

Summon The Wolves

Battlelore

Full circle summons the servants
The gathering of the haunted
Howls in the nocturnal mist
Calls for the haunt

I have seen the shape of the fallen
The guardian of the gates
I have seen the darkest one behind them
The one without a name

Ravaging in the woods, sleepwalking in shadows
The hunger drives them forth, the hunger forever burning

Under the leash of the enemy
They carry the troops against us
Ride from the northern fields
To terror the world at night
Born to devour the dark powers
Born to obey the one
Dire dwellers of the fiery caves
The feast of the forgotten souls

The dawn ends the furious hunt
The newborn sun reaps the gloom
But the daylight will fade away
When the night falls they roam again

They will never hunt alone
Open gates of void arrive with them
Freezing stare through your bones and veins
He will hear every word you say