

Running out of rules

Panychida

Come wind, by my side.
My sin... why I ride ?

We're running over hills,
storming through deep woods,
we are using ancient skills...

...Running out of rules!

Searching nature round... we're looking down the hill,
Watching rays of light, a triumph of the will.

Grey skin of the land...
cold wind, flying sand...

Howling hordes of wolves
chilling waves of light,
it's the calm before the fight!

Searching nature round... we're looking down the hill,
Watching rays of light, a triumph of the will