

Routa, Part 2

Wolfheart

Laying to rest and summon the death
With profound and fierce fire
Cleanse the soul in the
Blaze of the ancient wrath

Searing grave, black flames from
The void tear through the pyre
From fire to embers
With strength I burn

Resurrection of the fallen
Into the lifeless lands of the north
From the abyss, from the core

From the depths of the damnation
The infernal regions
I was reborn into the coldest dawn

Into the coldest dawn
The coldest of them all!

Once departed and reawakened
I carry the mark of the
4th rider of the pale horse
Bringer of death upon the earth!

I was brought back
With a coal-black soul
My heart beats still forevermore!
In the flames of the end
I've been reborn!