

Woodtemple

"The Battle Of Eternal Hate"

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Dark fog came up, from deep down the woods,
when thousands of warriors where drawn to battle,
to defend their people.
They nether knew regret nor pain,
hate at the enemy was growing mightier.
It was time to draw the swords, to begin a new war.
The sky was darkening, when the hosts crashed
together,
only hate, fire and cold steel dominated the
happening.
Signed from the battle the enemy tried to flee,
but there was no escape.
Last cry's for help could be heard,
in a battle where hope was lost long before.
The ground was covered with dead bodies,
and earth was drunk with blood,
so it was called, the battle of eternal hate.
No light of the world should see this place again,
The only thing that was left,
was a shadow full of sorrow and fear.

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