

The Wolf

Lyriel

Never had been so cruelly cold and long a winter
Over the glaring white mountains

By night you hear the wolves howl
Hungry, desperate souls
Dying a bitter winter death
Moonlight in his eye

A haggard wolf as furtive as a ghost
His narrow shadow glinting in the whiteness
He turns his head into the wind
Picks up the trail
He's on the prowl with glassy eyes
He never sleeps, bargain for live

Take a look around, can't you see the wind, the hills, the snow
They're yours; they're his as well as mine
Most precious gift in desperate times

A haggard man with tired steps and a loaded gun
Waiting in the glaring white mountains

By night he hears the wolves howl
Hungry, desperate souls
Dying a bitter winter death
Moonlight in his eye

A sudden move in densely copse
The bottom line,
A sounding shot, a tortured cry
And fleeing gaits lost in the night

Take a look around, can't you see the wind, the hills, the snow
They're yours; they're his as well as mine
Most precious gift in desperate times

On and on he stumbles through the woods
Warm blood trickles down, down, down
Step by step, the hunter's there
But he couldn't see the brightness of the moon
As he ends his work

Take a look around, can't you see the wind, the hills, the snow
They're yours; they're his as well as mine
Most precious gift in desperate times