

## **Sword, The "Winter's Wolves"**

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Can't you see what you have wrought here?  
Bloody battles will be fought here

May the mountains rise against you  
May the forests block your path  
May your axes chip and shatter  
And know it is my wrath  
I would mount your head on bloody spears  
Outside your palace gates  
And watch as crows peck out your eyes  
And your cities are laid to waste

Can't you see what you have wrought here?  
A curse on you and all your kin  
Bloody battles will be fought here  
Await your doom at empire's end  
May the rivers rush to drown you  
May the earth swallow your hosts  
May the winter's wolves surround you  
And rip the live from your throat

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