

Magister Dixit

"The Mitgon Race"

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Tremble for me wildest species

Predator is now inhuman

A demonoid race with titanesque virtue

Blinded by anger, building bizarre statues to the effigy
of Azagath

Hyldeon has an open eye, he saw all his people die

In a new form, the same soul

A mission... a role

The Mitgon race

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Sat on his throne

Golemgorth, the greatest king of Mitgons

As every days Mitgons are going to never-ending war

Then he saw all those Mitgonite genocides,
automatically recognize the work of Azagath

"My name is Hyldeon the proud

Paladin of king Haerdien"

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Four elements together

Azagath reunite them

He's the creator of all

The conceptor of mitgonity

Pray in homage to the lord and create infernal hordes

Land of wilderness, left in emptiness

From dusk till dawn their days sleeping while the sun is high

Mystical is their ways

Careless to live or to die

"Hundred of years has passed and this slaughter race is still going

I must admit they seem well that way, but I have a mission and I shall respect my task

I shall take some of them to defeat Azagath"

But one day deep through Golemgorth's sleep

A voice and a face to tell the truth

"You're only puppets of your lord,

Break these chains and be the one master"

An ambitious Golemgorth woke up that night,

To start thinking about what he dreamed of...

Could it only be a dream?

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