

Wizard, Lonely wolves

Lonely wolves are howling to the moon.

A shining fire burns in the night and a man prepares his horse for war. Betrayed by his friends, banned by his tribe they tortured him to die but his rage will come to them.

His mind is fulfilled with hate, his sword is like a silverlight.

Death and pain to those who had betrayed him. With a final prayer to his gods he rides to his last battle to find his fate named revenge to his tribe.

Death is his aim, rage is his life, his black blood streams through fired veins. In a black night he came like a demon to his tribe, killed those who had banned him to the desert.

Ripping flesh and bones, drinking enemies blood, screamings in the air, but he is laughing.