

# A Dream Of Wolves In The Snow

## Cradle Of Filth

Oh, listen to them  
The children of the night  
What sweet music they make  
May dreams be brought  
That I might reach  
The gentle strains  
Of midnight speech  
And frozen stars  
That gild the forest floor  
Through the swirling snow  
Volkh's children come  
To run with me, to hunt as one  
To snatch the lambs of Christ  
From where they fall  
From where they fall

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>