

## 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  
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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  
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