Lycantropus Erectus

Messiah

Overpowered by his tendency for evil
A man drew out an ancient magic formula
Painted two circles on the ground
And burned pine and poplar
Other ingredients followed into the cauldron
Opium, poppy, aloe, hemlock
As the flames blazed
He began to mutter his conjurationChosen from the devilish group
Send the big grey ghost
Who makes humanity tremble
Come, come, come
Steam and cintment begin to work
The man sinks to his knees
He implores to the ghost of the unknown
To give him the power of metamorphosisI ask. I call. I implore you
You phantom of the darkness
Nobody's like you
Transform me into a werewolfAt last perfectly transformed in his fantasy
The werewolf hunts in the darkness
He serves the evil one
With heart, body and soul
He's damned night after night
Scouring dales in search of human victims
He knows that he's vulnerable
For defense he mutters the last words of the ritual

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