

Betrayal

"Forest Of Horrors"

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[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 it's
realities, fabled stories can be told, can we overrule
the possibilities.

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!"

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