

# Meadows End, Heathens Embrace

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

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

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 sovereign of shadows determined to be, the soulheir of the elven race...

An heretic invasion, a madmans creation, prospers in soul-eating blows.

Now his demonwings, made to embrace, swallowing the woodlands its soul.

Elven elders they fear their existence 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 sheathed blades.

And the fight, as he perceives my betrayal, bursts out into a dancing display.