

The Hands of the Moon

Wolfheart

The winterstorm inside my darkened mind blows out the fire
The immortal flames with the northern will of the night
Three shadows of silent wings fades to the landscape of frost
Cold stare of the moon has unleashed these soldiers of the dark

I drink the sound of north with the queen of the dark (of the dark)
Her lifeless eyes washed by the northwind blow (the northwind blow)

Thousand eyes of the night are calling my blackened light
Feeds my dark mind by those silvery hands of the moon
Catch the key and rush to the chapel of ghouls
Be my eternal slave on the hunt with these soldiers of the dark

I give a taste to the queen of the dark (to the queen of the dark...)
She drinks my blood for the sign to the moon (for the sign to the moon...)
I give a taste to the queen of the dark (to the queen of the dark...)
She drinks my blood for the sign to the moon...

My darkened light will die in this night (in this night)
I wither away under the ancient northern sky (the northern sky)

The nightly icestorm brings more strength to my old wings
A torturing thirst for the taste of virgins' fresh blood
I feel a releasing pain in my bloodred eyes of the beast
This is my last hunt in the land of the master moon

My might was given to the child of the night (to the child of the night...)
A young winged has born by the hands of the moon (by the hands of the moon...)
My might was given to the child of the night (to the child of the night...)
A young winged has born by the hands of the moon (by the hands of the moon...)
My might was given to the child of the night (to the child of the night...)
A young winged has born by the hands of the moon (by the hands of the moon...)