Deadman, Werewolves

met a man on the road to nowhere and he strode with a silver cane he told me where i might find lodging he handed me a cross on a chain the daylight was rapidly fading over hills where the darkness had filled and this man he gave me a warning " there are werewolves in these hills " ":there are werewolves in these hills": i awoke from my slumber sweating i felt a chill in the gathering gloom i thought i heard a sound in the distance in the hills across the road from my room in the darkness i reached for the relic that i put on the windowsill and i thought of the gentleman's warning " there are werewolves in these hills" for the rest of the night sleep eluded me and played cruel games with my mind a chorus of anxiety filled me and i prayed for the morning to shine some monsters are never proven not caught ever moving always still but beware when you hear the warning " there are werewolves in these hills " " there are werewolves in these hills " " there are werewolves in these hills" " there are werewolves in these hills" in these hills in these hills in these hills in these hills in these hills

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