

Cryfemal

"Iberian Werewolf Warriors"

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The wind blows in the cold nights of Winter
While the snow falls in distant forest suspended in time
Sacred trees grow up high, where spirits of the
damned fauna
Pale full moon that spread your light leading children
of the shadows
Those who were banished to the darkness of the night
With the arrival of the foreign cross

Bajo un circulo de sagradas piedras, el hombre
anciano pronuncia el nombre de la bestia
Las almas de los guerreros dandoles fiereza en la
batalla
Espiritu de la gran sombra gris, que hiciste del bosque
tu bastion, y de la montana tu reino

Runes decorate our swords and shields, as in days
gone by
Your spirit will live in our heart, and your eyes will be
our eyes
In a night of revenge
Where blood will be drunk in forbidden rituals
The snow falls tonight in December over our faces
While the full moon leads the Iberian Werewolf
Warriors' souls

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