

As wolves or bats
Through forests or the heights
Fragmented into rats
Causing loathing and fright

Ours are the late hours
Ours are the dark powers
By a gaze of ours
Any mortal cowers

In the shape of beast
With enhanced might
In the cloak of mist
Through the ether of night

Ours are the late hours
Ours are the dark powers
By a kiss of ours
The blood of mortals showers

Cold and pale is our face
White as moonlight
But tight is our embrace
And sharp is our bite

Beyond god's grace
Deprived of the sun's sight
While we feed on their race
We shall avoid the scythe

Old
Yet preserved in eternal youth...
Cold
Yet how easily we do seduce...
Bold
Though ever absent is our pulse...

Those two in the neck
Are points of no coming back...

Ours are the late hours
Ours are the dark powers
Among the withering flowers
Rise our ivory towers