

Naer Mataron, In Honor Of The Wolf

Hellas!

Fire at Hesperus is burning
And the blade cuts deep the flesh
Where the fools command the land
Fire at the land of Ira.

Ancient Prophecy sees the light
Demonic, Hellenic Pure cult
The warrior who escaped from Hades,
revenge in Darkness of Legends.

The Wolf is Hungry at the depths
With Blood in the eyes, he dances with lust
The secrets of the Ancient dead
Reborn again, in an infant's soul.

In Honour of the Wolf

The fate was again:unfair.
The enemies cut of His hand.
They promised to him the ancient secrets
They even dared to change His name.

But again, the name meant Wolf.
The Wolf of Ionia, the sacred land.
The cry of freedom always shouts
And the unfaithful always haunts.

Wolf of Ionia-Hellenic Blood
Wolf of Ionia-Hellenic Soil