Lupen Tooth

Of wolven breed I am and this creature am I We're drawing down the moon asunder crimson skies Bereft with lust for the kill and pack loyalties We are the brood, we are the few, moving black, swift and sleak ...

Stalking and shapeshifting once again As the disease grips at my skin Werebeasts capable with claw and teeth We hunger for human blood

The air is thick with intent as the hunt draws near Manimals of deadly strength, knowing no fear Incensed affixed by the moon full behind the trees We tear away at your flesh in mass carnality

Stalking and shapeshifting once again As the disease grips at my skin Werebeasts capable with claw and teeth We hunger for human blood

They can they? They can they? They can change their shape.