

Forest Of Horrors

betrayal

[Marcus N. Colon]

Disposed of, without a trace, the young maidens dismembered cadaver, receives her grave, no stone to mark, where she lay. To what avail, such a waste, grim empty souls store her life, for satanic haste, a brutal crime, Satan receives his offering (in the forest of horrors).

Oh where could, our girl have gone, a father cries in prayer, their desperate hearts, search eagerly, but hope is fading dim. Fabled stories can be told, but who will know of its realities, fabled stories can be told, can we overrule the possibilities

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Overwhelming, taunting, torment, stirs a trouble minded man, "how can I not, give the truth, of the things I've done and seen!"

I must tell, I must tell, I must tell...

[Solo Marcus]

His return, to the scene, of many ritual crimes, bringing in, the authorities, to uncover the hideous finds.

But no bodies, what?

No proof?

They find to his dismay, "but the stories, that I've told you, have happened as I say!"