

# Fire + Ice, The Werewolves Of London Town

Beware the days of the year, little man  
When the moon hath a face like a silver crown  
Cleave if thou may'st to the home of thy clan  
And hide from the Werewolves of London Town  
Beware the coverts and courts, little maid  
Where walks the man with the coat of brown  
Though thou art abandoned, be not waylaid  
By the hungry Werewolves of London Town  
Beware the alleys and lanes, my son  
Those shining eyes and their power of sewn  
If thou art sighted, be not undone  
By the mighty Werewolves of London Town  
Beware the starlit nights, my child  
And pretty lady in the sleek white gown  
Though thou art forsaken, be not beguiled  
By the charming Werewolves of London Town