

Wumpscut, Wulf

Do you know the danger's night
Do you think you can resist
Many came to win the fight
Many lives were deadly kissed

You are obsessed
You are obsessed
With drinking its blood
With drinking its blood
With the killing the beast
The wolf

It already scents your track
It already smells your trail
Feel its anger in your neck
Feel the panic you will fail

Death is calling
Baby the wolf is calling
Death is calling
Baby the wolf is calling

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