

*In the eternal light of the moon,
Three pinpricks of strength stride out of the gloom,
All their paws strike into white shine,
Their deep marks left in the divine,
The lives of these wolves are used up with pride,
While the spirits of these creatures watch and
glide,*

*These spirits are mighty and powerful,
These spirits are majestic and agile,
They feel the pride of truth,
They give their mythical light.*

*The mighty truth striking from their eyes,
In their gaze the shall be no lies,
The beauty of these animals shalt not be disguised,
Whilst the bodies of these creatures continue to
stride,
The keepers of these spirits are strong but will die,
But these can be discarded and the creature will
fly.*

*These spirits are mighty and powerful,
These spirits are majestic and agile,
They feel the pride of truth,
They give their mythical light.*

*The mountains and pine trees stare,
The wolves beating hearts a flare,
But suddenly they slip and they fall,
Surprising, death doesn't hurt at all,
No agony and no loss of pride,
The spirits of these creatures will continue to stride...*

