

Guardians Of The Forest

Wolfchant

Guardians of the Forest
Warriors of the fog
Sent by the elders, the wise
Defenders of Old fields
To fight against the foe

Gathered in the forest
Preparing their arms
Together they stand for valhall
Lords of the wolves
'Till the day of crucial war

Years went by
When their fiend was banned
Land and honour were free
They gathered in fynn's tavern
Conferred about what has to be done
To protect their country knowingly
That the enemy will turn back
They decided to call the ancient ones
Who are resting in the woods

I call you, awake now, you brave ones
Dwellers of the fog
Raise your swords an fight against
The ones who attack us, at once

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Travelling through the ancient
Woods waiting for the final call
No one will be spared, when day
Of war has come

Once by gone an era
The dwellers of the fog
With our fathers they stood
Side by side as in tales it's told

With horses formed by wrath
And blades made of fire
When they call for battle
No enemy will survive

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