

## Berzerker

### "The Time Of The Wolf"

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Rotted trunks in the infinity  
Trunks are moss-grown  
Branch plaited in embrace  
Dance of icy wind  
Among sleeping woods  
Covers up lonely wolf's track  
Wild and lonely wolf's track

I sweep animal's cold eyes  
Over deadly scenery of wood  
Under shiny grey fur  
There are lethal white fangs  
Welcomes silver fullmoon in the night

I smell by the wind  
Scent of the blood  
My vision becomes sharper  
I am like a wolf

My hearing receipts  
Inaudible whispers from beyond  
My spul is howling to the moon  
My body took over  
Inhuman nibleness  
My mind are full of lust  
I am like a wolf

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