

Lycanthropy And Flames

Black Funeral

The rune is carved and the blood trickles
the midnight fires are illuminating towards the moon
no circle, only spirits of night
wolves and beasts, we become our darkest atavism
Lycanthropy and flames
The blade is drawn
an oath is given
no false idols, no above or below gods
we are the flesh of our mothers
the gods of all mythology
our darkest desires
Lycanthropy and flames
astral travel,
the night is ours
wolf skin,
given by the devil our beast itself
we are the sorcerers of night
ghosts and vampires gather in our temples
dungeons where the dead sleep
Lycanthropy and flames