

Lunar Reflection In Blood (vampyres Of The Old)

Drowning the Light

The carrion circle the rotten corpse
Seasons ago before the summer stench
Under the winter stars
A lone creature stalks the night
It's reflection dancing against the streams it passes
Looking for it's next victim
A lunar reflection in it's eyes
These cold nights draw out the aristocrats of old
Surviving centuries off mortal essence
The writing race of lesser beings walk the day
At dusk the fear strikes and they cower
For when the sun dies he awakens
In the colder months when the nights are longer
This world belongs to Him again