Wolves From the Fog

Moonspell

Near the howling...
As the light falls and darkness paints the sky in black,
a cold Moon shines and the red sombre eyes awake, the forest whispers
Whispers my unholy name, from a frozen mis I rise, I Wolf rise!
And my brothers will attack under this blood sign.
Wolves from the fog will join in a nocturnal operetta.
When the wind sounds bohemia and the trumpets loud bacanal.
Oh! Fausts and ninfs the joy of Nahima, Mistress of the Sabbat.
Soon we'll be embraced by our father - the one with horns.
Satan is rejoicing in pleasure destroying the shapes of flesh.
...and once again from the fog, with horns on head
came the Wolf carrying in is shoulder the sacrifice,
a beauty to this Walpurgis Eve.
As, to the sombre image of our God,
the Wolf with Horns I walk!

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