

# Graveland, Battle Of Wotan's Wolves

Armed armies march towards the battle  
The warriors of Wotan, not knowing good grace,  
Pain nor mercy for enemies  
The enemies of Wotan are their enemies as well  
Small villages surrounded by forest stand a flamed  
Screaming and crying is all that is heard  
The oppressive smoke climbs to high peaks  
And it covers the bodies of the murdered  
In response to the barbaric attack  
They fought bravely, but they were defeated  
They couldn't defeat the Hatred  
That came from the Northern woods  
Much blood was split and many hearts were pierced  
The fire absorbed and obliterated the traces of the crimes  
And the wind scattered the ashes  
The warriors of Wotan left as fast as they came  
No one knows where they came from  
And to where they headed off to  
The only things that remained were the bodies of the dead  
And the burnings upon the ground  
Now nobody know if they fought another battle  
Or if they engulfed into a dark forest  
Nobody knows the paths that the Wolves of Wotan walk upon  
The Gods of war incline to them  
And Wotan himself gives them his strength  
No one dares to go after them  
Nobody dares to go against Wotan's will  
Spilled Christian blood will never be avenged