

Hordak, Ravenkind

Sounds of the hooves on the way
Footsteps are left in the snow
The wind stops sounding by reins
And the fire stops warming up

The heir of a crownless reign
Advanced by hollow ways from distant lands
The legions make ways with stained blades
And every morning tears and cries
Remind with hate the lives that passed away
And the corpses lying on the ground

Descending from stormy clouds
To a snowed valley to decide the skie's fate
"The usurper, He who seize us all
And came to conquer from forgotten shores"
Hatred grow and hours passed-by,
Words were spoken for the last time
What ravens once swore in the snow was
Keeping alive the pure lands blood