

Wanderer On The Continent Of Saplings

Thrawsunblat

O Wanderer, on the continent of saplings,
Tell me thy true name!
Not the heritage you don.
Nor the bloodline that you claim.

Tell me not the clan to which you wish to cling.
But what thou truly art, if thou even knowest it.
Tell me what copse of saplings hath thee truly sprung?
Whence art thou truly come? If thou even knowest it.

Wanderer! Have you seen the mother forests,
Across the raging seas?
Wanderer! Have you seen the darkened landscape,
Whence the elders cast their seeds?

This! Is the Continent of Saplings.
A monument of trees.
This! Is the Continent of Saplings.
From sea to shining sea.

We, here, on the Continent of Saplings,
Are seeds of distant lands.
But we, on the Continent of Saplings,
Take root in the same ground.

We, here, on the Continent of Saplings
Bear a thousand different forms.
But we, on the Continent of Saplings
Are of one kind.

I have long roamed this continent,
under the plague of the Nihilist.
Before, it was not this way.
Now all is death and decay.

"Wherever he sets his hand there is a cry
for the redeeming hero.
The carrier of the shining blade,
Whose blow, whose touch, whose existence,
will liberate the land."
-Joseph Campbell

Wanderer from the East! Lost on the trail.
You cannot see, yourself, what you're worth.
I behold you, emerald veiled in shale.
You must learn your worth, for the earth.

The thousand trials will strip you bare
to the hardened emerald soul.
Only then can you carry the shining brand
And smite the Nihilist from the land.

A thousand tribes, of a thousand names.
We are one kind; we are the same.
A thousand tribes, of a thousand names.

We're in need of liberation.

We are in need of a champion.

"Dethrone the great Nihilist!
Dethrone the great Nihilist!"