

*Though you doubt what you see
I doubt not Sigmar.*

*Though you heed blasphemous rumors
I heed the word of Sigmar.*

*Though you are born of kin
whose name you bear
with pride to bold and braided
I am of the line of Sigmar
and child of the King of Men.*

*Though the vipers hiss your cattle
and heat stokes your young
and you wail and cry without hearing
it is the will of Sigmar
and I suffer to as I must.*

*Though the ale flows in your throat
in celebration of war
it is clear like as water
no great trespass to the blood of Sigmar.*

*For your sins you shall wail and weep
For your sins you shall be pite to blame
For it is the will of Sigmar
Lord and Emperor
wisest and truest of Gods
and who would doubt that?*

*For your sins you will trade your soul
to Chaos for leaders to harm
There will I be ready to leave you
for it is the will of Sigmar.*

*Humans and astes shall you have
as your sins are enough
Sorals and cowls shall you have
as your repentance is enough
for it is the will of Sigmar
that the manes have no hold in this land.*

Though I see Sigmar lives on.

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▲ Above all. Death. (Or possibly. Ultimate Death Dealer.)

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▲ Behold Sigmar!
Despair. ▼

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As Sigmar did survey
the verdant valley
unto him were called
his Men.

To them he said,
My mystics see in the
entrails a victory for us,
but they
see not the manes I do.

Have you prepared
yourselves to die?

And to this
his Men replied,

Yes, Lord,
we have long ago
entrusted our lives
to your wisdom.

You will not
lead us to doom today.

The gods
shall not let us perish!

