

# Pyramaze, Shadow Of The Beast

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 ill fate  
another mindless savage hunt  
pure revenge by the hand of man  
to find the beast of Gvaudan

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