

Meadows End, Area Of Thieves

I set path towards the Meadowlands up north, destined to find the answers they hide.
Time goes by, and the blood from the Ravenfield is lost, the memories are not...
Feasting my mind.
Nothing alive can pause my adventureblood.

Travelling far, far to the east.
Feeling the breeze from the sea.
These unexplored lands I was told by the seer...
Where I will find my adventure is here.

I stand upon an open road and that's the road I go.
But that's the road for mercenaries.
And now I am to walk this road to pass the heathen gates.
Towards the Area of Thieves.

I am to make through this armoured walkway, penalized already as I came.
By guarding eyes I stroll, I feel the pointing blades, lusting for their prey, watching every move I make.

Darkness falls.
Torches lighting up far ahead where a sentry stands clear.
Casts his glare upon me, reveals his view of life in dark atrocity.
A sudden change, an alteration in the wind, as the sentry now moves towards me.
Questions me for my intention so far east.
"Take me to thy master!", I plead.

"Before my lies "The Heathen Land", a land by villains marked... This... is the Area of Thieves.

I stand upon an open road and that's the road I go.
And that's the road for mercenaries.
At last I came to walk this road to pass the heathen gates, towards the Area of Thieves...
Now, he leads me towards my prey.

So by midnight the gates starts to show, on the horizon they grow...