Sabaoth "The Wanderer"

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He lives in the corner of the forest

Where the sacrifices and rituals

Are consumed, tears and blood

Of weak mortals

He saw the witches dance

In those woods and now

He romes behind the trees

Because weak souls continue

Living in his lands and

He most protect them

His empire is martiry and pain

Only darkness and the deep reach him

The rest are no more tan nothing,

They are terrenial

And him superior.

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