***The Plunders Saga***

**R**ich in spirit and proud in soul, gallant Antenora

**I**solated, shackled, chained and bound.

**S**eeds of death sown all around, taking root betwixt the ground

**E**lders dare not speak words unsaid, lest the young shall loose their heads.

**A**ncient halls and plains torn asunder-yet

**N**either soldier, nor hunter, farmer, brother

**T**akes heed of the deeds undone.

**E**nough talk and martial prowess we hath lost

**N**ow in the end, our die hath been tossed.

**O**ur world is ours no more, neither home, nor family, birthright, hearth, and stone.

**R**ather, the infidel, the stranger, the aggressor takes the thrown.

**A**ngels and demons never hath lost

**N**either gods nor men as the story be crossed.

**S**o proud Antenora waits bloodied and bound.

**R**ivers of blood and seas of eternal tears

**I**s the only consolation for our fears.

**S**o we wait alone and afraid

**E**ventually, retribution may be attained.