

## **The Werewolf Of Wysteria "Deviant"**

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Feel the presence of your life slipping away  
As you sink into the abyss  
Weight crushing down on your chest  
As the pressure builds in your head

You look to the surface and pray for revenge

You never could see past your own ego  
This should be a dream come true  
For all eternity will be spent with no one but you

There is substance in this silence

What a sight for us to see  
The whole town gathered around  
Lets rid ourselves of this filth  
Bind the pig and crack your whips

The deviant sank with a grin and a tongue speaking of  
sin  
Leaving behind a sick twisted legacy  
This world is cursed with the spawn of a madman

There is substance in this silence  
All future hope dies in a childs hands

The devil drifts out of sight  
No more shall they speak of this  
In there silence they hear the wind  
Carrying desires of doom unknown to the town  
The people stop as a baby cries  
The ground shakes and the future dies

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