

Wolf Moon

Burden Of Grief

The sun descends
Descending in the west
The night comes down
The evening star turns out
The moon shines bright
Like ember in the sky
The time has come
This is the bloody night

Smelling the blood
Feeling the pain
Detection like an animal
Prick up the ears
Grinding the claws
The time has come for hunting

I am a wolf, running through the trees
Follow the scents of the midnight breeze
I am a wolf, hunting with my pack
With the other wolves waiting for meat to be brought back

The fear I smell
My prey is damned to hell
They're lost, forlon
Their fortune ripped and torn