

Nehmah

"Siguilum Sanctum Lycantropia"

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The cold winds of mayhem squalls through the dark
and deep forest brings the smell
of decayed flesh, intensifies this desire for murder.
Cycle of werewolf... Hells wrath
spawn, this night of rape and blood, I was born in the
light of the fullmoon and
baptised in the scared blood of the wolf. Cycle of
werewolf... Blood ritual I draw
the circle, feel so cold, yet my desire gives me
diabolical heat. now the bad moon is
on the rise... I am trapped in its blaze, hatred poisons
my veins, I'm cold and my
heart turns black, the blood moon is rising! I can't
resist its infernal power, I go
through the forest at hell's pace, seek a prey, a woman
to satisfy my dark desires!

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