

We're driving with our horse cart through the woods in Sud-Tirol.  
The sun has nearly set and the wind is bitter cold.  
The horses' hooves go splashing on the muddy roads, quite keen.  
It's evening in the mountains, not a soul is to be seen.

The five of us left Holland in the morning three days past.  
We're on our way to Karthaus, but we have to get there fast,  
for a howl sounds through the forest and our blood has turned to ice:  
a pack of wolves emerges with murder in their eyes!

Now they're still quite far behind us, but they're quickly closing in,  
the biggest of them leering at us with a hungry grin.  
There's no way of outrunning them and so we have to choose  
which one of us to sacrifice to satisfy the wolves.

A roll of dice determine who must take one for the team.  
'Tis Werner who rolls lowest and so, with a horrid scream,  
we throw him off the wagon and we quickly hurry on,  
and hope the other four of us might live to see the dawn.

It seems that Werner wasn't yet enough to feed them all,  
for once again the wolves are howling with their dreadful call.  
We roll the dice again and now Leo's fate is sealed,  
and bravely he jumps off the cart to give the wolves their meal.

It isn't that much further now as we drive through the night,  
but still the wolves come after us, a terrifying sight.  
Our horse is getting tired and 'tis with a sobbing cry  
we realise that yet another one of us must die.

I roll a six and Christian and Vincent both roll five.  
They start to argue 'bout which one of them must give his life.  
They start to fight but lose their footing and go tumbling down.  
The wolves devour them and now I'm left all on my own.

I can almost see the village and I make a joyful jump  
but lose my balance as the wagon hits a sudden bump.  
The wolves descend upon me and I think, "Well, that's shame!  
Yes, Karthaus is a lovely place, but just too far away!"

(based on 'dodenrid' by Drs P. adapted by Stijn Berends )