

# The Mark Of The Bear

Battlelore

From the Anduin vales  
Strongmen from the woods  
Spirit of the nature  
One part of their essence

Hate against the orcs  
Running in their veins  
The anger that grows  
In the form of the bear

Living lives of their own  
Caring not the outside world  
Great secret they hide  
Shape changers, the Beorning tribe

Hate against the orcs  
Running in their veins  
The anger that grows  
In the form of the bear  
Beware their claws  
Sharp teeth and deadly jaws  
You have no chance  
To fight with the Beorning

Creatures of darkness  
The poison of the earth  
Remember your strength  
The mark of the bear

The mark of the bear  
Huge part of their soul  
Cherish the life  
Yavanna's child