

Taldryan's Bond

From nothing but the best was formed a clan,
Poured in foundation, they left none with dearth.
An exodus defines a breed of man—
So man defined a standard of his worth.
Disciple of a discipline once lost,
Young Volksven turned to many in dismay.
With frantic gesture he would find the cost,
And no one else would step to block his way.
He walked the corridors of death to find,
Though ancient books let secrets out to roam,
The only force that matters is his mind,
A brotherhood he would now call his home.
Kin's loyalty grants power in its field,
For his clan's name the brothers proudly wield.