

The Mark Of The Bear

Battlelore

From the Anduin vales
Strongmen from the woods
Spirit of the nature
One part of their essence

Hate against the orcs
Running in their veins
The anger that grows
In the form of the bear

Living lives of their own
Caring not the outside world
Great secret they hide
Shape changers, the Beorning tribe

Hate against the orcs
Running in their veins
The anger that grows
In the form of the bear
Beware their claws
Sharp teeth and deadly jaws
You have no chance
To fight with the Beorning

Creatures of darkness
The poison of the earth
Remember your strength
The mark of the bear

The mark of the bear
Huge part of their soul
Cherish the life
Yavanna's child