

Transilvanian Beat Club, Transilvanian Hunger

Transilvanian hunger the mountain so cold
Cold cold soul cold

Your hands are cruel careful ... pale ...
To haunt, to haunt forever at night

Take me can't you feel the call
Embrace me eternally in your daylight slumber

To be draped by the shadow of your morbid palace
Ohh, hate living... The only heat is warm blood

So pure... So cold
Transilvanian hunger

Hail to the true, intense vampires
A story made for divine fulfillment

To be the one's breathing a wind of sorrow
Sorrow and fright the dearest katharsis

Beautiful evil self to be the morbid count
A part of a pact that is delightfully immortal

Feel the call freeze you with the uppermost desire
Transilvanian hunger, my mountain is cold

So pure... Evil, cold
Transilvanian hunger