

Erna heard a fairytale poem once about these wolves:

Howler Howler, caterwaul,
Piercing shriek or moaning call
Try to flee but trapped in place
Howler never has to chase

Listen Listen move through stone
Sightless silence, never alone
Blinding poison, noxious breeze
Veiled shadow amongst the trees

Weeping wolf who rules the night
Eyes in the dark and never the light
Spirit prison, eat despair
Has no need of food or air
Die too close, another eye
Living nightmare, final cry
I wish I may, I wish I might
A spirits chance to flee the bite

Ravaged, scorched, hacked and beaten
It won't stop until it's eaten
Struggle to slash or shatter bone
A mortal hand makes it atone