

# The Desolation of Ares

Be'lakor

The scene where the battle took place  
Now only whispers of that war remain  
Through fen damp and glade deep  
Crept the fog which was their bane

Harkee the pain  
Welcome your death and the silence it makes  
As foe cleaves foe in the dawn  
Bodies are strewn and sinews are torn

Blood, hate and fear are his tools  
Shrouding their minds as they butcher like fools  
The frenzy of panic drives their steeds  
To a banquet grim for the crows to feed

Amid the fury and sickness of struggle  
Ares strode unblemished and unseen  
Weaving his magic and dark illusion  
Upon a bloodied and wretched scene

Harkee the pain  
Heralding death and the silence it makes  
As foe cleaves foe in the dawn  
Bodies are strewn and sinews are torn

Blood, hate and fear are his tools  
Shrouding their minds as they butcher like fools  
The frenzy of panic drives their steeds  
To a banquet grim for the crows to feed

Though Ares had drove them to fight  
A madness befell those who died  
To know that their cruel hand and sword  
Had slain their own brethren of yore