

Bison B. C. "Wendigo Pt. 3"

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Run. Wholly consumed, awaiting my doom
Forsaken to roam, devouring souls
Run. A village light appears in the night
I've been here before, so familiar

From shadows I see faces in human dream
Lifting the child from her bed, the joy on her face turns
to dread
The beast regains control as I tear the flesh from her
bones
My wife is roused from her sleep... the devil compels
me to feast
Her screams have alerted the village
With torches they avenge my pillage
The angry mob gathers 'round
Dragged out to the square I am bound

No trial awaits
To determine my fate
That is one of their own
Is now Wendigo
There's no human left
Only souls to collect
A hunger to feed
No man left of me

Let him howl
Let him burn
Take my life
He will return

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