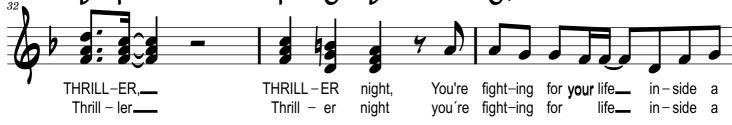
Thriller











Darkness falls a- cross the land, the midnight hour is close at hand.
Creatures crawl in search of blood, to terrorise your neighbourhood.
And whosoever shall be found, with- out the soul for getting down,
must stand and face the Hounds of Hell and rot inside a corpse's shell.

The foulest stench is in the air; the funk of forty thousand years, And grizzy ghouls from every tomb, are closing in to seal your doom. And though you fight to stay alive; your body starts to shiver, For no more mortal can resist, the evil of The - Thriller...