

# Triskelion Horde Is Nigh

Gwydion

Three horns, Triskelion!

"Welcome moving mass of seasoned men  
That face rain and the wildest storms  
Stoically with the same commotion of  
squashing a pile of worms.  
We travel for miles. Miles, yards...  
Not a difference to us  
Upon our shoulders we carry this heavy fur  
Some may call us savages  
But wilder shall be their dread if we clash in battle"

Set on a cloud of dust  
A line of warriors  
Cover the horizon

They march scattered  
No order is required  
To wreak havoc upon the puny  
Tentative threats...

Combined with the dimness of the pale sun  
Reddened hair and beard  
Undulates to the omnipresent seashore winds  
Serpenting like the bowels of their victims...

No one can tell  
Which will be their destination  
No living being can tell  
The destruction they're able to unleash

A rude strategy they apply to the battlefield  
The fundamentals are basic  
To tame the flesh, rendering it apart

Three horns!

With pride they bear ornate shields  
Painted with an icon

Three horns, a Triskelion!