

# Lonely Wolfe

Wizard

"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  
(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  
Screaming in the air, but he is laughing  
(Death) is his aim, (rage) is his life  
His black blood streams through fired veins  
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(Death) is his aim, (rage) is his life  
His black blood streams through fired veins  
(Death) is his aim, (rage) is his life  
His black blood streams through fired veins, oh!  
His black blood streams through fired veins

...

(Death! Hate!)

(...)