

Bal-sagoth

"Naked Dteel"

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[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 assauge 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

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