

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