

Undercroft, Evil Being

When the night reigns
And the cold chills your bones
The thick and blinding fog
Covers the southern region
With it's compact layer
The lights go out completely
A terrifying spectral silence
Fills the realm of the woods
A small yet evil being
Roams the woods alone
An ancestral spirit of evil
Created by the fears of the world
Awaiting for this victim
To turn then into zombies
Of the southern woods
Small evil entity
Called for centuries "Trauko";
Able to crook your body
If you can look directly
In his horrible twisted face
Hidden in the mist
He's a part of your history
And we do live with him
A certain respect and regard
That will live eternally