

Kingdom of the Wolf

Crimson Moonlight

In the forest beyond forests
In the pillared hall of majestic pine trees
Where man has yet to set foot
Upon the fair verdure of the ground
To where but the wild beasts
Of the barren north know the way
And the ancient cawing of the raven
Resounds clearly over forest-clad wilderness
There, in the ancient woods of Smaland
The magnificent fir trees in their thousand
By the clear waters of the mountain lake
And the warlike roar of the stream

In the midst of the Nordic wastelands its magical interior
In the heart of mighty realms its pitch-dark chambers

I found myself there, in the forest beyond forests
Sitting at the foot of the worthy mountain
I found myself surrounded
By nature's own high mass
Yes, continually and wanting nothing
The forest's own sanctus rang out:

Irrevocably over misty, endless mire
In reverence from the tranquil stronghold of the grove
In the forest beyond forests
The wind of rapture was shown to me
In the tranquil woodland of the North
I could discern the land beyond bitterness

In the midst of the Nordic wastelands
I worship in the hidden kingdom of the wolf
In the heart of misty realms
In awe before the Creator of all that is