

[THE TRAVELLER:]

"Harken, o'kinsmen what I have to tell
The marsh realm is suffering from sinister spell
Come gather around the ember so bright
And listen to what has happened that night
Unknown paths to areas unseen
Surrounded by twilight, at heart kind of keen
Through tendrils like claws I made my way
Deities besides me tempting to stray
As I roamed through these woods of old
I felt there was something grim to unfold..."

[TROLL CHIEFTAIN:]

Forlorn mortal now listen to my vow
An oath I swear as thy oldest foe
Just before the next full moon rise
We'll celebrate thy tribe's demise
For too long we've avoided a war
But now we'll start it with barbaric roar
Fear the fall of the forthcoming night
It's end will be thy end alike!

[TROLL WARLORD:]

O' powerful seer grant me thy charm
The rage of a bear that no one could harm
Ancient idols awake! For I offer thee blood
Mortal lives I will take and drown them in mud!
With the sunset at the edge of the heel-stone
Let us summon by the marshland border
For the war god's watching from his wood-throne
Thus we will obey this final order

[TROLL BERSERK:]

Horror is mine... Bones I grind
The skull of thine... They won't find
In my lair... My hidden cave
Thy despair! My home - thy grave!

Blood gush I source - Bloodshed I force

[THE TRAVELLER:]

"The only reason they left me alive
Is to announce that (at last) no one will survive
Beware of the shapes that in twilight creep
Grim omens that tell us we're (already) in too deep..."