

The Sting of Betrayal

The oaths of Brotherhood, sundered and torn,
Were riven anew as treachery was born.
On frozen Mygeeto was the challenge set,
When Sadowan and Palatinean once again met.

To satisfy honour they came there in force,
The alliance strong, their victory on course,
But among them lay one with chaos in mind,
The blade was hidden; too late did they find.

With fire and death, the deception revealed,
Wounds torn open which could not be healed,
The bonds were broken, above as below,
The blood of both sides turning red the snow.

Many asked why, but the answer stayed hid,
All knew there was no return from what the Black Hand did,
And so the Clans were again to the test,
Neither side allowing their minds to rest.

Brother fought sister, all friendships aflame,
Both sides wounded, both sides in pain,
But neither would relinquish the treasures they had won,
There would be no easy end to what was begun,
The ties that bound were shattered beyond repair,
All that remained was victory and despair.

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[INQ: V] #1340**