

Pine Barrens

Sparzanza

Head of the goat, the child of mother
Leeds. She was crying in the death
bed. The creatures' father was the devil
himself, an abomination from the bowels
of hell.

Every century the devil is back, when the
skies turning black the legend will arise.
You will get a sudden death desire, stare
into the fire in his eyes.

Deep in the woods the river runs red as
a reminder of the dead. The pines are
motionless and silence reigns. But soon
enough you're gonna suffer the pain.