

Shadow of the beast

Pyramaze

Lurking, breathing, watching, hunting
His home is the shadow world
A taste for flesh of man
A cunning being with a plan

He will command your final hour
From his hunger, demon power

Sinner or saint, it's all the same
The taste of your flesh is what you can blame
This beast has no conscience, only pure will
The only religion, the taste of the kill

Executioner, punisher
Wolf or demon, or message from God
The eyes of the beast are greedy indeed
Don't try to explain what you can not
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Many beasts suffered an I'll fate
Another mindless savage hunt
Pure revenge by the hand of man
To find the beast of Gǃvaudan

Eye for an eye, lie after lie
Hunters seeking recognition

You can not catch a shadow
You can not slay what you can not find
The land holds a secret born of the soil
Revealed only in the dark of the mind

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Three years of terror
Finished as they started
An elusive guest has come and gone
Awakened fear in everyone
A story told for centuries