

In the Depths of Black Hills

Khors

The gods take away the lives of warriors,
Choosing the very best ones.
Families are crying for the dead,
Farewelling their souls.

The haze is covering the tops of the hills,
The ravens are flying over them.

Cold wind blowing away
Ashes of burial flame.

Old wolf at the edge of the wood
Looks with his tired old eyes
At the celebration of glory
And the greatness of death.