Elexorien "Running With The Wolves Of War"

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We march!

For tonight we hail amongst the ranks of our scarridden, battle-tested pack, a great hunter.

A comrade. A soul mate. A brother we knew that always failed.

Our pack is completed, our blood flows thick, so full of power.

Stronger than ever, We ride into the fray.

Running with the Wolves of War Never fear pain nor death We are pack! We are as one Reddening our fangs and claws Sinking our teeth deep into the flesh

A silent oath

As we are one, so we shall roam Bound, yet not shackled by our blood True natures gift, this bond alone Shall always last, our foes will not survive

We march!

Brothers and sisters, take heart
For battle draws nigh
Prepare for frenzied slaughter
And rush into the fight
Our enemies fall in vast numbers
Blood spewing forth from severed limbs
Our hordes shall remain unconquered
Forever crowned the Forest Kings

We march!

For tonight we shall prevail in savage battle once more, and lay ourselves to rest beside our enemies' ravaged flesh.

Our victory shall be heard and feared throughout these vast lands that are ours.

The world is in our hands, yet we care not.

Tonight we march for the reign of these woods.

We march!

We are the Wolves of War, haunting the woods as the guardians of old.

Woodland spirits awaken to our call.

Thus it has always been. Thus have we walked. Thus it shall ever be.

Thus shall we fall when the new pack arises and answers our call.

The Call of the Wolf - The Wolves of War.

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