

The Burning Eyes Of The Werewolf

Satanic Warmaster

Funeral darkness, clouds shadow the pale surface of the moon
Amid peals of possessed chants out from the darkness and the fog

The demon with black fur and claws as dirks is unbound
Skulks the woods in monstrous craving for blood

The burning eyes of the werewolf
The runes written in the stone
Forbidden wisdom hidden within
The signs of spells long forgotten

When the moon shines the cursed black soul is awoken
Bestial howls approach with terror in the dusk
Slowly in the silent woods the predator lurks
Old tales that foresee the beast have revived