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The Beast

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THE BEAST

Along the dark path Lobo walked,
The hour still and late.
A wanton killer Lobo stalked,
The killer of his mate.
The nightwind seemed much colder now,
The nightsong, monotone.
The trail seemed much longer somehow,
As Lobo walked alone.
Then by the path a light appeared,
A campfire, man beside.
His sullen, lazy head he reared,
A A fearful scream he cried;
But would not rise to meet the day,
For Lobo made him pay.