

Graveland, Unpunished Herd

Born from the wolfish womb in the Fullmoon
I died for this world
I became the nightmare for living men
I run through the black woods
Bloodlust leads me and I kill, I kill and I die
In the ecstasy of murderlust
And then I escape possessed
I hide myself in the shadows of trees
I'm afraid, I fear and I cry
My face drip with blood
I hate living men
I'm faithful only to the dead
I remember wolves over my face
Red eyes of my mother
Her sharp fangs, and my first pain
I was born in the night
Evil wind was tearing the trees
Spirits were hiding in the shadows
And wolves brought me the first sacrifice
I became the unpurest spirit
I killed the living man
I draw my fangs in his body
And his spirit became mad
Born from the wolfish womb in the Fullmoon
I hide myself in the shadows of trees
I avoid the damned sun
I follow the smell of blood
Wolves come with the herds
Their howling appoints the limits of life
I am one of them
In the herd I follow the moon
Night helps us, we are unpunished
Sons of Fenriz, sons of Louve
This is the true element of darkness
Wild, unseizable...
True creation of Gods possessed