

Blood on the Trail

Vulture Industries

Feint scent of fire in the cool night air, a smell of violence beneath the brooding moon's glare. From the shadows it appears one leg drags through the dirt, a shambolic shape in a hurry trembling with exertion. The figure stops as if alerted by a sound, eyeballing the darkness thick above the muddy ground. It shudders, turns and bolts down the crooked path, chasing or fleeing from some invisible wrath.

There is blood on the trail, a dotted line of sin that tells a wretched tale. Blood on the trail whom does it tail? Where goes that line of sin? Who'll depart, who'll prevail?

Two shapes appear from whence the first figure came, a legacy of violence to their names. Rough and roughened up, urgent on their way, it's hard to say if they're hunters or a dangerous prey. Shortly thereafter appear four more, slightly less crude than the ones who passed before. Chasing and spilling the blood of other men. What comes behind? Who or what is chasing them?

Blood on the trail! A dotted line of sin that tells a wretched tale! Blood on the trail, whom does it tail? Where goes that line of sin, who'll depart who'll prevail?

The line grows thick. That reddish mud sure sticks. Some might wash away on a dark dreary, cold eerie night. Still it won't be long until more men chase along down the road, so remember to wash your blood from the trail.