

Folk Implosion

"The Iron Wolf"

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In the days of yore
The royal hunt was on

Loud bayed the hounds
As Gediminas set forth
In the holy woods
Of old Sventaragis
He laid down to rest
Beneath an ancient oak
And dreamt as only dream
The men who would be kings!
He saw the iron wolf
Ride monstrous on the hill
He heard the iron wolf
Howl like hundreds of it's kin!
Tearing from the veils of sleep
His heart was a wild drumbeat

He sought the counsel of the gods
Through Lizdeika's wise words:
"What is destined for thee, let it be!
Great Duke, unite thy people and be king!"

Fear not the iron wolf
He shall be thy fort!
And in him shall dwell
All the rulers of thy line
And the glory of their deeds
Shall resound like wolf-song
Throughout the ancient world!

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