The Shift

Samhain

The shift starts, your spine stiffens
You break out in a cold, cold sweat
Then the muscular convulsions tear at you brain
Leaving you snarling and snapping at airYour thoughts are of tearing asunder
All that exists in a man's world
Control does not exist
You're in the shift and hell has begunThe shift starts, the growl comes from the stomach up
Back from the base of the vertebrae, razorback, hair straight up
Fluid shoots from you mouth and lungs, razorneck of a carnal, dog thing
Carnal in fury, carnal in lustYou burn from the power, it tremors the senses
Keen and cool and ready for blood, back up from the stomack up
Back from the base of the vertebrae, razorback, hair straight up
Carnal in fury, carnal in lust

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