

## Woodtemple

# "The Call From The Pagan Woods"

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In the middle of winter, frost froze the hearts of  
many humans,  
They hate coma, the warriors of Wotan.  
Armed with sword and shield,  
they crossed the cold and dark woods,  
There swords where thirsting for blood,  
blood of the enemy.  
The time of steel and war had come,  
there hearts where burning with flaming heat.  
Only their will forced them up from battle to battle,  
to victory or death.  
They knew no pain,  
there was no escaping and no hope.  
The fire and cold steel of war dominating the  
happening.  
Darkness and shivering cold enclosed the battlefield.  
The enemy was defeated,  
and so again the draw there swords,  
and followed the Call of the pagan Woods.

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