

Bornholm

"...On The Way Of The Hunting Moon"

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When the night has fallen down,
Frosty wind howls in the forests,
A black raven cries painful
On the way of the hunting moon...

The warriors of forgotten realms
Coming from North to kill again,
The light of the blazing torches
Shows the way to them...

Feel the unrestrained wrath,
The maddening hate,
Oh, spirit of war,
March on...

The death walks behind them,
Swords held high to the mournful sky,
Painting red the untrodden snow,
On the way of the hunting moon...

I smell the steaming blood,
On the way of the hunting moon...

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