

Wizard, Enemy Die

The priest have done their sacred rite with me.
My veins are filled with fire.
I await my destiny armed with mighty weapons. I will ride
to victory. The battlefield lays grey and dead for me.
Dragons in the sky await my enemy. I will hear his breaking bones.
I will see his bleeding wounds.

Enemy die! Die by my sword!

I hear the marching sound of the unholy force. The clash of
forces killed my frightened horse. Now a fight man to man awaits me
on the end. I fight him with the power of ten thousand men. He
lays on the ground and I set his life an end. I hear his broken
bones, I see his bleeding wounds.