

Nivaira "King Wolf"

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A strange dream
Came this winter night
It filled with screams the palace
And disturbed my heart.

I'm King-Wolf
Horror of the foes
Son of the Immortals
Weapon of the Gods.

My lord!
Son of the Immortals
Noble wolf and eagles
Eat from your victories.

The day will come
When everything will be dust
Your name will live with pride
Over northern seas.

Close the gates!
Lit the fires high!
Split the boiling blood
For my cruel lords!
Take it all
In the end of King's way
Circle in deep silence
Very deadly birds.

Cry for me
As you see me leaving
It's time for me to part
For my darkest day.
Death is near
Oh, my loyal poet
Take the gold you want
But sing this verse again.

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