

Wolven Nights

Stormwarrior

Twelven are the nights atween the years and tymes
When memories awake and the wyndes blowe oh so highe
The Wilde Hunte, a gigante horde, prowlinge throughe the darke
The Wilde Hunte, a raginge storme, and no one oute there evades
the din
From afar

Wolven Nights
The Norns will foreknowe thy fate
Wolven Nights
Followe the trace of the elder waye

Phantoms of the past oh will waite for ye at laste
To settle olden score (olden score) from the dayes so longe afo
re
Oh the unseen, thy destiny, callinge from beyonde
Oh thy hidden dreames, the prophecy, divine visions, forecaste
what is to
Come

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The arrival of fortune
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