

The Great Stone War

Winds of Plague

Its all boiled down to this.
A futile attempt to sway the struggle.
Were all destined to perish.
Put down by your self seeking greed.
With the great clashing of titans, unveil the power of contrast
s.
Crush them like a stampede of mammoths.
Wipe them from the face of the earth.
Hold.
With our shield or on it fight with the strength of one hundred
men.
Forcing out a battle cry.
Straight through the opposition.
Angels, warlocks arise.
NOW THE WORLD HALF DRENCHED IN BLOOD SHALL DIE.