

Three Hearts As One

Malukah

We tilled Skyrim's ground despite frozen toil.
We tended the Kwama beneath Morrowind's soil.
We hunted the Wamasu in Black Marsh's glades.
We three hearts have no need for blades.

Then they came from the seas, folded steel in their hands.
They burned down our homes and ravaged our lands.
Akaviri brought nothing but bloodshed and lies.
Our families were slain before our eyes.

With three separate people, they shared a cruel joke -
A choice between death or the yoke
But then our three people knew what must be done
To end the oppression, oh - three became one.

Forged by War the Ebonheart rose
And drove the Akaviri back to the sea
When the enemies begged for the mercy they lacked
Three voices as one shouted "Blood for the Pact"

Forged by war our story be told
No shackles can hold us whether Moonstone or Gold.