

Lycanthropy

G.B.H.

Lycanthropy is in his blood,
and spreads to those he slays.
Uncontrolled metamorphosis,
undetectable by day.
But when the moon is waxing,
and all the world's asleep.
Through woods and fields,
the werewolf he will creep. Even a man who is pure heart,
and says his prayers at night ..
can become a werewolf when the wolfsbane blooms,
and the Autumn moon is bright. He instinctively seeks to kill,
the thing he loves the best.
He'll bare his teeth, growl and snarl,
and wish upon you death. His suffused eyes will glare in hate,
silver-grey hair will shine.
He'll grip you in his muscular arms,
and on your your flesh will dine.

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