

Men as Wolves

Battlelore

Those times of ruin
Men went astray
The remnants of battle and defeat
Lands laid waste
Outcasts hard of heart
Seven times seven men
Home is too far

We are like a pack of wolves
Ruling the woods
None shall pass and wander free
Without our eyes seeing
Our hands pointing the way
Haunting the woodlands

Men as wolves pillaging
Forgotten the honour and the pride
Men as wolves revenging
Feared among the other men

Evil roamed upon the borders of men
Deeds feeding hate in their hearts
A wayward man re-mended
A shadow lies before us

A darkened heart, betrayal in hate
The wolves were hunted to the last
The last of the wolves, captured and chained
Dragged through the lands of wandering and despair