Highland Tyrant Attack

Absu

"You will hear my commands when cries never fade!"
"I grasp my pole-ax in hand with stock, steel, and mace!"
"I clutch the soulless winds that stir the Ginder trees!"
"I extol beneath a wrathful, yet a constant lunar eye!"The last clash will crown one son to the Pictish throne.
"My father's the king!" cries this tyrant, aimed for bloodshed.
Three flags will fly between the Esk and Dee rivers.
"The triumph's my king!" screams this baron son, devised for war.Follow the tracks of this mailed horseman (geared with pole-ax in his hand).
The blades from Balkan Hills are sharpened (cut for slaying and whetted to fight).
The child has proven his gallantry (he shall not abuse Teutonic codes).
He's spiked and sent forth in a frenzy (their king sits at his table)."Far free of these castle walls, I thought I heard your scream!"This Is The Highland Tyrant Attack!
They eradicate the feeble by their Celtic law of tanistry.
Highland Tyrant Attack!
The rank of the cnihthad is the onslaught for their enemies.
Highland Tyrant Attack!
Garters on their left arms are fastened for chivalry.
Highland Tyrant Attack!
All of the vanquished battalions are thrown into the corries.
Highland Tyrant Attack!
They eradicate the feeble by their Celtic law of tanistry.
Highland Tyrant Attack!
The rank of the cnihthad is the onslaught for their enemies.
Highland Tyrant Attack!"Our flags have soared O'er the Esk and Dee rivers!"
"We, the cnihts, are crowned for tier and not our lies!""Horse and Hattock took us back to the realm of Balkan Hills!"
"We, the cnihts, have formed the lines, before the rites!""We'el pursue to spit on their pledge and curse them, as the light breaks!"
"...But is our king still sitting at his table?"

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