

All Heads Will Turn To The Hunt

Realm

A chill that rush cold to the bone
Ripping of flesh starts to unfold
Screams echo out in the night
The ritual begins, raise the torch high

The thrill of it seeps to your spine
Your mind rages fullforce runs wild
Searing winds rip at your flesh
To fight for your life your last quest

Royal chase or untimely death
Knowing this could be your last breath
The thrill of it to see who wins
Or will it start all over again

All heads will turn to the hunt

I am the chosen one, I am their prey
Ripping my flesh, my nightmare unfolds
Screams echo, the forest darkness sets
I must run from those who find pleasure in death