

## Encountering The Underworld

Folkodia

Sky draped by a gloomy veil,  
Unusal illusive peace,  
Nature seems to hold its breath  
At the hands of this imminent threat  
Going through mountains and forests  
The watchman patrol saw the enemy's squads  
Our soldiers saddled up the horses  
Only the victorious will get back home  
The encounter can't be avoided  
Tension is at its height  
Weapons are all set to spread the blood  
The air is freezing cold  
The wind is carrying a fetid scent of fear  
Inhuman figures appear from the woods  
Nightmarish sight from the underworld  
Running wild demonic creatures pouncing on us!  
Going through mountains and forests  
The watchman patrol saw the enemy's squads  
Our soldiers saddled up the horses  
Only the victorious will get back home