

A Dream Of Wolves In The Snow

Cradle of Filth

"Oh, listen to them
The children of the night
What sweet music they make"

May dreams be brought that I might reach...
The gentle strains of midnight speech
And frozen stars that gild the forest floor

Through the swirling snow
Volkh's children come
To run with me, to hunt as one
To snatch the lambs of Christ
From where they fall...