

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 air Your 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 begun The shift starts, the growl comes from the stomach up
Back from the base of the vertebrae, razorback, hair straight up
Fluid shoots from your mouth and lungs, razorneck of a carnal, dog thing
Carnal in fury, carnal in lust You burn from the power, it tremors the senses
Keen and cool and ready for blood, back up from the stomach up
Back from the base of the vertebrae, razorback, hair straight up
Carnal in fury, carnal in lust

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