

Wolverine Bastards

Vreid

Wasted ashore by a stormfull flood
Left behind by their natural kin
Raised by disrespected peasants
Born with nothing, but with a world to win

Set aside as a waste of nature
No companion for the wealthy clan
Mocked and feared for their appearance
Blessed by divine beauty and strength

Their youthful spirits urge to rebel
Their nature is to seek

A rebellion adored by their peers
Hatred by the king and his head
Never responding to threats
Hunting down looters of unjust

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Their nature is to seek

As the night embrace the hills
They shape as their mothers shame
Wolverine bastards roam these hills
A devilish dance stampede their game