

Eerily Howling Winds

Ancient

[music by Aphazel, Lyrics by Grimm]

Eerily howling winds, hear the wolves cry. Cries of hunger, cries of hate. The ruler in the forest, below the red moon, hiding in shadows, under the golden forest crown. Eerily, howling winds [4 times]. In the deep dark woods of Norway, they were nowhere to be found. The Ancient wolf spirit gathered and howled. We are the true pagans, we shall always be, from our day forward, to eternity. Forward in the forest, the old man laughed and grinned, spitting forth agony. The red full moon. This is my ode to thee, Ancient ruler of my land. Eerily howling winds, hear the wolves cry. Cries of hunger, cries of hate. In the old Norwegian moon, I will see their red eyes, and I shall greet them, listen to their beauty songs. Eerily, howlings winds [4 times]

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