

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