

Zine

IDELLE MCCREA



HAVEN IN THE WASTELAND

KNF7Workshop004

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HAVEN IN THE WASTELAND

[Verse 1]

Haven in the wasteland, built with trembling hands,
Walls of rusted metal 'neath the shifting sands.
Through the storm spire's wail, where the cold winds play,
I carved a home for memories that won't fade away.

[Chorus]

Oh, haven in the wasteland, standin' strong and true,
Shelter from the darkness, where my heart holds you.
In the silence of the night, where the lost winds moan,
This roof is my redemption, far from any throne.

[Verse 2]

The silos whisper secrets, in their hollow frame,
Love once warmed these walls, now it's just my name.
With every board I nail, through the burrowing hum,
I build a fragile fortress where our dreams still come.

[Chorus]

Oh, haven in the wasteland, standin' strong and true,
Shelter from the darkness, where my heart holds you.
In the silence of the night, where the lost winds moan,
This roof is my redemption, far from any throne.

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[Bridge]

The worms below keep singin', in their earthen lair,
A dirge for love that lingers in the rad-soaked air.
Yet I'll raise these walls, with a soul so bare,
Till the dawn reclaims the hope I still repair.

[Chorus]

Oh, haven in the wasteland, standin' strong and true,
Shelter from the darkness, where my heart holds you.
In the silence of the night, where the lost winds moan,
This roof is my redemption, far from any throne.

[Outro]

Haven in the wasteland, 'neath the broken sky,
Where my heart finds shelter as the years go by.
Though the world lies shattered, I'll defend this space,
With a love-built roof in the wasteland's embrace.

Story Time

Idelle McCrea - Backstory (Sector 18)

Location: Sector 18, East Ridge Expanse – just north of Maddox Hollow, tucked between a collapsed minefield and an overgrown relay station.

Known Alias: The Ballad Keeper of East Ridge

Born to an old line of voice-healers and root-singers, Idelle McCrea grew up in the fractured highland remnants of Sector 18. Her mother carried Irish ballads from a long-gone coast, her father built dulcimers out of scrap tin and cedar planks. When the storms came and the valleys cracked open, Idelle was one of the few who stayed – her songs becoming refuge for those who couldn't flee.

She wanders between outposts, bartering melody for shelter, and stories for supper. Folks say her voice can hush a Geiger spike and draw breath from a collapsed lung. Dusty swears she once kept a broken transmitter humming just by singing into the coil. Pops won't say much, but he keeps a faded strip of her shawl tucked in his field manual, "just in case the air goes quiet."

Her main haunt is a half-caved schoolhouse deep in briar and rust, where she keeps wax-sealed scrolls of her lyrics – half warnings, half laments. She's known to burn dried rosemary and chicory bark when she plays, a ritual to "wake the ghosts proper." She's not fond of weapons, but she carries a bone-handled knife, carved with bardic knots, passed down from her grandmother's pack.

Idelle McCrea's music walks the line between memory and mourning – hollow Appalachian twang, wind-worn Celtic tones, and lyrics that feel older than the silos themselves. She plays on a weathered four-string fiddle named Cindersap and a wire-strung harp she found in a flooded church crawlspace. Locals say when Idelle sings, it ain't just a tune – it's a binding.

Story Time

Dear hearts,

If you're holdin' this page,
it means the music found you.

I ain't much for big stages or polished words – just
songs stitched from grit and lore, sung quiet by oil
lamp light. These tunes come from a place real and
worn, where the wind carries stories and the ground
remembers every footprint.

Out here in Sector 18, it's not about surviving pretty.

It's about surviving true. And if even one of my verses
helped you feel a little less alone in the hum of the
dark, then I've done my part.

Keep the fire lit,

- Idelle McCrea

(written beneath the old pines,
beside the tin stove, with the night settling in)

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