

# From Wilderness Came Death

## Thyrfin

Screams in the night woke the whole village up  
Their cattle is getting attacked  
The fences are broken and blood everywhere  
Horses are lying there slack  
Fenrir divided, a horde of greywolves  
His power inside of them all  
Feasting on the guts of both stallions and goats  
No animal in there stands tall  
The people were struck by terror and fear  
While beasts intruded their ground  
Like the flow of a storm that none can control  
Cascades of blood in the pound  
Spears were thrown at the raging wolfhorde  
So hard to select them all out (in the night)  
Running with bloodied fangs and fierce eyes  
It sure doesn't help much to shout  
In from wilderness came death  
Wolves in the pound!!!  
Setting some torches on fire might scare  
But will them beasts disappear?  
The scene turns real grim when the creatures change course  
Grotesque, exploding fear  
Thirtythree persons in spite with the wolves  
So hungry and dangerous  
Only much later when the sun rises  
One can count the loss  
The horrible fur-beasts defeated 'em all  
And the yard was a bloody mess  
A village of death, Fenrir's cold work  
Of entrails, bones and flesh  
The people they fought in vain for their farm  
Wolven hunger got fed  
After this night of terror and pain  
All the humans were dead  
In from wilderness came death  
Blood on the ground!!!

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