

Unpunished Herd / Into The War (Outro)

Graveland

Born from the wolfish womb in the Fullmoon
I died for this world
I became the nightmare for living men
I run through the Black woods
Bloodlust leads me and I kill, kill and I die
In the ecstasy of murderlust
And then I escape possessed
I hide myself in the shadows of trees
I'm. afraid, I fear and I cry
My face drip with blood
I hate living men
I'm. faithful only for the dead
I remember wolves over my face
Red eyes of my mother
Her sharp fangs, and my first pain
I was born in the night
Evil wind was tearing the trees
Spirits were hiding in the shadows
And wolves brought me the first sacrifice
I became the unpurest spirit
I killed the living man
I draw my fangs in his body
And his spirit became mad
Born from the wolfish womb in the Fullmoon
I hide myself in the shadows of trees
I avoid the damned sun
I follow the smell of blood
Wolves come with the herds
Their howling appoints the limits of life
I am one of them
In the herd I follow the moon
Night helps us, we are unpunished
Sons of Fenriz, son of Louve
This is the true element of darkness
Wild, unseizable, true creation of Gods possessed

Into The War:

The last night has come, and dawn will never come
The sound of kettle drums spreads the hymn of Hatred
Into the war we come, its time of the last battle