Death Wind



Instant

Target creature gets -X/-X until end of turn.

Leukin stared at the smoldering angel feathers. "Run!" he screamed to his patrol. "We don't stand a chance!"

131/221 C
CN2 • EN Tomasz Jedruszek

™ & © 2016 Wizards of the Coast

Death Wind

Instant

Target creature gets -X/-X until end of turn.

Leukin stared at the smoldering angel feathers. "Run!" he screamed to his patrol. "We don't stand a chance!"

131/221 C
CN2 • EN Tomasz Jedruszek

™ & © 2016 Wizards of the Coast

Death Wind

Instant

Target creature gets -X/-X until end of turn.

Leukin stared at the smoldering angel feathers. "Run!" he screamed to his patrol. "We don't stand a chance!"

131/221 C
CN2 • EN Tomasz Jedruszek

™ & © 2016 Wizards of the Coast

Death Wind

Instant

Target creature gets -X/-X until end of turn.

Leukin stared at the smoldering angel feathers. "Run!" he screamed to his patrol. "We don't stand a chance!"

131/221 C
CN2 • EN Tomasz Jedruszek

™ & © 2016 Wizards of the Coast

Death Wind

Instant

Target creature gets -X/-X until end of turn.

Leukin stared at the smoldering angel feathers. "Run!" he screamed to his patrol. "We don't stand a chance!"

131/221 C
CN2 • EN Tomasz Jedruszek

™ & © 2016 Wizards of the Coast

Death Wind

Instant

Target creature gets -X/-X until end of turn.

Leukin stared at the smoldering angel feathers. "Run!" he screamed to his patrol. "We don't stand a chance!"

131/221 C
CN2 • EN Tomasz Jedruszek

™ & © 2016 Wizards of the Coast

Death Wind

Instant

Target creature gets -X/-X until end of turn.

Leukin stared at the smoldering angel feathers. "Run!" he screamed to his patrol. "We don't stand a chance!"

131/221 C
CN2 • EN Tomasz Jedruszek

™ & © 2016 Wizards of the Coast

Death Wind

Instant

Target creature gets -X/-X until end of turn.

Leukin stared at the smoldering angel feathers. "Run!" he screamed to his patrol. "We don't stand a chance!"

131/221 C
CN2 • EN Tomasz Jedruszek

™ & © 2016 Wizards of the Coast

Death Wind

Instant

Target creature gets -X/-X until end of turn.

Leukin stared at the smoldering angel feathers. "Run!" he screamed to his patrol. "We don't stand a chance!"

131/221 C
CN2 • EN Tomasz Jedruszek

™ & © 2016 Wizards of the Coast