

The Bishops Wolf

Orange Goblin

Full moon brooding over the earth
Empty prayer now for what it's worth
Band of liars all got something to hide
Heading north, all under the eye

Skin crawling at the sight of the moon
Blood frozen by the reading of ruins
Paranoia starts to eat at your brain
Unholy curse to drive you into the grave

Atone for all your sins now
Wash away all the pain
Make your peace with god now
Before you go insane

Execration on the heads of the nine
Cruel dementia starts to prey on their minds
A plague upon them for the wrong they have done
A malediction in the light of the sun

Leave the city under cover of night
A guilty conscience and a fear of the bite
Savage visions in the dark of the trees
Hear the howling of the wolf on the breeze

Invocation of a suicide pact
Book of tongues decreed there's no going back
Turn to fire for the ashes you crave
Bishops wolf has led the nine to the grave