

# Venom, Wolverine

Deep in the dark of the forest came calls of sound from the wolverine  
As they danced their wicked dance round the fire in a dead trance  
Raising the chalice to the night darkly seek to their own delight  
Sacrifice to the only son saving blood sip it one by one  
Cleansing the altar awaiting the prize the virgin clad whiter than snow  
Holding the mass and presenting the cross pointed inverted below  
Doubles the blade in the cold and blessed night holds it above to be marked  
Hammering down in the soft flesh below ripping and tearing the heart  
Oh lord of this limbionic state take the prize we deliver to the gate  
Cloven the demons cloak ascends from the earth this being never ends  
As they fall to their knees and prey as the night reimburse the day  
Colder than any mortal thing his hands stretch to infinity  
All encompassing the flock there's no life in here any more  
Deeper than hades he brings to his side the man who presented the mass  
Questioning nothing the high priest is drawn kneels to his master's request  
Talking his left hand and passing it slow he ponders the mortal before  
Swiftly he moves and faster than hell he tears out this lunatics soul  
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