

Wolf, Unholy Night

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