Treacherous terrain that caused many people fall to their death

Hedonism of the Dark Council by sending us into battle while they take credit

Envenom of battle for years to come

Defamation of everything we have worked towards that is now gone

Abdicate of strength among the masses to spread chaos

Repugnance of people that you knew for a long time killed right in front of you

Knavery between other clans causing more enemies and more death

Carnage in battle as people were cut down in front of you

Rampant blood and gore that radiated in the campaign

Ultra mundane powers afflicted at comrades to cause harm

Swarthy feeling across the campaign from everyone in battle

Abomination of combat and abilities on the battleground

Decimation of clans and houses from each battle

Effluvium sense in the air of the planet from the dead

Savagery of battle as well as aftermath from PTSD

Ominous feeling on the planet from constant tension

Noxious odors of gore and dead flesh in the water

Dolorous feelings for the dead and suffering families

Raucous treatment of the environment caused by war

Obliteration of war beasts and fighters like a small fly swatted on a wall

Misery from the scores of soldiers missing from action and presumed dead

Upheaval of enormous cities destroyed by the war and left in disrepair

Nefarious rituals and incantations of alchemy performed for the price of war

Despair feelings as squads and platoons were wiped out by weapons of violence

Kilowatts of energy shot from the tips of fingers to incinerate a victim from the inside-out

Abhorrent feelings toward the leadership to allow such a war with a significant cost to the society

Abyss of dead corpses and utter destruction from the war

Sinister abilities used at great lengths to enact terror