

Wolverine

Coolbone Brass Band

Deep in the dark of the forest came calls of sound from the wolverine
As they danced their wicked dance round the fire in a dead trance
Raising the chalice to the night darkly seek to their own delight
Sacrifice to the only son saving blood sip it one by one
Cleansing the altar awaiting the prize the virgin clad whiter than snow
Holding the mass and presenting the cross pointed inverted below
Doubles the blade in the cold and blessed night holds it above to be marked
Hammering down in the soft flesh below ripping and tearing the heart
Oh lord of this limbionic state take the prize we deliver to the gate
Cloven the demons cloak ascends from the earth this being never ends
As they fall to their knees and prey as the night reimburse the day
Colder than any mortal thing his hands stretch to infinity
All encompassing the flock there's no life in here any more
Deeper than hades he brings to his side the man who presented the mass
Questioning nothing the high priest is drawn kneels to his master's request
Talking his left hand and passing it slow he ponders the mortal before
Swiftly he moves and faster than hell he tears out this lunatics soul
Oh lord of this limbionic state take the prize we deliver to the gate
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