

# Eerily Howling Winds

Ancient

Eerily howling winds, hear the wolves cry  
Cries of hunger, cries of hate  
The ruler in the forest, below the red moon, hiding in shadows,  
under the golden forest crown

Eerily, howling winds [4 times]

In the deep dark woods of Norway, they were nowhere to be found

The Ancient wolf spirit gathered and howled  
We are the true pagans, we shall always be, from our day forward,  
to eternity  
Forward in the forest, the old man laughed and grinned, spitting  
forth agony

The red full moon  
This is my ode to thee, Ancient ruler of my land  
Eerily howling winds, hear the wolves cry  
Cries of hunger, cries of hate  
In the old Norwegian moon, I will see their red eyes, and I shall  
greet them, listen to their beauty songs

Eerily, howling winds [4 times]