

# The Chant Of The Barbarian Wolves

Satanic Warmaster

Banners fly as we march through the plains  
On the path towards the unholy war  
The wind from the horizon carries the stench  
Of our enemies who await us in fear

In the last rays of the setting sun  
A thought passes of a new dawn, a new age  
Still, by blood and by sacrifice  
It shall, of our master's grace, be ours

Strife, anger, blood and fire  
A sacrifice is made  
To rot with the corpses or survive  
To hear The Chant Of The Barbarian Wolves

Litanies have been spoken, time is at hand  
When the claws of iron will drink their chalice  
A warblessed wine that consecrates our aim  
The seal of blood as a sing of victory

Strike hard, without forgiveness  
When armour and flesh are torn apart  
Our dawn will break to show no light  
For the jews ravaged with no remorse

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