

Watain

"Wolves Curse"

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How the moon leer's at thy ignorance
ye who laughest in the face of Death
know ye not its ever-gaping jaws?
they always hunger
oh they wake up from their slumber now
heeding the call of the wild
from the shadows they come forth
abommations of the north!

Murderers, spawn of might impregnated by many a
blackened will
the stalking horror
for long time gone
hungry now for the kill
holy guardians of the secrets nocturne
for which many a man have burned
and so the nightwinds cry out their dreaded warning
wail
the wolves have returned

Beware!
the wolves curse
beware!
the dark
fear!
the lupus lunae
at night, beware!

Dwellers of the threshold
children of the night
predators and punishers, fearless yet feared
the stench of putrefaction and of long dead blood
follow their steps
ever so near

Beware!
the wolves curse
beware!
the dark
fear!
the lupus lunae

fear!
the return

Approach them not with doubt in heart
disturb them not in vain
only the cursed ones
the wild at heart may enter their domain
a lawless realm where chaos breeds and howls most
foul asound
so stay away, ye who is of god
this is enemy ground

Beware!
the wolves curse
baware!
the dark
fear!
the lupus luna
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Kerberos are We
the three-pronged spear
shape-shifters, always hungry
far beyond the grace of God lies the lair
where shadows fall
Beware!

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