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Bild: Zed Lord Art

The cry of the wolf

Woods of silver, a hidden sight

Lures behind the trees

Among the shadows of night

A silent roar in a breeze

Mountains of silver, a frozen howl

A call to others of his kind

To share his nightly prowling

But no one to find

Eyes of gold, a stolen tear

Colours the ground red

A cry he can not hear

Now everyone is dead

(Från 2013)

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