

The Orc in Blue

Throughout the passing of many ages
Existed an orc who was filled with sighs
All the others had excitement in their pages
While his story was as boring as clear skies

Allies begged for a champion that would give care
The blue orc happily accepted with his healing on the ground
The hands of his salvation reaching out was left unwanted there
The continuous begging of these lost baby birds made a depressing sound.

He most desired a different look for others to gaze
An appearance with the shade of the richest red rose
Something that would get him messages filled with praise
He's been neglected while another got an outfit made of snow

Then suddenly came the day with a change like no other.
The orc in blue became stronger as though he was Hercules
He was overcome with a large amount joy like a proud mother.
He wielded a stronger weapon, one that gave fear to strongest of trees.

He received a magnificent appearance, one that was brand new
Also an outfit made with the flames from the world of the dead.
The orc who was once neglected was no longer blue.
He became a true champion, one that wore red.