

How to describe the call of the moon:  
The hunger of nightfall?

Ancient hunger calls you: pounding  
in the back of your mind.

Cloud cover tries to suppress,  
but only prolongs  
'The-Howling'...  
The primal surge

Try to push away the thought of prey

Teeth eject with vengeance,  
Forced out by stronger, sharper  
spires

Blood sears in the mouth

The primal need awakens...

Nails peel, and fall  
claws slice  
through the flesh barrier  
of the fingertips, layered with blood

nothing was meant to evolve so fast;  
resist it as long as you can

vision blurs, then fogs, and soon,  
nothing.

Until the eyes are born anew  
the blur slowly clears, and soon  
everything is green-tinged, but  
sharper

things hold shape in the night

Resolve weakens

Jaws unlatch  
Muscles ripple  
Skin crawls

Flesh wrestles with its former self  
and while shoulders move apart,  
and hair sprouts from skin,  
the skull has all your focus  
as your jaw stretches forward,

Bone melts and reforms

The taste of blood is overpowering...

Finally ankles snap  
and pop apart  
Lose your balance as your legs are  
recreated

All the time awaiting the hunt

You're forced to stand on muscles  
that burn  
while fingers throb, and teeth ache.

You want to stop  
To fall, on muscles that can no  
longer hold you up

You want to stop  
But you've waited too long...  
Nothing will keep you from your prey  
for 'The-Howling'  
has just begun