

Der Werewolf

Black Funeral

Before the Samhain full moon I position myself
Facing the soil carved pentagram
Candles incinerate black, smoldering the scent of
Mars bellows in the wind...
I cloak my skin in the flesh of the wolf and a mask of
Demonic symbolism
The lycanthropic strain engulfs my psyche and I feel electric a
live...
Holding the tetrahedron, the chant is called,
Fenris is awakened...my eyes reflect red,
Hungering, I walk the dense forest as the light of the full moon
darkens the earth...
And as I watch and feel the ghost rise...the energy builds,
The acasual life envelops my being, to go into the world,
To claw and devour the weak and fearful, beholden, upon a mount
ain...
The purple lightning forms a sigil...
Luna descends, the pleasures of flesh are mine!