

December Wolves, Not With Tainted Blood

I learned the ways herein in this land of the cold and damp, dark and grim. And dream for my tongue to dance upon her skin. This pain - I bore this angel - I adore.

Give me more!!!

And now, this time, the opus of a decade is over, and now what?

She was the last of the ones.

The missing piece, one final gem to bring me the truth.

Might as well pack up your bags, cause the bell rings, you're finished!

And go ahead and think about me on your way home, well, you may well!

And when the broken wing of a memort asks me Why?

A tear from them will flood what is known.

But I won't reach the ending, the day won't come,

because the heir to the dreams is dead!

My veins paint this world red!!!