

## 411

### "Iberian Werewolf Warriors"

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The wind blows in the cold nights of Winter  
While the snow falls in distant forest suspended in time  
Sacred trees grow up high, where spirits of the  
damned fauna  
Pale full moon that spread your light leading children  
of the shadows  
Those who were banished to the darkness of the night  
With the arrival of the foreign cross

Bajo un circulo de sagradas piedras, el hombre  
anciano pronuncia el nombre de la bestia  
Las almas de los guerreros dandoles fiereza en la  
batalla  
Espiritu de la gran sombra gris, que hiciste del bosque  
tu bastion, y de la montana tu reino

Runes decorate our swords and shields, as in days  
gone by  
Your spirit will live in our heart, and your eyes will be  
our eyes  
In a night of revenge  
Where blood will be drunk in forbidden rituals  
The snow falls tonight in December over our faces  
While the full moon leads the Iberian Werewolf  
Warriors' souls

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