

# Hordak, The Last European Wolves

When the light bathes the light for the last time  
And the sunset turns everything red  
The dust of the dusk draws a shape  
Running down the hills again

Allied of the night and the moonlight  
Your howls blow in the wind like horns of war  
(You are) Proud of your kind and your name  
Your blood of warrior still rages on and on

Before a thousand battles  
Before ages and storms  
The wisdom grows in your eyes  
Brother, warrior, god

And they run down from the hills  
and the fear blew in the wind  
When the light faded and the hunting started once more  
Lurking far below their land,  
feed themselves and feed the pack  
And defend the till the end of times  
Fallen warrior's souls, since old,  
legends tell they ride the endless skies  
and then become wolves  
Once in a struggle I fell  
And my blood now is the same  
Of the ones that devaour me

But your kind has suffered the genocide  
Of mankind that tears everything apart  
Whose life's only sense's devastation  
In your language I will scream revenge

For the scars of the past wounds in my skin  
Tears crosses my face  
While their last howls crosses the lands  
Sun and the moon will cry your loss but  
Now it's the time for us to return