Tribes

Neulore

Take your side
'cause tribes divide between robes and powers.
Brave or bleed, or the weak will die,
for the sake of prideWhisper 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 x6the Tribe
repeat x6

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