

Death In June, Wolf Wind

Wayward we know the wanderer's journey
This single willed life earns it's own exile
When gladness has gone
Gathering sorrow
When sadness has come
Gathering Strength
We bind the dark moon fast in our vigil state
No earthly glory but a cold heart's hermit cave
No wisdom without our cruel share of winters
No victory without our blood sea of rage
Like scavengers we feast
Where wolf wind hangman swings
Into reeling life we forge
Into holiness we burn
Casting astray immemorial silence
The wavering will chases blood-given gain
We found our fate in embers of vision
We find our faith in ashes of truth