

# Meadows End, Heathens Embrace

"I bid you welcome my Heathen! To take your place within the Area of Thieves. Be aware tha

"Stay focused my dear... As the ravenous cutlass of brethren's own make, always ready to te

Oh how this voice, grates upon my ears, as a vision of a dark man appears.  
Shades of sin, covers this being.  
But his face should be torchlit and clear.

Once outside this thiefhearted princess, now my casual abode.  
The reverence is mine since the legends speak so, of the Cold Age and old stories told.

Comes to me that a raidplan is made, to the Woodland of Glades.  
The soveriegn of shadows determined to be, the soulheir of the elven race...

An heretic invasion, a madmans creation, prospers in souleating blows.  
Now his demonwings, made to embrace, swallowing the woodlands it soul.  
Elven elders they fear their existance might soon come to end.  
Nevermore the sun will be seen over the trees, as the time of prosperity flees.

Now my part of this play must be over, as I draw my sheithed blades.  
And the fight, as he perceives my betray, bursts out into a dancing display.