

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 knows 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