

# Tribes

## Neulore

Take your side  
'cause tribes divide between robes and powers.  
Brave or bleed, or the weak will die,  
for the sake of pride Whisper sigh;  
shade the light of the rising fight.  
Cold-in brings voices battle cries;  
So, robes you'll hides - you decide, you decide. Steal-away,  
feel the wave of the crimson stain.  
Raise your worn-tattered flag you made  
from the robe you betrayed, you betrayed. You've always been fallin' behind.  
repeat x6 the Tribe  
repeat x6

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