

Howl Of The Wolves

Black Messiah

A dark winter's night in the northern forest
Feel the frost, gasp for air, hear the storm in the trees
Run for your life, grab your sword hold your shield
Hear the howl of the wolves, they are right behind you

Alone on your run for your life
Remember the stories your grandfather told you
The stories of beasts haunting wild in the dark
Remember the story from the howl of the wolves

Your blood feels like ice, see red eyes in the dark
Feel their presence, their might, they are straight behind you
The hunt for your blood is the hunt for your life
And you run, full of fear, hear the howls in the night