

Rahowa

"Anvil Of Crom"

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Born in an age when blood and steel ruled the earth,
The riders of doom were barbarian warriors
With ruthless hearts as cold as the ice
That cracked beneath the hoofs of the beasts they
rode.

They unleashed a veritable hell on earth,
Lashing out with bottomless contempt
For the over-civilized peoples
Who feared the wild world beyond the walls of their
cities.

Power ruled their domain, and power lived,
And took form in the steel that they wielded;
Steel that hacked to death weaklings and cowards,
Steel that earned them the spoils of war,
Steel that proclaimed the highest law of nature:
Might is right and woe to the vanquished!
In life, the conqueror takes all!

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