

Fear Cave

Bison B.C.

There have been some nights
That didn't end so well
An evil that lurks in the woods
Compels me to drag you through hell

The shadow self waits
For the owl of truth to appear
Through vicious secrets we learn
Love is fear

Return to this ghastly place
With virtue's sour smell
Whispering fool's prayers
Bring you back to my hell

The dweller on the threshold cries out
Hard habits die old
Fear cave