

# Masters of Wilderness

Mithotyn

Howling at the fullmoon  
in this intense midwinternight.  
Behold the masters of wilderness,  
Hearken to how they hold the woods in fright.

See the silhouettes in the moon,  
On the mountaincrest they stand proud.  
Stormwinds and pouring rain  
Hardens the fur grey.  
Picking up the scent  
To hunt the fleeing prey.

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The mighty wolfpack hunts the land  
For flesh and satisfaction.  
Feasting on raw meat with bloody jaws,  
Tearing the prey open in total desperation.