

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 gilet 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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