

*Excalibur.*

*To those that knew,  
To those that hide,  
To those that rode once at his side.  
Come forth, come out,  
It's time to shout.  
You will reverse the tide.  
Now, at our worst, a Clarion Call,  
Unite the hilltops one and all,  
Unite the Forests, unleash the Fire,  
From Gabriel's citadel to stinking mire.  
Nymph and wraith run hand in hand  
Fairie, Goblin make your stand.  
Runes have spoken, the Satyr howls  
For fear cuts deep the terrored bowl.  
Leaves confide in whispered breeze,  
The Fynn fall prostrate on their knees,  
What some forgot, now will be learned,  
For Excalibur has returned.*

*John Mappin 2000*