

# Tad Morose, The Dragon Tide

Watching the hills from the tower up north  
he sang, no he bellowed a song to the glory  
to the power of Karak Azul  
His heart now uneasy  
It would not be stilled  
A sickening stench, an odour of greenskin  
Like so many years before

Trollslayers, trollslayers mighty and proud  
Trollslayers now meet your fate  
in this battle you die  
For you surely will die

The dragon tide will sweep you away  
The dragon tide will darken this day

Lord, King, see the skies  
Oh, worse this our doom  
Accursed be this day  
It's memory be black  
Riding the winds dragons fly

They drop 'hind our lines  
They strike from above  
Clansmen stand proud  
Stare death in the eye  
Riding the winds dragons fly