

RETURN OF RECKONING

WAR NEVER ENDS

CLASS POEM COLLECTION

24 CLASSES

24 POEMS



SIMPLE RHYME POEMS

BY



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The Black Orc

The meanest and strongest of their kind,
guaranteed they will repay you in kind.
You will see them coming, unless you are blind
They will never hit you from behind.

Big, green, mean and bulky.
They are ugly but super tanky.
This green thick, block of wood
thinks it's the only one doing gut.

Allies hide behind them on the field,
when they join with a shield.
When they join with a two handed weapon...
They are ready to teach the enemy a new lesson.

They lead the charge in combat
always at the front in any group format.
Charging with a mighty Waagh!
All enemies die with an argh!

Think twice before you attack alone,
unless you want an early gravestone.
A few might kill this beast
but in the end there will be no feast.

When they kill, they never dance around
always ready to go for another round.
IF you know what is good for you in life
you will never pull out your knife.

They have a heritage and pride.
They honor the living and those that died.
They have no respect for those that don't try.
They are not the type that sits around to cry.

The Choppa

How many choppas could a Choppa chop
IF Choppas could chop Choppas?
That is one of the eternal questions
all scholars are open to suggestions.

Single brain cell. That does not matter!
Wherever they go, the earth becomes flatter.
They are like bullets in a gun.
They are the ones that get the job done.

It is said, never bring a knife in a gunfight,
by those that have never seen a choppa's might.
When you meet a choppa in the field,
there is no running, no hiding behind a shield.

They are fast and pull you in
with a whirlwind, peeling off your skin.
No escape, no retreat, single mind.
Bred to fight and die with their kind.

They focus on offence and forget defence.
Not fighting for them makes no sense.
They lost their innocence when they were grown.
Wherever they have shown up, red rivers have flown.

On the field in a pool of blood they stand.
Rusty blood dripping choppa at hand.
When they charge, they act; never think.
You are dead before you can blink.

Life is simple, get in a fight, walk out, or don't.
Others might choose to run, they won't.
Life is short, live it to the fullest.
Live and let die, forget the rest.

The Squig Herder

Cute little things with a pet,
they are harmless, you would bet!
A snotling and it's pet, what can they do?
A thing to smash under your shoe?

Condensed, hidden power they are!
If they choose, you will not get far.
Never alone but with a trusted pet.
Which one is the greatest threat?

You will never learn the answers you seek.
There is no one left alive, the truth to speak.
All die from afar with the arrow from the bow.
They shoot close range, but with a mighty blow.

Get close and they run you through with the spear.
They will never ever shed a single tear.
Even if you catch them, can you hold on?
Their pet will come for you! Then; they are gone!

Many have tried to destroy them, for many years.
They are still alive and strong, it appears.
Many have tried and failed.
The squig herders have prevailed.

Strong with the pet on their side,
invisible in a group with greenskin pride.
Their ways are strange and hard to understand.
Why try? When they always have the upper hand?

Underestimated by many, now dead.
Overrated by others, now forgotten.
The Squig Herders tried, no one heard.
Now they stand alone... they all have fallen.

The Shaman

Walking between the realms for mortal and spirit
many skills and burdens they inherit.
Destined their allies to heal and buff.
Bound their foes to hurt and debuff.

Smart and cunning they must be,
the uncatchable title to maintain- to be free.
Everyone is determined to get 'em.
But , fools you must first catch them.

Proof that size does matter,
get close and they quickly scatter.
Small they are, the little snots.
Still alive dodging sniper shots.

Sneaky they can be, IF they want.
But they prefer to stare and taunt.
Bunny hopping, confusing and misleading.
A false sense of security, you're just feeding.

They watch and learn how to break your will.
Give them time and you are a free kill.
Shaman can not be simply beat,
you need to be fast on your feet.

Hit and run are their tactics.
Oh yes! They are crazy and fanatics.
They can get you at any place, any time!
Could that be considered a crime?

With a burst of Waagh they blow you away.
That's a good way to end their day.
If you feel that was unfair, come and play again.
This time; come prepperted and bring you main.

The Chosen

Long ago such worthless details fell from memory.
I know only the lust for glorious battle - for blood, for victory!
To serve the Lord of Change and his magnificent designs.
I may be remade - reborn! No longer living between the lines.

The blessed few among the ranks - Warrior elite.
Entire front lines crumble and fall on their feet.
They fight with no pause, never stop to drink or eat.
One direction, one goal, all the enemies to defeat!

Long for battle, attract more of the masters favour.
They love the smell of blood and its flavour.
Death, destruction, and annihilation to everything.
That is what a Chosen was graced to bring.

Their mere presence can inspire fear,
the moment you realize you will lose all that is dear.
You may think you can fight and pick up a spear,
a toothpick against those that will never drop a tear.

Methodical butchery of the foe that stands
all chopped up, heads, feet and hands.
In the frontline, like a machine, the path they open,
forward they move on bodies laying broken.

Great honor to be chosen by the Dark Gods.
Only a few are lucky to be Chosen, to beat the odds.
Demonic armour and weapons forged with no haste
the birthplace of them all - Chaos Waste.

The path of the Chosen, to which all mortal followers of Chaos aspire,
is the way to fulfil your dreams and get all that you desire.
Within those ranks, the mightiest of Chaos warlords arise.
Only those that inflict the most pain and fear are worthy in their eyes.

The Marauder

Marauders were born to murder and plunder.
They fight and come down on you like thunder.
Heathens and savages hey are called,
just chaotic by nature; not their fault.

Given the purest gift from the raven lord,
now the perfect warrior across the board.
By changing their body in combat at will
they adapt to all, your blood to spill.

IF chaos was a man with a heart,
the marauders would be that body part.
Highly trained in combat with many “miles”
they can defeat you in many styles.

Brutality, Monstrosity and Savagery,
some of the features that make them scary.
Those might be, by some, a blessing gifted
but for others a curse needed to be lifted.

As a friend make sure not to become a threat
IF you do, you are in for a trip, you will never forget.
As a foe make sure you stand fast and ready
if not, don't take another step, you are dead already.

Power, Blood, Guts and Gore
is what they want down in their core.
They might deny and refuse it
but it's clear they love and crave it.

Marauders are the gifted ones by the gods.
Marauders, forgotten by fate and all odds.
Marauders the hated ones by all.
Marauders the ones that never fall.

The Magus

Devoted follower of the Raven God,
hovering on a disc seems a little odd.
They feel above the rest, above them all.
They will always stand above and never fall.

Desperate for a glimpse of the great plan,
always wondering if this was meant for man.
The Great Changer, elusive to the magus mind,
obsessed to look forever no matter what they find.

The plan, too great for a man to grasp
a glimpse in Tzeentch's plans, will make you gasp.
A look into the plans will make you insane,
tormented for eternity in agony and pain.

Their curiosity, the effort to learn what they can,
amusement for Tzeentch, the effort of mortal man.
The worthy are gifted services to Tzeentch's daemons,
to summon and control, only one from the legions.

Summoners of nightmares for torture,
stubborn, chaotic and evil by nature.
Summoners of dark chaotic demons,
brought to this plane for many reasons.

Endless pursuit to understand the Master.
Demonology only brings their demise faster.
Understand the servant, Understand the Master.
Summoning the worst to find the answer.

All sacrificed in the altar of understanding.
The one true God, Raven God the undying.
Say nothing, dive into chaos, into the dark
follow the path, search for a glimpse...no turning back.

The Zealot

I am a vessel. A name is a name, does not matter.
Do not listen to the ones that want to flatter.
We are servants of the one true God.
We are the guardians of powers untold.

Dark rituals performed in darkness,
in chaos and emptiness - led to madness.
The backbone of the great chaos armies
they stitch, heal or reanimate all that dies.

At all times and at any cost, they must be protected.
Zealots are never left alone nor neglected.
A true conduit of the Raven God - Elite!
Even the Chosen will bow in their feet.

The only ones that defeat death with a glance.
Within their powers to grant you a second chance.
A true vessel of the Raven God that cannot die.
Their self resurrection is evidence, no one can deny.

With the veil of Chaos they wrap reality
and make you question your own mortality.
Split between two realms constantly,
moving, flowing between them for eternity.

Never ending madness and wisdom.
Never knowing which is which, blurry vision.
Holding power over the domains of life and death,
they are the judge and jury of your last breath.

Serve them and you might die.
Give in to their madness and you will slowly die.
Ignore them and you will wish you died.
Betray them and you are committing suicide.

The Blackguard

Selected from birth, selected from the cradle.
Offsprings of the families in the high table.
Cunningness and bloodlust is rewarded
violence and cruelty is applauded.

From babies early on, made orphans.
Mothers and families put in coffins.
One purpose, one goal, one destiny!
To serve, to protect, to die, no legacy.

Day to day struggle to please the Witch King
desperate to survive the fighting ring.
Pitched against each other from an early age.
SElf taught to harness disconford, pain and rage.

Malekith destroyed these boys - took away their tears.
A man entombed by his own terrible fears.
When the training is finally complete, after years,
the brainwashing is done, full obedience it appears.

Great wealth and lands on their feet.
Past pain, forgotten, life looks so sweet.
Everything seems so clear now, like the blue, blue sky.
All theirs in two hundred years, if they don't die.

Now they have a duty, a purpose, a future,
to serve and protect the Witch King, the Butcher!
Only the best will serve as the Witch King's guard.
Only the weakest are brainwashed that fast and hard.

Season of Blood, Blood lust, Tower Masters.
Dominion will be settled by swords and daggers.
Inculcated with death and battle - they want more.
Two hundred years is not enough to settle the score.
These Blackguards are hard core!

The Witch Elf

The brides of Khaine, true love at first sight.
Blood spilled in the dimming candle light.
Our ways were, and are the true ways.
We shall follow them till the end of days.

Most can not understand and they cower aside.
Fools and cowards, fear true power, run and hide.
This world needs agonizing sacrifices to survive.
Only through Khaine and blood we are alive.

We drink our Lord's blood and gain his grace.
Relentless frenzied assault, thoughts have no place.
No defence, no shield, we are all offerings,
ready to face what the next day brings.

No regard for life, only for blood and murder.
We know all the spots that are soft and tender.
No survivors, no mercy. Not today or tomorrow.
Rivers of blood bury entire villages in sorrow.

Unlucky those that survive, it's all the same.
All must be sacrificed to HIS name.
Slowly ripping their victim's, living beating hearts.
The true offering and fun now starts.

Agonizing torture and pain, collecting tears.
Screaming and begging, music to their ears.
A feast with music, food and drinks,
It is all the Great Lord needs.

We do not matter, neither our lives.
We are the brides, we are the future wives.
We serve the Lord of murder and blood.
We are the bringers of the bloody flood.

The Sorceress

Walking the dark paths in the Realm of Chaos.
Learning and mastering the Winds of Chaos.
Seeking knowledge and power in the nine of Hells.
Secretes kept within and used in powerful spells.

Covenants in allegiance with the Dark Lord,
to be spared and survive, must be above board.
Malekith is fearful of the prophecies,
ordering and demanding atrocities.

Well bred, yet, true Dark Elf, vicious and violent.
All male casters are dead, all are now silent.
Dark Magic supreme, inflicting pain and fear.
By the wave of their hand, legions disappear.

Raining death and decay upon their enemies,
where they cast, nothing regrows for centuries.
Slow death is your fate if you cross their way.
They watch you wither and laugh as you waste away.

Sorceresses deal death like cards, unsurpassed by none.
Death follows like a cloud that blocks the sun.
Drunk by power, they only deal in death,
the true rippers of your final breath.

Plucking souls from bodies like pulling out weeds.
Competing for more, to boast their dark deeds.
Ripping souls to fill the emptiness within their own.
Darkness, corruption, despair and pain to the bone.

There is a limit to the power they can control.
Madness and corruption eats their soul.
Delving into the power of chaos is insane.
Some do, and live in an eternity of pain.

The Disciple of Khaine

The few selected; survive the Death Night.
Eyes burning with devious and evil delight.
 Burning with the hatred of Khaine.
 Ready to rule under his reign.

 Touched by Him, marked for life.
Blood-slicked alters, dripping bloody knife.
 Disciples of the blood God for ever.
 Swords at hand the enemies to sever.

 Ripping souls in HIS name and glory,
 writing their own personal bloody story.
Ripping souls with their swords and chalices,
 slaying all the unbelievers and savages.

 Souls taken to enact dark rites, to bless.
All the battles to come will end in success.
 Souls taken, leached and devoured .
 Their dark spells fueled and empowered.

 Gifted with the power to curse thy enemy,
 acting from faith with no empathy.
 Gifted with the power of resurrection.
 Their God and them in direct connection.

 The frontlines are where they belong.
With them there, nothing can go wrong.
 Even death is a temporary state,
 they are the weavers of YOUR fate!

 Blood is spilled for our God in battle,
slaughter as many as you can like cattle.
 Blood spilled is offered as the sacrifice,
never stop until you have enough to suffice.

The Ironbreaker

After the battle is done and gone,
they honor the dead and deeds they have done.
They drink beer and eat a boar.
By dawn they are ready for more.

In the battlefield, in the front line they stand,
with shield and axe at hand.
A shield for the enemies to smash,
and an axe for their skulls to crash.

Stand steady, never move back
their dwarven brothers have their back.
Ready to move, ready to attack,
in a moment, notice shields to crack.

Their job is to protect and arrows to deflect.
They spit at those that run or defect.
They will defend with their life or death,
with honor, with no care, until their final breath.

An Ironbreaker will die in blood and gore.
Grudges and stubbornness define his core.
They embrace pain, they inspire fear.
Come at them and the cost will be dear.

In the battlefield they are born.
On the battlefield they are alive.
Their armour is battle worn.
In constant battle; is where they thrive.

Defenders of Honor and Pride,
for those that came before and died.
Grudges must be settled, even if they are gone.
Grudges never run out or end - they are passed on...

The Slayer

They fight, oathbound and ashamed,
never stop until death, honor reclaimed.

Feared and revered by all.

Single mind, power, focus, only one goal.

Seeking nothing more than honorable death.

Wanting nothing more than glorious death.

Never stop, never fear, forget the odds.

They will fight all; even the Gods!

For glory, for honor, for Grimnir.

No regret, no remorse when death is near.

The slayer's path is always clear.

No one lives more than a year.

The beasts they slay, tell their tale.

Stories are written in great detail.

Trollslayer, Demonslayer, Giantslayer,

all of them piled up, layer by layer.

The ultimate war-axe yielding machine,
will grind all that stand in between.

Nothing to lose and so much to gain.

They walk in battle again and again.

Bloodlust, oathbound, bloodbound

no wounds, no pain will drive them to the ground.

No man nor beast will stop them.

They will rip your spine and stem.

Honorable by default,

they must fight; it's their fault.

Shame must be washed in death!

So let them find redemption in their final breath.

The Engineer

A dwarf stubborn like a mule,
always tinkering with a hand tool.
Like a little boy playing with a toy,
make no mistake, these ones will destroy.

Master of gadgets and surprises.
On the battlefield he can fight all sizes.
Always alone within the many.
Gadgets and toys for him are plenty.

Hide and seek, sniper nest.
Kill what you can, ignore the rest.
Charge and run, with grande at hand,
blow them up, just as planned.

Tinkering all day long, his magnet pull.
Surely; he will pull every enemy fool.
A trap to set, a tool to ar.
He will rip you apart, leg and arm.

Standing still, surrounded by gadgets, motionless,
make no mistake to think of him any less.
One mistake will cost you your life,
he can kill you even with a pocket knife.

The skill is not in the gadgets, you fool!
The skill is in the Dwarf!
The engineer is one with his toys
Can you see his ploys?

Landmine, turret, barbwire, gun and spanner;
arsenal to envy and to wonder.
Think twice before you attack
or you are in for a wack!

The Rune Priest

Dwarven mind, suspicious of magic
nothing could be more classic.
Everything will change forever, soon,
magic bound in scripted rune.

Maintaining the balance is hard.
That's why runecarving is an art.
To heal or to kill?
A double edged sword to yield.

Only the few will learn
Only a few will not burn.
Valaya, Grinnir, Grungi,
all Rune Priests must take a knee.

The oath is taken, behold!
Their tales will be told.
Heal them all, with runes and prayers.
Ironbreakers, Engineers and Slayers.

The oath is taken, behold!
Their tales will be told.
Protection cast on thee with shields.
Rune Priests! - no one will die on these fields.

We are here to serve and protect.
Never challenge us in disrespect.
We are Dwarves like the rest,
even maybe the best.

My dwarven brothers! If you fall in battle day;
Fear not! As death has no sway.
The grudges that you made
they are only yours and must be repaid.
In our gods we pray for protection.
We will use our powers for your resurrection.

Knight of the Blazing Sun

Where evil lives and thrives,
all run or die when a Knight arrives.
Templar of order, goddess Myridia,
all will be judged by HER criteria.

Martial practice for battle and warfare,
tough and harsh but above all; fair.
The guilty will be judged, by power divine,
and the sun of righteousness will shine.

Armour shiny with sun on the chest,
seeking battle to learn, to be the best.
Perfection in the art of war, they crave.
Traveling from shore to shore, the brave.

The knights at the head of the army in charge.
Everyone will follow, they WILLI march.
Divine bless, Human perfection,
if you stand against them, you fall, no hesitation.

Hunting weakness with relentless force;
in love, in politics and war, true course.
A sharp mind and a keen eye to defeat a foe.
They battle restlessly day and night, toe to toe.

Enemies fear the knight of the blazing sun,
as they know their fate will be undone.
Nothing can be hidden, under GOD or sun.
They see it clearly and judgment will be done.

The Witch Hunter

Cold and grim, heartless and dedicated.
A job needed to be done, but by many hated.
A burden for some, pleasure for others.
Protection for our sisters, brothers and mothers.

Ruthless killers in the service of the empire.
All witches must be burned in the holy pyre.
Feared and respected, loved and hated.
By the necessity of times they were created.

The bane of civilization and its salvation.
They have to protect the Empire from damnation.
Putting a torch to corruption wherever they find it.
Tired, hungry or wounded they will never quit.

The grim faced protector of the Empire.
A title to create fear and to inspire.
Witchery and all the unnatural must perish,
to protect and enjoy all we hold dear and cherish.

The Witch Hunter is not a demon or a monster,
just the means to avoid an unholy disaster.
They are always courageous,
and strife to the good and righteous.

Witchery will not be tolerated.
We will stop it even if we are hated.
Defenders of the old world we are.
Witchery will be eradicated close and far.

We will burn every inhabitant of the Empire if we must.
Turn villages and towns into rubble and dust.
If you're not a witch, you have nothing to fear
If you ARE a witch, be prepared to die for what we hold dear!

The Bright Wizard

Deep inside a desire is yearning,
the need to see everything burning.

The need to control and learn
the fire to tame, to master and turn.

Many get burned when playing with fire,
but that has never diminished their desire.

Manipulating fire, building combustion,
ready to burn down all corruption.

To learn and to train, a college they build.

Many came to study and quickly it filled.

To train and learn from the great masters
only to serve and avoid disasters.

The ultimate goal is to master all paths of fire,
to become the burning torch of the empire.

Incinerate all enemies, purge the unclean.

A bright blazing fire by many still unseen.

To many, soft and weak they looked,
last thoughts before they were cooked.

Curses and spells against them, many evoke.

Nothing sticks; all go up in fire and smoke.

The fire is strong and a wizard is no joke.

Only see defeat with a dagger and cloak.

If they see you coming you are dead.

Remember a bright wizard is a force to dread.

Respected and feared, protected and praised,
the moulding power of empires raised.

Next to them you feel safe and warm,

against them evaporate in a firestorm.

The Warrior Priest

Warrior God, Sigmar pursuing his creed.
Many will follow, many will bleed.
A life dedicated to battle for the good of mankind.
Helping them all alike, the seers and the blind.

The divine power of Sigmar stirs within their minds,
performing extraordinary miracles of all kinds.
Protecting all of the Empire and all within its land,
in line behind the High Priest Theogonist the Grand.

They like to live in peace and to freely teach,
the holy words of Sigmar, to the unfaithful to preach.
Trained for peace, but always prepared for war.
Warhammers standing by; ready and blessed at the door.

Twin tailed comet arrives in flames, Chaos growing.
The faithful of Sigmar will not be bowing.
Blessing of Sigmar, warhammers at hand,
they will fight and die where they stand.

Faithful Priests, Armoured Warriors,
by force or faith, they emerge victorious.
Beacon of courage, a healing hand.
Men now see, now they understand.

Leading the charge for Sigmar and the Empire.
Heretics must be purged and cleansed by holy fire.
All unfaithful heretics must fall, in pools of blood.
Warrior priests, the last wall against the evil flood.

Sigmar will protect, Sigmar will provide.
Victory is ours with Sigmar on our side.
Fear NOT! Charge in battle with certainty.
Fight for Sigmar and live for an eternity!

The Swordmaster

They are Elf of few words,
true masters of the swords.
Trained for decades, to become faster,
the sword to tame, to become its master.

Lonely life within the Elf.
They have no sense of self.
True followers of destiny and duty.
In their craft they see elegance and beauty.

To face them in combat is certain death.
They could kill you fast, in just a breath.
They will protect their kin and more.
They will die in duty, fight until they are sore.

To them, the shields are not forsaken.
They are just an option, non taken.
The two handed sword of Hoeth, they prefer,
to see a swordmaster without it - is so rare.

They kill many, but they never keep score,
but, once they start they want more and more.
In war they truly unleash the extent of their deadly art.
So skilled with the sword, they can even deflect a dart.

In war there is no fun and games.
Everyone knows, it all goes up in flames.
War is always very dirty, ugly and dark.
Swordmasters are the light after the spark.

Shiny, proud, skilled and deadly.
If you meet them in battle, better be ready.
They will look you in the eye before they fight,
make no mistake, they are not the kind that fright.

The White Lion

The King's bodyguards from Charce.
They are powerful and skilled, not a farce.
Chosen by ancient rites to serve.
Only few get this honor they deserve.

To prove their worth, they must tame,
the fierce beast of the land they must claim.
The White Lion they must beat, with their bare hands.
Its pelt they must wear, if they still stand.

They respect the White Lions.
Their cubs they raise as great War Lions.
Attuned with nature, combined.
Warrior and White Lion, one mind.

Fierce in the battlefields with their pet.
Those two are now and forever a set.
Power like no other, a true threat.
But, which one? The warrior or the pet?

You may feel the need to run and hide.
The lion will pounce and take you for a ride.
You can not run away, bury that emotion.
Standing and fighting is your best option.

The Lion's bonds are unbreakable.
Their loyalty is always undeniable.
So close, like a family they stand,
making their own mark in the land.

If in battle the warrior would fall,
the Lion will die, it won't eat at all.
If in battle the Lion would be slayin,
some warriors would go insane.

The Shadow Warrior

Beautiful, elegant, shiny and tall,
a jewel in the arsenal of High Elf war.
They are trained killers to no end,
their masteries are hard to comprehend.

Shadow Warrior is a name they hate.
Even they, can not go against fate.
They strive to be distinguished,
their flames will never be extinguished.

They live to draw Druchii's last breath.
They will fight until they bring them all death.
Single goal, single mind, high skill,
try to stop them, try and keep them still.

Highly skilled with the bow and sword.
They nod and never speak a single word.
Many or a single foe they do not care,
their kind never feels or falls in despair.

Scouts, Warriors, Assassins they are.
They live and die like a shooting star.
Masters of ambush and guerrilla warfare,
you will never know they were there.

Elite warriors even among other Elves,
if only they could believe it themselves.
Always feeling less and never more,
the eternal underdog for evermore.

Loyal subjects of the Phoenix King.
The faceless bringers of justice.
Bowing and obeying the signet ring.
No one will escape alive, trust us.

The Archmage

They are born from a magical race,
they still have not fallen from grace.
Practicing magic for many ages.
They stand apart from all the mages.

Powerful beyond imagination.
The kind that makes them nearly fiction.
Been an Archmage of the Hoeth Tower,
means to be the linchpin of magical power.

Bloodlines run from the time of darkness,
power that only a true Archmage can harness.
Magical energies flow through them like a breeze,
manipulating them comes naturally, with ease.

They focus on mending and healing,
they dislike screaming and killing.
Quiet and peaceful but not weak.
Challenge them!
and they will break you like a tweak.

Many want to steal their blood to study.
Others, to sell it for a lot of money.
Friends and foes are all the same within.
They can only trust their own kin.

Dedicated, committed, focused training.
Decades of hard and painful work, never complaining.
To be the best, above all the rest they strife.
They will achieve their goal, in this or the next life.

Only a few have felt the wrath of an Archmage,
the fools and ignorants of the past age.
High magic is reserved for the few,
trust me it's not for me and you.

Class Poem Collection - 24 Simple Rhyme Poems

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