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