

Wizard "Lonely Wolfe"

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Lonely wolves are howling to the moon.
A shining fire burns in the night and a man prepares
His horse for war. Betrayed by his friends, banned by
his tribe
They tortured him to die but his rage will come to them.
His mind is fulfilled with hate, his sword is like a
silverlight.
Death and pain to those who had betrayed him. With a
final prayer
To his gods he rides to his last battle to find his fate
named
Revenge to his tribe.
Death is his aim, rage is his life, his black blood
streams
Through fired veins. In a black night he came like a
demon to
His tribe, killed those who had banned him to the
desert.
Ripping flesh and bones, drinking enemies blood,
screamings
In the air, but he is laughing.

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