

# Unholy Night

Wolf

The mist was thick and cold in the last night of this year  
The sun had all burned out and the church was locked and sealed  
A dark figure staggered at the graves  
The moon hid behind the clouds & darkness slowly spread  
Yeah, an unholy night  
The staggering figure moved like a shadow the church bell started to chime  
In the graves the dead began to writhe and twist their bones  
The wind whispered in the trees along with their wining moans  
The town, so old and tired, was sleeping the night away  
Safely tucked in bed not knowing of any threat  
But peaceful dreams faded to black and the warming fires died  
Grown men shivered in fear and sweat and children woke and up and cried  
Little did the town know of reprisal from the tomb  
The church bell was ringing the raven was singing a song about their doom  
Maybe they shouldn't have left him burned and buried alive  
Maybe they shouldn't have cursed his name and been so sure that he died  
Evil avenger with fire in his hands  
The nasty smell of paraffin oil and fear from the damned  
Soon the curse was back on them and set them all ablaze  
Devouring flames turned groans into ashes  
The smell of death blended with the haze