

## Realm

# "All Heads Will Turn To The Hunt"

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A chill that rush cold to the bone  
Ripping of flesh starts to unfold  
Screams echo out in the night  
The ritual begins, raise the torch high

The thrill of it seeps to your spine  
Your mind rages fullforce runs wild  
Searing winds rip at your flesh  
To fight for your life your last quest

Royal chase or untimely death  
Knowing this could be your last breath  
The thrill of it to see who wins  
Or will it start all over again

All heads will turn to the hunt

I am the chosen one, I am their prey  
Ripping my flesh, my nightmare unfolds  
Screams echo, the forest darkness sets  
I must run from those who find pleasure in death

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