

# Cradle of Filth, A Dream Of Wolves In The Snow

&quot;Oh, listen to them  
The children of the night  
What sweet music they make&quot;  
[From Bram Stoker's &quot;Dracula&quot; (1897)]

May dreams be brought that I might reach...  
The gentle strains of midnight speech  
And frozen stars that gild the forest floor

Through the swirling snow  
Volkh's children come  
To run with me, to hunt as one  
To snatch the lambs of christ  
From where they fall...