

Wolf "Unholy Night"

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The mist was thick and cold in the last night of this year
The sun had all burned out and the church was locked
and sealed
A dark figure staggered at the graves
The moon hid behind the clouds & darkness slowly
spread
Yeah, an unholy night
The staggering figure moved like a shadow the church
bell started to chime
In the graves the dead began to writhe and twist their
bones
The wind whispered in the trees along with their wining
moans
The town, so old and tired, was sleeping the night away
Safely tucked in bed not knowing of any threat
But peaceful dreams faded to black and the warming
fires died
Grown men shivered in fear and sweat and children
woke and up and cried
Little did the town know of reprisal from the tomb
The church bell was ringing the raven was singing a
song about their doom
Maybe they shouldn't have left him burned and buried
alive
Maybe they shouldn't have cursed his name and been
so sure that he died
Evil avenger with fire in his hands
The nasty smell of paraffin oil and fear from the
damned
Soon the curse was back on them and set them all
ablaze
Devouring flames turned groans into ashes
The smell of death blended with the haze

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