

Black Beasts

Adorned Brood

The journey takes now many days and nights.
Near the mountains, which stand majestic before them,
they realise the wolvescry.

"Listen my son, the first trial is near." [Narog]

An old majestic oak protects them for the crawling dusk.
The cries come nearer and nearer.
Pulsating blood is what the wolves are scenting.
Raging desire drives them forward.

[Ref.1]

A black wolf jumps out of the thicket.
As fast as he can, Narog shots an arrow.

Which smashes the wolves heart.
Encouraged Tyrael takes a dagger.

Side by side they fight against the beasts.
Side by side a fight over life and death.

Screams run through the dark, cold night.
Blood splashed - swords splatter the bodies of the beasts.

[Ref.2]

The moon let their claws glitter like steel.
Their desire for fresh flesh was finished by a bloody fight.

Side by side they defeat the beasts.
Side by side they sow the ground with death.

"Once my son will become a great warrior."
"Protect me from the beast.
Give me power to defeat.
This night and all nights which will come.
Oh, my Master in Asgard, give me power for this run."