

Folkearth

"The Wisdom Of Wolves"

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The voice of wisdom is calling to me
On snowy peaks ravaged by the wind
Where Woden's wolves roam free
Dusk-time, an immortal dies
Nocturnal hunt has begun
To sate Lycanthropic bloodlust!
Spruce forests wave under moonlight's sway
The mighty wolf pack reigns supreme

Uuuuuuhhhh...!

A darkened sky
Ancient specters cry
Waving spells of pandemonium high
A withered orchard of bones
Pagan rites midst circling stones

Lamenting the dawn
Wolverine moonlight, sunshine is now gone
Come predatory guile!
Spruce forests wave under moonlight's sway

The mighty wolf pack reigns supreme

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