

The four hooves echo in the night.
Pictures of deepest fear reflect in your eyes,
like a fire in your soul.
Burst through the forest of the wild.
The full moon beholds from its starlit sky,
this journey without goal.

The hunt twists and turns,
winding through the dark.
The flame of intensity burns
higher and higher and higher.

The hooves are pounding in the dark,
splitting the silence of the night.
Do you smell the cruel desire?
Your paws are pounding with your heart,
pounding for life and liberty
as the steam is rising higher.

Inside the forest oh so deep,
the creatures of the night watch intently
this hunt that flashes them by.
Will you escape or will you bleed?
The hunter's at your tail, he calls for victory
with hunger in his eyes.

As the welkin embraces his stars
to a shimmering nightly play,
the arch-enemy of man
is once more prey.