

Immortal Chant

Opera IX

I am the grey conqueror, he who's come by cold and storm
The grey wolf called by the full moon, and the snarling beast hidden in the cold mist
Brother Tree and Sister Stone
Hear my call! Brother Thunder and Sister Night
Announce my coming!
May it's reflection be seen in the eye of the owl, and be amplified by the wolf's cry
I'm the inborn hunting and the battle's fury
The strangled breath of the escape and the vane hope of a refuge
I'm the agony of the preyer and the red blood on the sword
The creature suffocated gasp and the last plea before the void
May glory walk beside me and death in the grey cloak follow
May red poems of blood be traced by the cold steel in the pages of time
I lift this immortal song, in memory of our fathers and in honour to our gods!
May the past return to live in the shadow of the mountains
In the darkness of the woods, and in the light of the plains
In the depth of the lakes, and at the heights of the glaciers
In the grey humid mist, and in the hot mesmerizing sun
Do not betray your fathers, and don't deny your instincts
For we are the wolves for whom the preyer awaits
Just like the old grey wolf, beneath the pale kiss of the moon
We shout our war cry to the freezing sky we become death!
So that nothing is betrayed
Beneath this pale moon, I engrave my body is eternal signature of the corruptible flesh
May night swallow day and the moon be tainted red!
May the grey wolf return howling in the cold icy storm
For nothing will ever be forgotten!
May the spirits of my forefathers resurrect once more
To erase the affronts inflicted to my land

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