Hour Of The Wolf

Born From Pain

R. Williams
Soft blood dances clothed in sunlight
Guide to the labyrinth, night of sin
Voice of the serpent draped with diamonds
Hour of the wolf is drawing near
Soft blood flows in emerald starlight
Host of the labyrinth, fool or seer?
Prophet of wisdom, bathed in glory
Hour of the wolf is drawing near
Killing time approaches as the clock strikes,
As it falls
Recognition blurs definement
Wolf pack on the prowl
Soft blood boiling in the moonlight
Guest to the labyrinth, has lost his way
Caught in a prison of holy madmen
Hour of the wolf is drawing near
Soft blood rises, spilling over
King of the labyrinth, king of fear
Vision of life's end, dream or nightmare
Hour of the wolf is here
Killing time has been met
As the clock strikes, your life falls
Recognition blurs definement
Wolf pack on the prowl
Everything is silent, everything cries out
Through the veil of sorrow
And the pall of death
Everything is silent, everything cries out
Through the veil of sorrow
And the pall of death
(repeat)

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