

The Hunter

Coronatus

Running, heading up the hills
Howling, catch you soon,
The wolves are running through the night,
Run on your trail.
Fire, running through their veins.
Craving flood their minds.

Midnight, I'm running
Warm night, I'm hunting
Moonlight, I'll see you
Pale light, I'll catch you
No hide, I'll get on you

Bloodlust, I'm howling
Trust me, I'm hunting
Short way behind you
This night I'll get you
Warm blood, is calling me

Dread is inside you
Faint sounds, that warn you
I feel, you panic
I'm not Satanic
Instinct runs in my veins

Dark clouds start drifting
Warm winds, arising
Pale moons' blue cover
Warm rain, my lover
Red eyes catch sight of you

Running, heading up the hills
Howling, catch you soon,
The wolves are running through the night,
Run on your trail.
Fire, running through their veins.
Craving flood their minds.
The wolves are howling in the dark,
They hear you breathe.

Hunting, running up the hills
Craving, in their souls
The wolves are running through the dark,
Are on your trail
Fever, running through their veins
Howling, to the moon
Their eyes are glowing in the dark,
They catch your sight

Bearing this lust
All the time
Bloodlust on them
Drives them wild
Hunting, running up the hills
Craving, in their souls
The wolves are running through the dark,
They'll catch your heart

Midnight, I'm running
Warm night, I'm hunting
Moonlight, I'll see you
Pale light, I'll catch you
No hide, I'll get on you

Dark clouds start drifting
Warm winds, arising
Pale moons' blue cover
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