

## Storm Centre

Wolfheart

When the chaos and confusion take a breath  
All there is to hear is silence  
Ferocity and cruelty has come to cease  
In a heartbeat ends all violence

Eye of the storm, ease inside of a disarray  
For a blink of an eye discipline in disorder  
Storm of swords  
The gale of war  
Soon unleashed upon us all

The breath of air  
Transforming into a hurricane  
A taste of dirt and bloody soil  
The winds are returning  
With a force immense and colossal

With haste we charge towards our fall  
Despair, demise we leave behind  
No honour in victory in this godless play of war  
No disgrace in defeat  
No dignity in death  
That awaits us all

Assault in all four fronts  
Surrounded growing weak and frail  
Defense broken, enemy lines torn apart  
Triumph by strength and gravest hearts