

# The Moonlight Glittered Upon the Snow

## Black Funeral

Oh, the night rises again, I feel the beast possess me,  
Stimulation of bestial desire, way of the wolf is my oath  
I prepare for a hunt of human life

Ritual prepared, master satan, grant me the powers of the wolf  
Wolfskin belt is given, succubus, rape my flesh and gather the  
Blackest lust  
I feel the pain and suffering of the innocent child,  
As the flesh is torn and the blood is shed

The night has teeth, as many humans have found  
I am the lord of the forest, my skills of magick and death perfected  
A service to my dark lord-  
the death of light, in human form he was  
Tortured  
Death welcomed him... the soul is immortal... beware...