

From Wilderness Came Death

Thyrting

Screams in the night woke the whole village up
Their cattle is getting attacked
The fences are broken and blood everywhere
Horses are lying there slack
Fenrir divided, a horde of greywolves
His power inside of them all
Feasting on the guts of both stallions and goats
No animal in there stands tall

The people were struck by terror and fear
While beasts intruded their ground
Like the flow of a storm that none can control
Cascades of blood in the pound
Spears were thrown at the raging wolfhorde
So hard to select them all out (in the night)
Running with bloodied fangs and fierce eyes
It sure doesn't help much to shout

In from wilderness came death
Wolves in the pound!

Setting some torches on fire might scare
But will them beasts disappear?
The scene turns real grim when the creatures change course
Grotesque, exploding fear
Thirtythree persons in spite with the wolves
So hungry and dangerous
Only much later when the sun rises
One can count the loss

The horrible fur-beasts defeated 'em all
And the yard was a bloody mess
A village of death, Fenrir's cold work
Of entrails, bones and flesh
The people they fought in vain for their farm
Wolven hunger got fed
After this night of terror and pain
All the humans were dead

In from wilderness came death
Blood on the ground!