

Skyfire

"Werewolves"

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The pale moon casts it's evil eye
Over the man in the forest
He calls wolves with the soundless bagpipe
Utters the magic words of summoning
And when the snowstorm starts it's icy dance
Wolves come - red burns their eyes
Hugeful howlings fill the night sky

In the depth of the forest
There live people far from the others
They live by the elders' custom and worship pagan
gods
Wolves guard them against the persecution of
christians
As they deny the dogma of christ

People from the neighbouring villages
Call this place - the forest of werewolves
(they tell:)
Those who pass the marsh of wolve never return

Howling
The snowstorm roars
Red blood paints the snow
Wolves gnaw the bones of man
Who dared to enter the realm of werewolves

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