

Ghosts of Karelia

Wolfheart

In the eye of the warfare
In the silence of the woods
Soon comes the blood red dawn

Death will fall upon these fields
No armour or shield
Shall defend from the blade of the winterborn

Crimson sun is rising
And soon the enemy is moving forward

Frozen blood on the snow
Not in the name of the vengeance
Or the path of retaliation
We stand to defend with supreme defiance

In the eye of the storm
Not by bloodline but as brothers of the war
Last line of the defence worn
With their blood new borders shall be drawn

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Enemy defeated
Bloodless legions
On a cold white ground
On a frozen soil
Of the north