

# Amortis, Summoned by Astral Fires

I've walked alone for Centuries  
Beneath the Moon  
Alone so cold out in the Dark  
I've searched so long for you  
Whose Blood's the same as I've inside  
You are my Breed  
Listen to this ancient Tale  
Of Fathers long ago  
As Clouds of endless Suffer  
Buried the Moon beneath  
On glorious Fields of frozen Lands  
He's lying still  
In the pale Face  
Of a dying King a Legend's told  
Of Tears which ran so bloodred  
Out of empty Eyes  
In the Time of Unlight  
Before Life and Time had begun  
When the Moon arose  
And gave birth to me in darkest Night

Upon the Shades a Whisper  
Cries out an ancient Tale  
Of cruel Beings  
In the Woods of Loneliness  
It foretells a hundred Murders  
That lead through ancient Times  
Of mysterious Deaths of thousands  
Of Humans in darkest Nights  
The Ground has sipped all their Blood  
And grasps for dying Mortals  
Who are reaching for the Stars  
And cry loudly as they die ..  
Lycanthrope has begun

Dust and Fog has lead them  
Through eternal Night  
Golden Stars will shine up high  
Through Midnight's Face

Out of the Forest so clear  
Hear the dreadful Screams  
Like immortal Hunger  
Of ancient Beasts

Fear spreads its Wings  
And falls onto the Humans  
When the Moon, their Father,  
Shows them the Way  
Dark Impulses inside their Veins  
Lead them onward to kill again and again

Into the Forest  
Where the Wolf awakes at Night  
And the greatest Beast of all  
Starts its Hunt for human Flesh  
I'm the great Father  
The Wolf, the ancient Blood  
Whose Bite is the gift  
Of a painful endless Life

As the Moon shone high upon  
Showing me the Way  
Towards the mortal Bodies

Of those I love by Day  
The Greed for Flesh of Humans  
Makes me hunt this Night  
Silently I may crawl nearer to my Victims  
So I arise my Claws and tear their Flesh away  
And mutilated Faces begin to stare at me  
Their Eyes are as cold as mine  
Staring at the Sky  
Where the Moon, my Father,  
Is waiting for their Souls

Blood is flowing out of the Veins  
Of impaled Bodies lying in Shades  
And every Night when I awake  
Oh, weak Humans, prepare to die - DIE