**Ode to Glory**

**C**haos and carnage born in pitched battle

**L**ong have the survivors wandered holding their mantle

**A**t last salvation and fortitude shown forth

**N**ow at last their glory never besmirched

**S**o many years divided weak and small

**C**oldly oppressed and persecuted by all

**H**unted like eager prey

**O**nly their unity kept them together

**L**onely in their misery

**A**gainst all forces

**E**ternally damned and derided

**P**romises had emerged

**A**lliances forged and maintained

**L**aying in wait biding their time

**P**alpable was their coming deliverance

**A**t last vengeance

**T**imed perfectly in the midst of war

**I**nvictus

**N**ow the shackles had been broken

**A**risen now as anew beacon of hope

**E**nding of an era death of a House

**R**ising from the ash

**E**nter the new Clan

**T**ogether they have triumphed

**U**surping their rightful place

**R**eturned to greatness

**N**ow is the time for greatness

**S**o it begins