Guardians Of The Forest

Guardians of the Forest Warriors of the fog Sent by the elders, the wise Defenders of Old fields To fight against the foe

Gathered in the forest Preparing their arms Together they stand for valhall Lords of the wolves 'Till the day of crucial war

Years went by When their fiend was banned Land and honour were free They gathered in fynn's tavern Conferred about what has to be done To protect their country knowingly That the enemy will turn back They decided to call the ancient ones Who are resting in the woods

I call you, awake now, you brave ones Dwellers of the fog Raise your swords an fight against The ones who attack us, at once

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Travelling through the ancient Woods waiting for the final call No one will be spared, when day Of war has come

Once by gone an era The dwellers of the fog With our fathers they stood Side by side as in tales it's told

With horses formed by wrath And blades made of fire When they call for battle No enemy will survive

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Wolfchant

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