Hunter

Stratovarius

Those cold black eyes with their empty stare
revealing nothing at all what's on the way
and when the air filled with fear
he's lurking in the shade unrevealed
his aim is concealed

He is like a shark
when he smells some blood
he goes blind and insane
as he is chasing down his prey
and from the dark he rises
and he'll bring evil to light
he won't be keeping it at bay

Oooh, darkness follows him!
Death will he bring!

He's hunting from the dusk till dawn
he's on the move, he's on the loose and silently
he is sneaing upon his game
there is no warning there will be mourning
he makes his kill

Feeling no shame

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