

And the Horn Was Sounding Far Away

Graveland

When my spirit was roaming among the winter's fog I saw my grey
brother
wolf
drinking my blood. My body lay on the snow, disabled, mortally
wounded.
I, the last of the mountain's clan. Pursued and wounded by enemies,
Passed away in this place.
I'm still hearing the horn sounding far away, Herds of ravens are
following
there. But I can't get there anymore...I am so far from my burnt
home.
I see the snow falling on my face,
But I am not able to throw it down.
I see my eyes closed
And mouths congealed in pain,
They will never say anything anymore...
Winds bring the black clouds...
Soon the thick snow will fall.
Wind! Hide my dead body!
I hear my persecutors are coming...
I will regenerate In the shape of wolf with black bristle
I will draw my fangs In the river of enemies' blood!
Lyrics by: Darken '96