

## Vreid

### "Wolverine Bastards"

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Wasted ashore by a stormfull flood  
Left behind by their natural kin  
Raised by disrespected peasants  
Born with nothing, but with a world to win

Set aside as a waste of nature  
No companion for the wealthy clan  
Mocked and feared for their appearance  
Blessed by divine beauty and strenght

Their youthful spirits urge to rebel  
Their nature is to seek

A rebellion adored by their peers  
Hatred by the king and his head  
Never responding to threats  
Hunting down looters of unjust

Their youthful spirits urge to rebel  
Their nature is to seek

As the night embrace the hills  
They shape as their mothers shame  
Wolverine bastards roam these hills  
A devilish dance stampede their game

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