

A gold-horned moon hung high - it's heart began to beat
With the fire of it's eye no ember could compete
Wolf-fiend, Mannwolf, Loup Garoux
Olden Legend born anew?
Human nature - wolven heart
Who seized that fire? By what black art?
It's sinews twisted fury, desire's it's portray
And the senses readily receive the scent of prey
The shepherds fear it's madness and their lambs do flee
For they know a secret: She is the wolf - The wolf is she!

Roaming the night
In splendour profound
Revel in delight
By darkness abound

Graceful thy cruelty
Ruthless the claw
Crowned with a beauty
That none can withdraw

A gold-horned moon hung high - her blood began to flow
Ordained to be a mortal sin - phenomenon from head to toe
Jewel-crowned huntress - mother of all
What secret spell did her enthrall?
Human nature - wolf at heart
Who seized that fire? Whose work of art?

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A gold-horned moon hung high - her heart began to beat
With the fire of her eyes no ember could compete
Her sinews twisted fury - desire's her portray
And her senses readily receive the scent of prey
She is the wolf - the wolf is she!