

# Opera IX, Immortal Chant

I am the grey conqueror, he who's come by cold and storm  
The grey wolf called by the full moon, and the snarling beast hidden in the cold mist  
Brother Tree and Sister Stone  
Hear my call! Brother Thunder and Sister Night  
Announce my coming!  
May it's reflection be seen in the eye of the owl, and be amplified by the wolf's cry  
I'm the inborn hunting and the battle's fury  
The strangled breath of the escape and the vane hope of a refuge  
I'm the agony of the preyer and the red blood on the sword  
The creature suffocated gasp and the last plea before the void  
May glory walk beside me and death in the grey cloak follow  
May red poems of blood be traced by the cold steel in the pages of time  
I lift this immortal song, in memory of our fathers and in honour to our gods!  
May the past return to live in the shadow of the mountains  
In the darkness of the woods, and in the light of the plains  
In the depth of the lakes, and at the heights of the glaciers  
In the grey humid mist, and in the hot mesmerizing sun  
Do not betray your fathers, and don't deny your instincts  
For we are the wolves for whom the preyer awaits  
Just like the old grey wolf, beneath the pale kiss of the moon  
We shout our war cry to the freezing sky we become death!  
So that nothing is betrayed  
Beneath this pale moon, I engrave my body is eternal signature of the corruptible flesh  
May night swallow day and the moon be tainted red!  
May the grey wolf return howling in the cold icy storm  
For nothing will ever be forgotten!  
May the spirits of my forefathers resurrect once more  
To erase the affronts inflicted to my land