

## Wolverine

## Venom

Deep in the dark of the forest came calls of sound from the wol  
verine  
As they danced their wicked dance round the fire in a dead tran  
ce  
Raising the chalice to the night darkly seek to their own delig  
ht  
Sacrifice to the only son saving blood sip it one by one  
Cleansing the altar awaiting the prize the virgin clad whiter t  
han snow  
Holding the mass and presenting the cross pointed inverted belo  
w  
Doubles the blade in the cold and blessed night holds it above  
to be marked  
Hammering down in the soft flesh below ripping and tearing the  
heart  
Oh lord of this limbionic state take the prize we deliver to th  
e gate  
Cloven the demons cloak ascends from the earth this being never  
ends  
As they fall to their knees and prey as the night reimburse the  
day  
Colder than any mortal thing his hands stretch to infinity  
All encompassing the flock there's no life in here any more  
Deeper than hades he brings to his side the man who presented t  
he mass  
Questioning nothing the high priest is drawn kneels to his mast  
er's request  
Talking his left hand and passing it slow he ponders the mortal  
before  
Swiftly he moves and faster than hell he tears out this lunatic  
s soul  
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