

The Ebonheart Pact

Dan Bull

From Black Marsh, we are Argonians
Other breeds act harsh, treat us as lowly 'uns
We've been cursed, trodden into the dirt
So we developed a thick skin, there's little can hurt us
And when it does, we're the best at Restoration
Quick to mend, assist a friend to get to destinations
Never raise voices, forever stay moist
In the everglade place, we settled and made choices
Never been considered as a master race
But then we're quick to switch and adapt to change
It isn't an idiom when we say we're amphibian
Fill a ditch with a bit of liquid and we live in them
There's no bigger mystery than our history
Shrouded under visions in the shadow of the Hist tree
We're pale, vicious, what ails you, we resist
Witness our tails flick as we hail Sithis

So never start spats with the Ebonheart Pact
Or you'll never ever, ever get your severed arm back
Whether you are governed by your head or heart that
Is irrelevant when battling the Ebonheart Pact
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We are the Dark Elves, tackle every task well
Nobody can cast spells quite as well as ourselves
Breaking through your hard shells, taking you to half health
The greatest of the fables and the tales that the bard tells
We're in pursuit of a higher truth
And we'll chase it through flames, that's why they made us fireproof
Some say we're quite aloof but our race just might produce
The one to execute the Daedra and tie the noose
Nothing'll touch you just as tragic as Destruction magic
Ramp it up to maximum then cast to make you rushed and panicked
Crushed and damaged, this isn't just an anecdote
Our mana flows up so savage
We'll leave your head pounding, leaking like a fountain
Blood coming down like lava from the Red Mountain
To underestimate the Dunmer's a direct mistake
You'll be torn asunder, plundered and then left to fate

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We are the Nords, we're bringing hordes
Banging on the big drums to ringing chords
Singing war choruses, swinging swords
Killing all sorts of Orcs and winning wars
In the beginning was a civil war in the north

Land of Atmora, the warlord Ysgramor
Brought us to the shores of an old cold continent
Confident we'd conquer it, we conquered it with confidence
Skyrim was ours now, as it shall ever be
For we are the fiercest warriors you'll ever see
With our two-handed weapon expertise
We're rugged and robust, you look featherweight next to these
Combat's a long-lasting state of ecstasy
Bring any weapon that you want, you'll never get the best of me
No-one but the Eight Divines could ever set my destiny
Many men have tried it, now many rest in peace

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