

He was an Anti-Paladin, a great amongst his kind  
A stronger mind, a keener axe you would search long to find.  
So how came he upon his end, his crumbing into dust  
The truth is hard for me to speak, yet tell it now I must.

When but a youth and foolish yet, the demon he did meet  
And rather than be put to death an Oath swore at it's feet.  
"Oh creature I will serve you well and offer you my soul  
Your strength and your dominion, shall also be my goal."

And so BlackWolf was bound to it, he could not then repent  
And when the demon captured was to it's release was bent.  
For Michels Knights that demon caught and bound it in a gem  
The gem into a sword was set and held by twelve of them.

Then BlackWolf sought the Demon freed and rested not again  
Around him gathered nine strong souls and wrought the Council Ten.  
And chief to bring the demon back, was he who knew the rite  
Triannon named, a Lord of Drow, who stole the evening light.

But all his plans were broken, when Valley Heroes that Drow Slew  
And BlackWolf's rite of Summons could not now be finished true.  
Instead of bringing back his lord, the Demon from the Germ  
Unleashed the force of Chaos pure and set it amongst men.

But BlackWolf he still clove to Law, the wrong sought to undo

With Rol Syrith and Rar Carus gained weapons of Law true.  
Unto Drow homelands travelled he, changed even NightSpawn's mind  
It was his fate to brave the storm the axe and me to find.

And BlackWolf did come forth at last alive in spite of all  
But Chaos of that Vortex would taint him evermore.  
With Sword and Staff and mighty Axe the Valley folk were saved  
But then the debt of Sacrifice remained as yet unpaid.

Chaos grew within the wolf, checked by the Axe of Law  
But never could be driven out for Chaos rules us all.  
And when ten years had passed him by, the truth began to tell  
For dead Triannon's house of Drow no longer wished him well.

Tempted from the Tower, by power of the Rite  
Old friends then turned to enemies, Starstealer, Blackwolf's blight.  
No longer strong, a ruler great, the leader of the Ten  
BlackWolf could be made to serve and act for other men.

And while his loyal followers, sought those who used him ill  
Starstealer brought up other priests, bent BlackWolf to his will.  
The Axe kept law within him, but also worked the rite  
Without the Axe the spell did break but gave his chaos might

But BlackWolf's men were loyal still and saw how he was trapped  
The great assassin found Sarn's Priest and killed Vorax DarkPact.  
Then BlackWolf's mind was freed again, his strength he found anew  
Not one of those he met returned, for all of them he slew.

And when the Axe returned to him the Law within was gone  
The only thing that remained was me, me who wrote this song.  
And Sarn's last priest with Traitors help, called BlackWolf forth again  
To meet and talk of leadership with Savage Chieftain's men.

Tales of the Wolf's defection had reached the Valley now  
And other Knights came close behind, to hold him to his vow.  
Assassin urged him to escape and then to WolfHold come  
But BlackWolf was resolved in this and met the Knights head on.

And so Assassin left him then revenge of Axe should fall  
The Dark Path loyal at his side with BlackWolf faced them all.  
For in that time he saw it all, a true and faithful Knight  
No man's puppet would he be sought end in honour's fight.

BlackWolf issues challenge, his call was not denied  
The Lots were drawn, Sir Faldor won, took first the Valley's side.  
The fight was long and furious, the blood flowed thick and red  
But when the last blow fell was Sir Faldor, who laid dead.

Then BlackWolf issued challenge new, against the other Knights  
Sir Vanderloss stepped forth but saw Wolf weakened by his fight.  
But BlackWolf was determined and so to make it fair  
They fought with nought but steel on steel, blades clashing in the air

Never have two champions met with such a force  
The squires, priests stood open mouthed as battle ran its course.  
Sir Vanderloss was struck down thrice but thrice rose up again  
And with his sword, took BlackWolf's life, both enemy and friend.

But who am I who speaks in you, and why play I this game  
I am a force of Chaos pure, Icathandrus is my name.  
From heart of Chaos Vortex, I entered Axe of Law  
And now the law has left the Axe I'm free to use you all.