

# Wolfhead's Tree

Forefather

Hope has died  
My dreams, they fade  
Let my blackened dirge be played  
Swinging limp, swinging free  
Darkened heart on the gallows tree

Fortune has betrayed me now  
As I ascend to worlds beyond

A lonely road a man must tread  
Upon the tree until his death  
A bleak release  
I'll find no peace  
Forsake this world that abandoned me

Cursed be he who adorns the wolfhead's tree  
Limp under the stars treading the path of infamy  
All hope is the forlorn, standard is torn, end of an age  
Thunder in the night heralds the sign of the wolfhead's age