

Eerily Howling Winds

Ancient

Eerily howling winds, hear the wolves cry
Cries of hunger, cries of hate
The ruler in the forest, below the red moon, hiding in shadows,
under the golden forest crown

Eerily, howling winds [4 times]

In the deep dark woods of Norway, they were nowhere to be found

The Ancient wolf spirit gathered and howled
We are the true pagans, we shall always be, from our day forward,
to eternity
Forward in the forest, the old man laughed and grinned, spitting
forth agony

The red full moon
This is my ode to thee, Ancient ruler of my land
Eerily howling winds, hear the wolves cry
Cries of hunger, cries of hate
In the old Norwegian moon, I will see their red eyes, and I shall
greet them, listen to their beauty songs

Eerily, howling winds [4 times]