

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"
"there are werewolves in these hills"
"there are werewolves in these hills"
"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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