

A Dream of Wolves in the Snow

Cradle of Filth

Oh, listen to them
The children of the night
What sweet music they make May dreams be brought
That I might reach
The gentle strains
Of midnight speech
And frozen stars
That gild the forest floor Through the swirling snow
Volkh's children come
To run with me, to hunt as one
To snatch the lambs of Christ
From where they fall
From where they fall

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