

Transilvanian Hunger

Darkthrone

Transilvanian Hunger...cold..soul
Your hands are cruel...to haunt..to haunt

the mountains are cold...soul...soul...
careful..pale...forever at Night

Take me...can't you feel the Call
Embrace Me Eternally in your daylight slumber

To be Draped by the Shadow of your Morbid Palace
ohh, Hate Living...The only heat is warm blood

So Pure... So Cold
Transilvanian Hunger

Hail to the True, intense vampires
A story made for Divine fulfillment

To be the ones breathing a Wind of Sorrow
Sorrow and fright the dearest catharsis

Beautiful Evil Self to be the Morbid Count
A part of a Pact that is delightfully immortal

[řev]

Feel the call freeze you with the uppermost desire
Transilvanian Hunger...my mountain is cold

[řev]

So Pure... Evil, Cold
Transilvanian Hunger