

# Your Shapeless Beauty, Wolves Are Not Yours

Wolves Are Not Yours

(Music & lyrics : Abate, Blachier, Canavaggia, Cozzi, Lavail)

6 times the pain, 6 times the hatred  
6 times the sadness, insanity is storming in your hollow head  
Weak followers of a past unknown  
I spit with joy on your blind ignorance and puke at your so called wisdom  
Wolves are not yours  
My pain is yours  
Until the end of time  
Wolves are not yours  
I am your curse  
Until the end of night  
7 visions, 7 howling tortures  
7 times utopia trampled and I scream at this idiotic belief  
I rise my fist to crush your damned oppression  
Without the sun nothing, give us back our solar wheel...  
Wolves are not yours  
My pain is yours  
Until the end of time  
Wolves are not yours  
I am your curse  
Until the end of night  
Bleak insights from desperate pits calling at the weaks,  
Using of ancient signs that glorify their myth  
Die bastard pigs  
Leave us all here  
Give me back my blood  
I send you storms of revenge  
To desecrate your lies!!  
I 'm the kick in the ass of your f\*\*king blindness  
My freedom is my dearest treasure  
And I will die for it  
Never will I bow to your bastard idol  
So rotten and so cold in his false misanthropy !  
Wolves are not yours  
My pain is yours  
Until the end of time  
Wolves are not yours  
I am your curse  
Until the end of night  
Rise for your dreams, to survive, hold your swords high, there 's no  
ompromise  
Face the truth, now it's time for the fake to obey or they 'll die !