

Valhalla, The Wolfish Nocturne

The Wolfish Nocturne

...And Again - Into Cold Twilight
Of Dense Ural Woods
Under Marbled Cloudy Sky
I Go Away... Away...
Lost In The Forest Marshes
I See No Sunlight
I Roam Solely Being Worn With Grey Fur
Burdened With Sorrow And Spite
And At Night Like A Shadow In Silence
I Run Forth Upon The Fresh Snow
Through The Firwooden Thicket
And The Eyes Blink In Its Dusk...
I Gaze Into Starion Sky
From Where The Lonesome Moon
Surrounded With Spectral Halo
Enlightens The Woods With Its Silversome Light
The Wind Roams In The Branches Of Trees
And Throws The Snow Off Them...
The Fur Is Silver With Frost...
And Again - The Aimless Run...
... No, Not There Where The Sun Rises On
Mornings Endawning The Woods
With The Crimson Aurora's Light
No, There's No Aim Of Mine...
The Moon Fades With The Sunrise
The Snow Sparkles Under My Paws
The Gloomy Green Forest Stands In Front Of Me
This Forest Is My Stronghold...
I Go Into Darkness Forever
Under The Dome Of Woods And Of Sky
I Go Away From The World Of humans
Into The Ural, Where I Never Roam Before...