

The Werewolf

*Werewolf, you didn't know what you are.
You sought friends where there were none,
You sought understanding where it couldn't be!
Your instinct slept silently,
on the pillows of depression.*

*Now comes creeping in the thought,
your mind touches your heart softly.
You feel the power coming from within,
you feel your heart burning once again,
for friends - that did arrive,
for contact - waiting, to be made.*

*The feelings, crawling deep inside,
are Here, Now - soft, yet hard - and hoping...
...hoping to make that final connection,
as it is the thing you live for,
and would die too.*

*CONTACT is established,
your heart sinks softly,
into the grip - of the beast.*

*You never knew it could be true,
you found your werewolf,
and the werewolf found you.
You wish only to be closer.
You search your friends,
trough and trough,
until the thought is found,
until you know what you are,
until you become,
the true Werewolf.*