

The Wolfheart

Månegarm

So young and frail, thin and weak
My flesh was feeble
I shed my frailty and gathered new strength
By the blood of the wolf
Hardened by the wolf's heart
My soul blackened
I've come of age and the toughest of men
Ready to claim what's mine

Six kings shall burn
My might shall grow

Earls and a half dozen kings
Came to the funeral feast
Came to a hall with glowing strides
They were led to their death

All land, from North to South, all shall be mine
All land, from East to West, shall be mine
Before I die...

The Ynglingars' kingdom burns with me
Let the flames engulf the hall, become my grave
I'm called the Ill Ruler, but wolf to the bone
My land shall not be torn from my hands

Twelve kings with betrayal I slayed
And battles I've fought
Now enemies abound
They have come for my land

The Ynglingars' kingdom burns with me
Let the flames engulf the hall, become my grave
I'm called the Ill Ruler, but wolf to the bone
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