

As we sought the beast our worries increased
Would the tortured soul still be alive
Celas smelled the demon's fear,
Deep in the windings we drew near
And faced them!

Here we are - let us end it
Three like one - strong and splendid

Our force met its force - the battle began
Skirrel's cries circled around
Deep were the wounds that were cut,
The air thick of rage, sweat and blood
Then we prevailed!

The demon's words:
"You fools! You have defeated me in the fight
But you'll never decrease my power against the chosen soul
He is mine, and I'll take him with me, wherever I go!"

Here we stand - all has ended
Three alone - nothing was mended