

## 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