

Stormwarrior

"Wolven Nights"

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Twelven are the nights atween the years and tymes
When memories awake and the wyndes blowe oh so
highe
The Wilde Hunte, a giante horde, prowlinge throughe
the darke
The Wilde Hunte, a raginge storme, and no one oute
there evades the din
From afar

Wolven Nights
The Norns will foreknowe thy fate
Wolven Nights
Followe the trace of the elder waye

Phantoms of the past oh will waite for ye at laste
To settle olden score (olden score) from the dayes so
longe afore
Oh the unseen, thy destiny, callinge from beyonde
Oh thy hidden dreames, the prophecy, divine visions,
forecaste what is to
Come

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Wolven Nights
Followe the trace of the elder waye
Avowels of vengeance
The spirits arise from the ancient tymes
The arrival of fortune
Heare Oden's call in the Wolven Nights...

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