shiny scraping sound moved through the skies.
The moon polar lights hidden by it let it go without fuss.
Thus was an omen coming to destroy our blood relatives ties.
The iron jaws had opened, the blood arrived.
Bodies had fallen, the rocky shadow showed up.
The bones had cracked, the first spear boldly tried.
The rocky skin had stayed strong, the ice filled between its hollow gap.
The next spear had broken, the clawed arm widened.
The death had passed by, the thick fur grew around.
The last one had listened to his last breath, the strong muscles tightened.
The ice blue colour and red blood had mixed up, the genesis of glacial size sounded.
The brutal creation through polar desert, and by carnage of our blood.