Werewolves on the Hunt

Stormwitch

Deep in the misty forest
In nights when wind stops blowing
And when the moon hides it's faceSpit out of evil darkness
Hell's infants, night's black agents
Then Satan starts a bloody raceThick fog leads you astray
Watch out, you've lost your way
You're feeling cold, feeling ill
The mob of beasts are hungry
They scent your sweaty body
They're doomed to hunt, born to killDon't't look back, they follow your tracks
You can hear them growl and grunt
Start to run, the chase has just begun
There are werewolves on the huntYou're staggering on the wood-ground
You're stumbling and you fall down
Thorny branches scratch your faceGet up and keep on running
Get up and keep on running
No chance to flee their cold embraceDon't look back...Deep in the misty forest
In nights when wind stops blowing
And when the moon hides it's face
The sound of crackin' bones
Echos through nightmare's home
You've lost your life at Satan's raceDon't look back...
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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