

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

