

They will come, from distant stars, they will come.
From age to age they have been forged. They will feel the call.
They are mirrors of light, with the memories of future dreams
They will ride the sky, keeping the fires bright
You will not know their names
You will not know their faces
But there will be no victory for you
Past and present will collide, Black and Crimson will descend upon you
They fight for honor, for family and for King
For Mahanlo blood shows no remorse
There will come a time when the snow on Cerath will have melted and is no more
And then, the Time of Reckoning will be upon you.