Winter's Wolves

The Sword

Can't you see what you have wrought here?
Bloody battles will be fought hereMay the mountains rise against you
May the forests block your path
May your axes chip and shatter
And know it is my wrathI would mount your heads on bloody spears
Outside your palace gates
And watch as crows pick out your eyes
And your cities laid to wasteCan't you see what you have wrought here?
A curse on you and all your kin
Bloody battles will be fought here
Await your doom at empire's endMay the rivers rush to drown you
May the earth swallow your hosts
May the winter's wolves surround you
And rip the life from your throats

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