Harvist "The Lycan Draws Nigh"

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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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