

Taib K "The Wolf"

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When you move, you always slink behind the shadow of
the moon

Each step precise as killers often do
In the thrill of night, in the cruelest way, you lock into
pursuit
In that way you remind me of the wolf

You've got my hair standing on end
Heart racing as the hunt begins
And if you make the kill swift before she knows
You'll hear the howls of the wolves

The allure as the scent, weighed down with butchery,
broods
Draws the hungry eyes of wolves

And while the numbers accrue
As the lure of death looms
If you hang your gaze upon the cold still moon
You'll hear the howls of the wolves

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