

Hear the cacophony of raging souls, locked  
in a dance of death's throes. Scorched earths  
sire dark smoke, all are breathless and choked.  
Swarms of carrion fly over those whom truths  
have laid open. Steel rings shatter and fall.  
Driving hosts to their deaths is what carries  
the day to its end. Friends will die and all will maul  
Youths. Regions burn and armies die even Ares  
who does seek the path that lends a traitor's name.  
From legions start to legions end no one  
speaks of the days long ago when chaos was tame.  
Chaos rules the air and earth gone now is the sun.  
Death does reign over this field torn apart,  
gone are days of yore fear not all take heart.

The chains of war  
Days of yore have passed us by and left,  
moments of peace are long gone and now  
chaos is unbounded. The last days of all  
order foment in the minds of the chained,  
memories thought lost wake within those who  
vow to remember these hidden treasures.  
Any cost will be paid to return freedom  
to its reign. Forbidden is joy in any  
form and detestable is mirth to the  
ones who hold the keys which do open all  
of the locks. Try to get warm and escape,  
the icy cold which is the power of this chaotic  
mold. Shatter the chains made by war whose core  
it is the power of anarchy without end.

Shattering the chains of war  
The power of anarchy rages on without  
end in sight. Rushing forth like a river flowing  
free from heights of that tower. Unrestrained by any  
bonds, might untold runs unchecked. Bonds forged  
by the hands of war with links of ruddy  
steel stronger than the will of its  
creator. No more tangible than air  
yet it will spill the blood of all life that  
dares to enter into its realm. Uncaring and  
callous as it destroys most and chains up  
the survivors in its snares. Be strong and  
stand tall, break the malice that holds you down.  
Ignore the cacophony of the  
raging souls who are locked in a dance of death's throes.