

## Rebel of the Marshlands

Forefather

Wyrd has woven our path, now a tyrant rules our land  
A beheaded people we are, our power in a dark one's hand  
A final hope remains for those with the will to resist  
To rally behind his name and defy the bastard's rule

The joy of a battle won like lightning swept away  
Our kingdom seized by those with the serpent's eye

Rebel of the marshlands, banished to the shade  
Defender of our honour, a prisoner of time  
Forgotten freedom fighter, outlaw of the fens  
The spirit of the warder shall rise in us again