Wotan's Return

In the Woods...

Sing for me
To lift above in all these fallen walls,
And bleed for me,
In the deepest release.Travelling through honour.
Travelling through strenght.
Voyage, floating centuries keeps the key for wisdom.
Feelings for the lost` winds.
Winds which howl reverse.
Remote, the fields of oddities adours.But we will still appear in of mail,
And still obhterate these old origins.
While dreaming a thousand choirs yell their hails,
Towards faithfulness.
Become one with the weapons.
Sword and soul.
Wotans Return!Travelling through honour,
Travelling through strenght.
Feelins for the lost` winds.
Winds which howl reverse.

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