

# Cancerslug, Winter

coming out of the dark  
the beast, it rears its head  
walking onto the soft white, its lunar quest begins  
an invasion of truth  
to walk the land alone  
stepping out of the moral slide  
instinct is now its home  
and its on, its on  
the man is now the wolf  
and i have changed form to live as winters evening birth  
stepping into the cold  
as gore drips from my fangs  
walking into the moonlight, onto the snowy plains  
i have waited so long to feel this alive  
and its all that is real to me, on this winter night