

Born Ruffians

"Nortwind"

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Hear the cries of the wolves
In the moon of the woods,
On the marble mounts
They answer my call

Feel the cold from the North
It comes with the winds,
Hear the howling horns,
Hear the clash of the steel

As the lightning, comes from the sky,
As the churches are eaten by flames
I feel the Evil deep in my heart
I feel the endless hate

Rise, oh forest,
You, and your sons
A thousand blades of steel
Steel, a sparkling brand

Hear the cry of the moon
It comes with the winds
The howling wolves
The clash of the steel

Northwind, it howls
Northwind I ride...

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