

The Virgins

"Wolfmoon"

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Deep, deep shadows cast down on earth
By the cold moon's light.
In the moorland the mists rise up,
This is the Werewolf's night.

Twelve o'clock - the churchbells strike,
I hear the Wolfman's call.
His eyes are burning deamon-like,
This night he get's you all.

Wolfmoon, Wolfmoon burning bright,
Through the forests of the night,
Wolfmoon, Wolfmoon set him free,
From thy gruesome tyranny!

Oh, young fair maid, did you not see,
The moon is full tonight?
Run -don't walk- from the moorland, flee!
Before he is in sight...

To feast upon thy maiden flesh,
To eat thy heart and soul.
Wolfmoon, Wolfmoon burning bright,
Through the forests of the night,

Wolfmoon, Wolfmoon set him free,
From thy gruesome tyranny!

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