

Harvist

"The Lycan Draws Nigh (Clad In Wolfskin)"

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We are born to the world alone
Yet, we are dangerous
Armed with a heart of stone
Love always fades, soon it will be dead
As hurt grows anew
A howl echoing through my soul
A scream searching for a mouth
Blackness fills my eyes, life is a cage
Happiness turned into iron bars
Upon alters formed of pity and despair
Between beast and man
Blinded by everything I've done
In my lover's bed
My second skin is she'd
Within mists of misery
Hands become fists
And a voice calls
Run with me and be free
Welcoming me to this lone wolf's game
Punished to be half man
Twisted forms who share one soul
Man walks and beast follows
I have seen it's true face

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