

# A Wolfchant From The Mountain Side

## Wolfchant

In wide lands, wrapped in snow  
We walk through the mist  
All the way up to  
An Old Fields Mountain  
A Mountain made of Stones  
This Mountain is just one of  
Many secrets of this place  
Where an ancient forest is grown  
Come on, follow me  
Through Gadreta  
Let me tell you  
The ancient tales of my home

Mystic lands of magic forests  
I show you  
To recover the old way  
Together, in that night  
Let us remember  
Our pagan tribes  
Gathered at the campfire  
To listen to a Wolfchant  
From the Mountain Side

With poisoned words  
Kilian and his followers  
From Ireland they came  
To destroy what was built  
By our ancestors  
Hundred years ago  
To Build Houses  
For their god

No longer  
We want to be silent  
Away with  
Christianity  
Not to be suppressed  
Any longer  
To live our life  
In freedom again

Hear my Voice,  
Follow us  
Do not Forget  
Where we came from  
Hear my voice  
Stand up and fight  
Free our land  
Don't be afraid  
Later this night  
Enough was said  
And tendency  
Becomes more omitted

With poisoned words  
Kilian and his followers  
From Ireland they came

To destroy what was built  
By our ancestors  
Hundred years ago  
To Build Houses  
For their god

No longer  
We want to be silent  
Away with  
Christianity  
Not to be suppressed  
Any longer  
To live our life  
In freedom again

Our Journey ends  
We open out  
In the morning  
To leave this place  
Through the Forests on  
The old pathways  
Rivers left on the way  
Down to the valley  
Which I know  
Back to civilisation  
Back to the old fields village  
Remembering last night

Mystic lands of magic forests  
I've show you  
To recover the old way

Together, in that night  
Let us remember  
Our pagan tribes  
Gathered at the campfire  
To listen to  
a Wolfchant  
From the Mountain Side