

# Werewolves On the Hunt

## Stormwitch

Deep in the misty forest  
In nights when wind stops blowing  
And when the moon hides its face Spit out of evil darkness  
Hell's infants, night's black agents  
Then Satan starts a bloody race Thick fog leads you astray  
Watch out, you've lost your way  
You're feeling cold, feeling ill The mob of beasts are hungry  
They scent your sweaty body  
They're doomed to hunt, born to kill Don't look back, they follow your tracks  
You can hear them growl and grunt  
Start to run, the chase has just begun  
There are werewolves on the hunt You're staggering on the wood-ground  
You're stumbling and you fall down  
Thorny branches scratch your face Get up and keep on running  
Get up and keep on running  
No chance to flee their cold embrace Don't look back..... Deep in the misty forest  
In nights when wind stops blowing  
And when the moon hides its face The sound of crackin' bones  
Echos through nightmare's home  
You've lost your life at Satan's race Don't look back.....

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