

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