

# Fang, Diary Of A Mad Werrwoulf

It's the night of the living dead  
All the children are tucked in bed  
With the full moon I have a date  
In my lycanthropic state  
I am afflicted I have been bitten  
It's taking over me, lycanthropy  
They devil's mark is tearing me apart  
They cry of the wolf is taking over me  
You'd better run you'd better hide  
When you're a werewold no one's on your side  
AAAHOOOOOOOOOO  
When I was young I was attacked by the living dead  
They made me into one of them  
Tear the flesh from your face  
Bury you in the coldest hell  
Takeover your mind  
For you it's the toll of the bell  
AAAHOOOOOOOOOO