

# Venator

## Be'Lakor

As I skulked past the gates  
And drew behind the stones  
The winding trees enveloped  
The cloak around my bonesPeering through the night's mist  
I crept through the fen  
To try and find the totem  
In the grey warg's denThe freezing forest guards  
The secrets that he wrought  
His spirit lies on every twig  
His scent infests the hauntHis howling cut the still air  
His cry up to the stars  
The piercing bay of his rage  
Tore the beat out of my heartTo the entrance  
I stalked up in the shadows  
His breathing I could hear  
Rasping in the barrowsSilently my dagger slid  
From its ice-cracked sheath  
His bloody maw emerging  
His jowls hung raw beneathLike those that lusted below me  
My mind was always snared  
The totem drew my senses  
The grey warg drew my fearHis gibblet eyes surveyed me  
His haggard haunch was raised  
Rearing up his splintered paw  
He struck me in a dazeAnd with his jaws jarred open  
he tore me on the floor  
as lonely bones forgotten now  
I lay here evermore

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