

# Adorned Brood, Black Beasts

The journey takes now many days and nights.  
Near the mountains, which stand majestic before them,  
they realise the wolvescry.  
&quot;Listen my son, the first trial is near.&quot; [Narog]

An old majestic oak protects them for the crawling dusk.  
The cries come nearer and nearer.  
Pulsating blood is what the wolves are scenting.  
Raging desire drives them forward.

[Ref.1]  
A black wolf jumps out of the thicket.  
As fast as he can, Narog shots an arrow.

Which smashes the wolves heart.  
Encouraged Tyrael takes a dagger.

Side by side they fight against the beasts.  
Side by side a fight over life and death.

Screams run through the dark, cold night.  
Blood splashed - swords splatter the bodies of the beasts.

[Ref.2]  
The moon let their claws glitter like steel.  
Their desire for fresh flesh was finished by a bloody fight.

Side by side they defeat the beasts.  
Side by side they sow the ground with death.

&quot;Once my son will become a great warrior.&quot;  
&quot;Protect me from the beast.  
Give me power to defeat.  
This night and all nights which will come.  
Oh, my Master in Asgard, give me power for this run.&quot;