

Wolfchant

"A Wolfchant From The Mountain Side"

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In wide lands, wrapped in snow
We walk through the mist
All the way up to
An Old Fields Mountain
A Mountain made of Stones
This Mountain is just one of
Many secrets of this place
Where an ancient forest is grown
Come on, follow me
Through Gadreta
Let me tell you
The ancient tales of my home

Mystic lands of magic forests
I show you
To recover the old way
Together, in that night
Let us remember
Our pagan tribes
Gathered at the campfire
To listen to a Wolfchant
From the Mountain Side

With poisoned words
Kilian and his followers
From Ireland they came
To destroy what was built
By our ancestors
Hundred years ago
To Build Houses
For their god

No longer
We want to be silent
Away with
Christianity
Not to be suppressed
Any longer
To live our life
In freedom again

Hear my Voice,

Follow us
Do not Forget
Where we came from
Hear my voice
Stand up and fight
Free our land
Don't be afraid
Later this night
Enough was said
And tendency
Becomes more omitted

With poisoned words
Kilian and his followers
From Ireland they came
To destroy what was built
By our ancestors
Hundred years ago
To Build Houses
For their god

No longer
We want to be silent
Away with
Christianity
Not to be suppressed
Any longer
To live our life
In freedom again

Our Journey ends
We open out
In the morning
To leave this place
Through the Forests on
The old pathways
Rivers left on the way
Down to the valley
Which I know
Back to civilisation
Back to the old fields village
Remembering last night

Mystic lands of magic forests
I've show you
To recover the old way

Together, in that night
Let us remember
Our pagan tribes
Gathered at the campfire

To listen to
A Wolfchant
From the Mountain Side

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