

Venke Knutson

"Wolverine"

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Deep in the dark of the forest came calls of sound from
the wolverine
As they danced their wicked dance round the fire in a
dead trance
Raising the chalice to the night darkly seek to their own
delight
Sacrifice to the only son saving blood sip it one by one
Cleansing the altar awaiting the prize the virgin clad
whiter than snow
Holding the mass and presenting the cross pointed
inverted below
Doubles the blade in the cold and blessed night holds it
above to be marked
Hammering down in the soft flesh below ripping and
tearing the heart
Oh lord of this limbionic state take the prize we deliver
to the gate
Cloven the demons cloak ascends from the earth this
being never ends
As they fall to their knees and prey as the night
reimburse the day
Colder than any mortal thing his hands stretch to
infinity
All encompassing the flock there's no life in here any
more
Deeper than hades he brings to his side the man who
presented the mass
Questioning nothing the high priest is drawn kneels to
his master's request
Talking his left hand and passing it slow he ponders
the mortal before
Swiftly he moves and faster than hell he tears out this
lunatics soul
Oh lord of this limbionic state take the prize we deliver
to the gate
Cleansing the altar awaiting the prize the virgin clad
whiter than snow
Holding the mass and presenting the cross pointed
inverted below
Doubles the blade in the cold and blessed night holds it
above to be marked

Hammering down in the soft flesh below ripping and
tearing the heart
Oh lord of this limbionic state take this prize we deliver
to the gate
Deep in the dark of the forest came calls of sound from
the wolverine

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