The wolves of light are gathering higher...

Sweet kisses, joyful hugs and smiles,

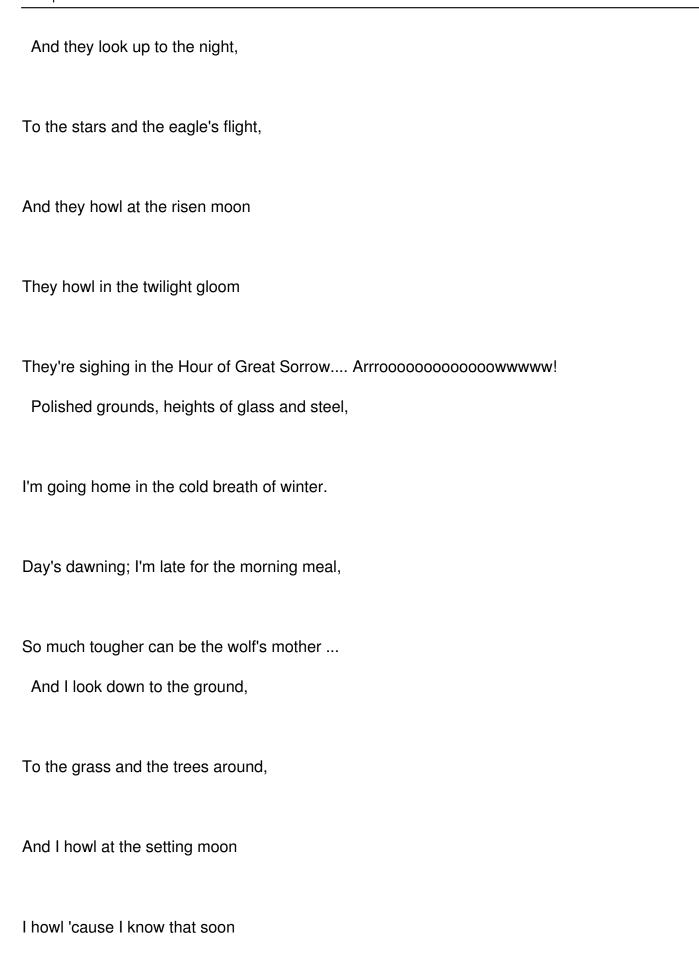
They lick their wounds and tune their minds.

Together sitting, talking about the miles,

On forbidden roofs, high above the lands...

And they look down to the ground,

To the city light and sound,
And they howl at the rising moon
They howl 'cause they know that soon
They'll enter in the Hour of Great Sorrow Arrrooooooooooowwwww! They're watching, and what they see is slighter
They're listening, and what they hear is farther
They're touching, and what they meet is harsher
They're loving, and what they get is anger
They're talking about sensible notions
They're searching for potential solutions
They're smiling, they got a shining grain
But they grieve and anticipate the pain



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I'll be leaving the Hour of Great Sorrooooooooooo...

Arrroooooooooowwww!