

# Under The Grey Banner

## Dragonland

["A hundred years had passed. Man would face man, and with the vast armies of the mad King, the dwarves and elves faced certain destruction. Even though weighed down by the tremendous task at hand, the leaders of the free peoples inspired hope and courage among their ranks. Ilmarion spoke proudly of honour and sacrifice to mounted knights, Duviel the Elven Queen gathered the elven archers to her in great lines and Grimmdane Skullcleaver, the foremost warrior and general of the dwarven race commanded more than twenty perfectly squared cohorts of armoured dwarves. Their banners waved proudly in the air, though the Islander could easily count five times that number in grey banners. And so this day their doom would come."]

Facing the northwinds  
On high ground we stand  
In the air a thousand banners  
Flying the honour  
Of peoples joined in bitter strife  
Darkened green for the wood-elves  
Crimson red for dwarven lords  
Deep azure blue for men with the hearts to defy  
Brass horns are sounding  
we drink our last ale  
filled with cold determination  
praising the ancients  
as dark lines spill out on the plains  
See the view stretched before me  
It's familiar somehow  
Why am I here?  
Why was I sent to this trial?

["The mounted knights of free men long fought on the flanks of the King's army, greatly decimating the dark one's numbers. The dwarven bersekers charged towards the forest of grey banners, as they had once stormed the orcish hordes, while covered by millions of elven arrows. After one full day of battle, both armies were brought down to a quarter of their initial strength, and as the army of twisted men were nearly routed came the final and ultimate sign of the King's treachery. On the horizon there was now a sight not seen by men for a hundred years; a great dark and twisted army of orcs, goblins and netherkind, brought there by an unholy covenant with he who was once their destroyer. Led by the terrible warsong of Gargoth the Orcish Lord, the black lines engulfed both armies with intent of utter annihilation."]

"Fueled by cries and scent of slaughter, fall before the orcish march! Now our armies will rend flesh from bone.

Throne of bones, its lord has spoken, foul beasts take all that remain.

Now my children we shall drink their blood!"

"With all hope nearly gone and facing complete destruction, the Islander were forced to seek out and challenge his brother, the fallen King of the West and menace of Westmar. into single combat"]

You think you can stand before me? You are mistaken!  
No! I'm filled with the wrath of a god,  
ignited by a righteous flame!  
See how you're burning with zeal, and yet so unknowing!  
Die! I make you pay for your crimes, red, the grey  
banner dyed!  
With steel I will redeem  
For I know what I've seen in my dreams  
One brother has to find his demise  
Fool! Can't you see  
that you were sent to perish before me?  
See the blackness for my eyes  
How can this be,  
Were the scriptures all lies?  
Oh bewildered horizon...  
What? What is this? Who is this girl, who dares to  
strike me?  
Take my life for another's  
Now fall! As he has recovered...  
So we are free  
Wake from a dream  
Glorious deed  
But she's lost unto me  
See, all will rise  
From lands to the sea  
But forever she'll live on in my memory