

The beast

Deep in the shadows
Alone in the cold
The nightmare begins
The horror unfolds

Born out of darkness
By the master of death
It crawls through night
Devours with its breath

It feeds on ignorance
And lives off of fear
It slows down for none
And stops for no tears

It feels not for the poor
Cares not for the old
It loves not the children
And fears not the bold

It backs down for none
And fights all who dare
To test out its might
And enter its lair

If not for those few,
Who fear not the Beast
It would conquer the world
With all as its feast

They face the dragons
That ravish the lands
Armed not with swords
But courage and hands

They are the heroes
That arrive in the night
Upon their chariots
Covered with light

They rescue the prisoners
Held in the grasp
Of the ruler of hell
The devil in mask

When the dragon is dead
And all is well again
They remount their chariots
Simply as men

They ride off in the night
As swift as they came
To battle another
Beast of the flame

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