

# 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 giante 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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Avowels of vengeance  
The spirits arise from the ancient tymes  
The arrival of fortune  
Heare Oden's call in the Wolven Nights...

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