

Watchmen of the Wild

Mithotyn

As the dew covers the woods
the filthy trolls wakes up to a new night.
Crawling out to their caverns
impossible to spot for an untrained eye.
Taking their first deep breaths
in their swamp of unpleasantness.
Terrifying the woods inhabitants
with howls of lunar ecstasy. Watchmen of the wild.
Protectors of the solitude.
With malice they guard
the vast and primeval forest. Stinking goblinfeets stamps onwards
through the sleeping forest.
Their treacherous black eyes
spy into the peaceful night.
The hunted innocent victims
try to escape but fails.
The beasts knows of every corners
up the hills and down the dales.

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