

## Moonspell

# "Wolves From The Fog"

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Near the howling...  
As the light falls and darkness paints the sky in black,  
a cold Moon shines and the red sombre eyes awake,  
the forest whispers  
Whispers my unholy name, from a frozen mis I rise, I  
Wolf rise!  
And my brothers will attack under this blood sign.  
Wolves from the fog will join in a nocturnal operetta.  
When the wind sounds bohemia and the trumpets loud  
bacanal.  
Oh! Fausts and ninfes the joy of Nahima, Mistress of the  
Sabbat.  
Soon we'll be embraced by our father - the one with  
horns.  
Satan is rejoicing in pleasure destroying the shapes of  
flesh.  
...and once again from the fog, with horns on head  
came the Wolf carrying in is shoulder the sacrifice,  
a beauty to this Walpurgis Eve.  
As, to the sombre image of our God,  
the Wolf with Horns I walk!

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