

## Men as Wolves

Battlelore

Those times of ruin  
Men went astray  
The remnants of battle and defeat  
Lands laid waste  
Outcasts hard of heart  
Seven times seven men  
Home is too far

We are like a pack of wolves  
Ruling the woods  
None shall pass and wander free  
Without our eyes seeing  
Our hands pointing the way  
Haunting the woodlands

Men as wolves pillaging  
Forgotten the honour and the pride  
Men as wolves revenging  
Feared among the other men

Evil roamed upon the borders of men  
Deeds feeding hate in their hearts  
A wayward man re-mended  
A shadow lies before us

A darkened heart, betrayal in hate  
The wolves were hunted to the last  
The last of the wolves, captured and chained  
Dragged through the lands of wandering and despair