

# Witchery, The Howling

Lone wolfs howl - this fullmoons night  
The sound is faint but clear  
Noone wonders - all of us know why  
People have dissapeared  
The townsmen gather those who dare  
Torches are lit and set aflare  
They must find this ghastly being  
Somesay a werewolf has been seen

Sound out the call  
The hunt is tonight  
Let loose the dogs  
To chase this back to Hell!

A hundred men - they storm the hills  
The dogs have found a lead  
A shadow moves, part man - part wolf  
In the distance he starts to flee  
They must find this ghastly being  
Somesay a werewolf has been seen

Sound out the call  
The hunt is tonight  
Let loose the dogs  
To chase this back to... Hell!

Drive the stake - right thru the heart  
He must never, to rise again  
Silvercoins - placed in the mouth  
Sets the werewolfs corpse to flames