

The Time Of The Wolf

Besatt

Rotted trunks in the infinity
Trunks are moss-grown
Branch plaited in embrace
Dance of icy wind
Among sleeping woods
Covers up lonely wolf's track
Wild and lonely wolf's track

I sweep animal's cold eyes
Over deadly scenery of wood
Under shiny grey fur
There are lethal white fangs
Welcomes silver fullmoon in the night

I smell by the wind
Scent of the blood
My vision becomes sharper
I am like a wolf

My hearing receipts
Inaudible whispers from beyond
My spul is howling to the moon
My body took over
Inhuman nibleness
My mind are full of lust
I am like a wolf