

On your guard as you lurk along the sand.
A paper face won't mask your fear.
Unrelenting consequences for this inquisition.
Venture forth and give yourself away with the scent of unfamiliarity
for razor teeth their human silk they long to sever unsuspecting flesh.
To drink a carcass dry is to taste the Sunderban.
Mighty one never forget never forget why your skin is thick.
Die defending that which your heart keeps closest.
The taste of vengeance is so much sweeter on the blackest of lips.
The wind whispers trespass a call for an end.
Take up your arms set your sights.
Never fear theres always more blood.
Retaliate at ease mighty one this war is not one of your own.
The king returns to claim his throne.
A humble crown adorns his noble brow.
As the killing season comes to a close take whats left and start again.
As you strive to regain all aspects of your grief ridden live living
each day with strength found in your heart.