

Seven

Ereb Altor

A child open his eyes for the first time
Meeting a world of the old age

Mother no worthy, denied by the witch
Marriage forbidden, a bastard child
Still the boy was born
No father nor protection
The curse of the Grandmother

Two years of sanctuary, safe and sound
Then the night consumes his mind

Not to be seen for seven years and seven nights
Seven is the key

His soul is leaving the flesh and leaps into a wolf
Howling and preying, the moon is forever
Searching without knowing what to find
Blood of the unborn will break the chains

Call him by his name
And the wolf skin will disappear
Father of cries
Granma of despise
Seven years and seven nights

Worn by The Years the witch is weak
Grandma's pain in the bed of death

Regrets of the betrayal of blood
Removing the curse
Chose the moment with care
Call him by his name
When she dies