

# Blood Hunt

Urgehal

The coffins are closed  
When the daylight shines  
On the freezing stones  
Of this castle

The coffins lie deep  
Into the Crypts  
Of it's darkest halls  
Past dungeons and narrow walls

This is the home  
Of the majestic counts

Many milleniums  
They have lived with immortality  
Streaming in their veins

Feeding on human blood  
As a source  
To their delightful existence and beauty

Feared as the plague  
Their wings across the land  
And sets of into the night

Searching for a victim  
Rich of precious blood

Blood Hunt

...the coffins are opened...