

## **Eclipse**

### **"The Wolf's Resin"**

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In the shadow of the valley the pain was born  
And fear and freezing thrill  
And cold sweet and shaking of lips  
And chaos to the life has risen from the dead  
From the forests of north he came  
Bathed in rain of untamed hate  
Bathed in splendor of glory?  
I'm talking to you:  
"Save yourself from hosts of a black oracle  
For you will be exterminated"  
Death to bodies and soul  
The gore will blow  
Bodies diverted to scraps  
Rapid stream of black resin  
Souls burning in the fire of anarchy  
The pain is like a herd of wolves  
It always follows the path of sweet blood

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