Rebel of the Marshlands

Forefather

Wyrd has woven our path, now a tyrant rules our land
A beheaded people we are, our power in a dark one's hand
A final hope remains for those with the will to resist
To rally behind his name and defy the bastard's rule

The joy of a battle won like lightning swept away
Our kingdom seized by those with the serpent's eye

Rebel of the marshlands, banished to the shade
Defender of our honour, a prisoner of time
Forgotten freedom fighter, outlaw of the fens
The spirit of the warder shall rise in us again

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