

# 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

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