

# Bal-Sagoth, Naked Steel (The Warrior's Saga)

[Legends etched into the ancient stone dolmens on the Dark Moors...]

[THE ORACLE OF WAR:]

The crows will pick your bones clean...  
Never sweet the kiss of cold steel.

THE EXULTATION OF BATTLE...

[THE WARRIOR:]

Blades aflame with witch-fire burning,  
Bright swords blessed by nine king's blood,  
The elf-witch weaves war-spells upon us,  
Neath the wolf-moon's gaze we shall slake our steel!

[THE WARRIOR:] Battle Magic empowers my thews!

[THE ORACLE OF WAR:] The crows will pick your bones clean...

[THE WARRIOR:] Red-Tooth thirsts to smite and slaughter!

[THE ORACLE OF WAR:] Never sweet the kiss of cold steel...

[THE SHAMAN'S DECREE:]

Born beneath the thrice-cursed cromlech (destined for deeds of greatness),  
Three stars aligned to assuage thine newborn cries, Foretold, the hilt of  
Red-Tooth awaits thine hand (kingdoms shall fall before thee!), And in the  
Nine Scrolls thine death prophesized.

[THE WARRIOR:]

The clarion of battle beckons me... Red-Tooth crackles with searing spectral  
energy. Aye, emperors and kings shall perish beneath my blade! The head of the  
Eastern Chieftan adorns my spear... I've a throne to usurp! INTO THE THICK OF  
THE FRAY!

[THE SHAMAN'S DECREE:]

This heart that pounds like a hammer,  
This heart that pounds so strong,  
This heart that pumps a great warrior's blood,  
This heart will pound for half as long.

[THE WARRIOR'S VOW:]

By all the gods... I swear the ireful edge of dwarf-forged steel shall meet  
all who dare stand against me! My destiny awaits... I shall carve my path in  
carnage, and inscribe my saga upon the scrolls of legendry in the spilled  
blood of slaughtered kings!

[THE ORACLE OF WAR:] Carnage! And the crows shall feast upon the eyes of the  
slain!

The final dolmen of the Dark Moors is mysteriously missing, believed removed  
thousands of years ago by troll war-bands as a trophy of battle...