

Crematory, Victims

Soon I feel the power
Surging through my soul
I feel a hatred deep and pure
No bloodshed could console

Now the change becomes me
My terror grows within
And as I scream for vengeance
I start my life of sin

Seeking out my victims
Laughing at their pless
What care I when I am
The victim of lycantropy

Suddenly I sniff your scent
Your blood smells so sweet
I lust to feast upon your heart
And on your raw red meat

Springing from the shadows
I'm ripping out your brain
Your body flails in torment
And thrashes from the pain

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Next time heed the warnings
When night comes soon
Don't ever walk into wood
Beneath the full white moon