

The Hunting Tyrant

Hammers of Misfortune

Hark! The hounds are hot
Upon the trail of our quarry
Spur your horses faster
And let not your arrows miss
Fell the tallest tree
To feed the fires at the castle
Meat we'll need aplenty
For tomorrow we shall feast

Wait! Who is this standing in our path
Stand aside or you shall feel my wrath
Don't you know that this is my domain
Now! Stand aside or you'll soon be slain