

Resistance

Wolfheart

Brothers of the war, we stand tall on the edge of our land
In this riverbed we draw the line
Blood is thicker than this frozen water we stand upon
Ice beneath our feet
Hellfire burns within
With bravery and valor
With hatred and rage
Our might lies not in numbers
Few against a legion
Few against the horde
With ferocious force we go forth
With our steel
We strike them down
Blood paints the ground
Red frozen soil
Crimson moon will rise
No silvery light
We strike them down
To the red frozen ground
May the earth tremble as they march
And their arrows blacken the sky
Drain the strength from the fear
Burn with wrath, scorch and sear
Blood we'll shed, apart we'll tear

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