

Dark Moor

"The Bane of Daninsky, The Werewolf"

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It's a long hard way
To find a solution
So I feel so stray
Day by day

And when Moon's full
I'm the evil Evil's tool

Causing a dastardly havoc
I can't retaliate
But when I'm a man again
I've got just a rest of pain
When I turn into my shape just
A sense of guilt remains

I feel ferocious
Oh ooh oh, howling for the mayhem I've just made
I feel atrocious

Oh ooh oh, howling at the moon before it fades

Yes, it's a malady
I can not suffer at all
Seek a remedy
And just fall

And when moon's full
I'm the evil's tool

Inside me a harsh beast wailing
I hardly hold in
But when sun appears I'm sane
I'm released from my cruel bane
And I'm able to endeavor
To clean up my soul stain

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