

Sword "Winter's Wolves"

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Can't you see what you have wrought here?
Bloody battles will be fought here

May the mountains rise against you
May the orests block your path
May your axes chip and shatter
And know it is my wrath
I would mount your head on bloody spears
Outside your palace gates
And watch as crows peck out your eyes
And your cities are laid to waste
Can't you see what you have wrought here?
A curse on you and all your kin
Bloody battles will be fought here
Await your doom at empire's end
May the rivers rush to drown you
May the earth swallow your hosts
May the winter's wolves surround you
And rip the live from your throat

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