

Kiuas

"Desolation: White Wolf"

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Flight of the ravens, scent of the snow,
I wish, my brother I could bring to you.
You never spoke great words of peace,
You were the thing in your silent kindness.

For all those who would hurt you: I wish I could have
taken this blow for you.
For all those who hurt you: I wish it had been my blood
instead of you.

Now must I leave you here in this bitter silent
desolation?
Into this world of the hollow winds, into this gray (and)
leafless winter day.

Craving for the blood that she'd yours, we leave you,
abandon you,
Sweet brother, sleep in this land of mist and snow.

As if never there - the heat of battle and the agony of
our loss.
Gray skies, hollow winds, wet snow covers our
struggles, triumphs - gentle, pitiless.

Let the tide turn, let oceans shift.
Wolf-mother, rise avenge my love.
Let the new era of vengeance begin.
My angel is fallen, my kindness is lost:

I tell you, the age of love is over,
I tell, your crime shall find you:
I tell you - White Wolf shall drink your blood on the
grave of her love.

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