

## Desolation White Wolf

Kivimetsän Druidi

Flight of the ravens, scent of the snow,  
I wish, my brother I could bring to you.  
You never spoke great words of peace,  
you were the thing in your silent kindness.

For all those who would hurt you: I wish I could have taken this  
blow for you.  
For all those who hurt you: I wish it had been my blood instead  
of you.

Now must I leave you here in this bitter silent desolation?  
Into this world of the hollow winds, into this gray (and) leafless  
winter day.

Craving for the blood that shed yours, we leave you, abandon you,  
sweet brother, sleep in this land of mist and snow.

As if never there - the heat of battle and the agony of our losses.  
Gray skies, hollow winds, wet snow covers our struggles, triumphs -  
gentle, pitiless.

Let the tide turn, let oceans shift.  
Wolf-mother, rise avenge my love.  
Let the new era of vengeance begin.  
My angel is fallen, my kindness is lost:

I tell you, the age of love is over,  
I tell, your crime shall find you:  
I tell you - White Wolf shall drink your blood on the grave of  
her love.