The Bane of Daninsky (The Werewolf)

Dark Moor

It's a long hard way
To find a solution
So I feel so stray
Day by day
And when Moon's full
I'm the evil Evil's tool
Causing a dastardly havoc
I can't retaliate
But when I'm a man again
I've got just a rest of pain
When I turn into my shape just
A sense of guilt remains
I feel ferocious
Oh ooh oh, howling for the mayhem I've just made
I feel atrocious
Oh ooh oh, howling at the moon before it fades
Yes, it's a malady
I can not suffer at all
Seek a remedy
And just fall
And when moon's full
I'm the evil's tool
Inside me a harsh beast wailing
I hardly hold in
But when sun appears I'm sane
I'm released from my cruel bane
And I'm able to endeavor
To clean up my soul stain