Masters of Wilderness

Mithotyn

(Music: Karl/Stefan / Lyrics: Stefan)
Howling At The Fullmoon
In This Intense Midwinternight.
Behold The Masters Of Wilderness,
Hearken To How They Hold The Woods In Fright.
See The Silhouettes In The Moon,
On The Mountainerest They Stand Proud.
Stormwinds And Pouring Rain
Hardens The Fur Grey.
Picking Up The Scent
To Hunt The Fleeing Prey.
Masters Of Wilderness.
Masters Of Wilderness.
The Mighty Wolfpack Hums The Land
For Flesh And Satisfaction.
Feasting On Raw Meat With Bloody Jaws,
Tearing The Prey Open In Total Desperation.

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