

Dark Throne

"Transilvanian Hunger"

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Transilvanian Hunger
the mountain so Cold
Cold Cold Soul Cold

Your hands are cruel careful ... pale ...
To Haunt, to Haunt forever at Night

Take me can't you feel the Call
Embrace Me Eternally in your daylight slumber
To be Draped by the Shadow of your Morbid Palace
ohh, Hate Living... The only heat is warm blood
Transilvanian Hunger
So Pure... So Cold

A story made for Divine fulfillment
Hail to the True, intense vampires

To be the Ones breathing a Wind of Sorrow
Sorrow and Fright the Dearest Katharsis
Beautiful Evil Self to be the Morbid Count

A part of a Pact that is Delightfully immortal

Feel the Call Freeze you with the Uppermost Desire
So Pure... Evil, Cold
Transilvanian Hunger, my Mountain is Cold

Transilvanian Hunger

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