

Adorior "Isegrim"

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Once upon a time...
... she slipped from the darkling mountains,
Bathed by the bloated moon
She lay to the earth, as whore to a beast
And beast began to bloom.
With mouth of fang and sight of night.
With hide of grey, a shadow to her prey.
Screaming at the sky!
She crept toward the lightsd between the valley below
Leaving her mark, upon the silver snow
Awaiting with passion, for her hunger to, cease.
Wild, with sensation, the eyes, in the mist.
Then bitch rips woman, with claws, in the calves
And as bitch is nourished, woman starves.
Naked and free, a legend to thee
Swifter than life, a slaughter, on the breeze
Runs hunter and hunted, united in flesh.
As the mists part and the snow melts for her breath.
I have felt the hunger, in the eyes of the night.
Howling to feed, on the blood of the light.
To watch for me, when the moon is fullest
Father look at me now.
I am wolf!

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