

# When the Wolves Cry Out

## Miracle Of Sound

When the wolves cry out  
Echoes in the old walls  
Distant are the calls  
On the winter's wind  
When the wolves cry out  
Honour in the black bonds  
Held in the beyond  
As the lights they dim

Sometimes the last in line  
Are the ones who last in time

Blood on the snow  
Blood on the ashes  
I'm not ashamed of what I am  
Make it my own  
Make it my castle  
I'm not ashamed of what I am  
Honor calls  
Honor calls  
Casting away the final mists of doubt...

When the wolves cry out  
The smallest they will grow great  
No more shall we wait  
To rejoin the pack  
They will heed my shout  
So much have I lost here  
Loves I held so dear  
Taken by the black

Sometimes the lost bloodlines  
Are the ones who last in time

Blood on the snow  
Blood on the ashes  
I'm not ashamed of what I am  
Make it my own  
Make it my castle  
I'm not ashamed of what I am  
Honour calls  
Honour calls  
Casting away the final mists of doubt...  
When the wolves cry out

Breaking of the cycle  
Thrones are ever idle  
Winter on the walls  
Grudges to be unlearned  
Reach out to the unburnt  
Flame to cover all

Blood on the snow  
Blood on the ashes  
I'm not ashamed of what I am  
Make it my own  
Make it my castle

I'm not ashamed of what I am  
Honor calls  
Honor calls  
Casting away the final mists of doubt...  
When the wolves cry out

Cry out  
Breaking of the cycle  
Thrones are ever idle  
Winter on the walls