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Transilvanian Beat Club "Transilvanian Hunger"

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Transilvanian Hunger The Mountains are 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

So pure... So Cold Transilvanian Hunger

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

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 the Pact that is Delightfully immortal

Feel the Call Freeze you with the Uppermost Desire Transilvanian Hunger, my Mountain is Cold

So Pure... Evil. Cold. Transilvanian Hunger

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