

Endgame (The Impending Truth)

Lemuria

A Monster They Couldn't Destroy

(The Preacher)

The true targets of His justice
Were not the youngsters who
suffered from its claws
But rather their parents who had
failed them so miserably
By their disorderly cause

It's only with Scripture that we ourselves can arm
For swords or bullets will do it no harm

(The Lover)

I remember the day he said
They may come and make threats at your doors
When you find yourself in dread
Leave this land and head for British shores

(The Lover)

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Whatever happens I will always be yours
Yet foreboding times are lying ahead
You'll have to wait however hard our love deplores
One day our life together may come instead

(The Hunter)

Could it be just a wolf that struck our nation
Or was more at hand that caused this aggression?

(The Farmer)

It crossed a river erect on its hind paws
It looked like witchery, defying nature's laws
Its screams were heard from forest edge to caverns deep
Its eyes peered through the dark as if never sleep

Three Silver Bullets

(The Scholar)

I used to blame it on our appetite for exotica
Or on a remnant of prehistoric times
But after I met these people,
an ever growing enigma
Could there exist such supernatural crimes?

(The Farmer)

I prepared my hunt with blessings of a priest
These three silver bullets, I say Beast
"You will eat no more!" "No More!"

(The Hunter)

We shot the beast, blood everywhere
We followed the trace

There lies a man
Could it be its first male victim?
Royal troops surround us
Pushing us away

(Last diary entry by F. Morenas)
"I've heard that where we shot that man,
a strange stone was found,
carved with unreadable markings.
Grass won't grow there anymore.
Instead it grew reddish,
and no animal wants to eat it.
People say that a dark figure haunts this place,
Restless, hidden in the shadows.
Some nights a sad moan can be heard.
As if waiting for something, or someone."

(Letter written by A. Lavoisier to Gouverneur Ballainvilliers)
I condemn the way I was treated by your men
This man Antoine, the royal gun-bearer
made false claims of shooting a large wolf
But we saw a man, killed or deadly wounded
I've learned this wolf was embalmed
and shipped with haste to the king's court

(Letter written by G.F. de Choiseul-Beaupré to Abbé P. Pourcher)
I gave my children their last chance
I looked death in the eyes
This demon is real, there will be no absolution
May the Lord forgive their secret substitution

(Last diary entry by J.B. Duhamel)
We retreated to my home
Tired and baffled
Followed by men
Bearing royal marks
Following our steps
Eyes are watching
What dark secrets did we unveil?