

A boy taken in battle, his captors fleet of foot,  
    Racing through the countryside to the woods of darkened root;  
And in pursuit came warriors three to brave the land of shade,  
    Family of the captive lad, and a master of the blade.

Three against many, each titans in their own right,  
    Faced on all sides by the myriad creatures of the night,  
The triad readied weapons bright with hatred in their eyes,  
    Swearing, 'Tonight will be one where someone dies.'

By their mother sworn rose the Legion of the Dreadwoods,  
    Bearing all the scorn of the realms beyond the shade;  
For wicked things are born in the land of the Dreadwoods,  
    Or so it is that the old stories say.

Mystic arts and flashing steel sang through the gloom,  
    Yet still the trio fought with fury, their magics spelling doom;  
But though the three were mighty, 'twas against a tide they stood,  
    A throng of those who called home the blackened wood.

So stood the would-be heroes battered and bereft,  
    Of the child they'd meant to rescue, and their spirits all but cleft;  
And then spake a rabbit black clad with a darkened mask:  
    'Which of you four dies in this wood? Such a riddle I ask!'

By their mother sworn rose the Legion of the Dreadwoods,  
    Bearing all the scorn of the realms beyond the shade;  
For wicked things are born in the land of the Dreadwoods,  
    Is it just as those grim old stories say?

On the faces of the trio was anger and despair,  
    But then a voice rose, one borne by a woman of golden hair;  
She stepped from the ranks of the Legion in a warrior's guise,  
    Swearing, 'Tonight will be one where noone dies.'

The tension was thick,  
The seconds did tick,  
Silence was a candle burning to the wick.  
The moment did pass,  
And the brave, bold lass,  
Was bowed to by the rabbit at long last.

Perhaps t'was with fury the fair girl had fought,  
But true peace can never through bloodshed be bought;  
And in her justice she earned honor among her band,  
Girl no longer, but Centurion of Merciful Hand.

By their mother sworn rose the Legion of the Dreadwoods,  
Rising past the scorn of the realms beyond the shade;  
For justice can be born in the land of the Dreadwoods,  
Heed not all which the old stories say.