

All Left Out

"Crimson"

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Runes of long forgotten language,
Enchantment over broken bones.
Sacred words of ancient wisdom,
Carved in marble, carved in stone.
In a tomb his body lies,
Away from light and prying eyes.
Soon to come the waking hour,
Blood lust, hunger, darkend sky.

Crimson, pablum, fare.
Ambrosia of life, mere mortals beware.
Crimson, nectar and wine.
The body it's vat the veins to refine.

Whispers on the wind, the moon has risen.
No solace givin to the startled prey.
Soul inlistilled, sedated craving,
Life force ebbing, fade to grey.
Splinter of wood to tear so deep,
Innocent thorn an endless sleep.
Swirl of mist soon to disperse,
Approaching dawn, eternal curse.

Passage denied by unbidden entry.
Hallowed ground prevents his way.
Sleepless child too naive to fear him,
Wakes up to her final day.
Cunning seducer, prince of desire,
No looking glass could hold his eye.
Tales of evil with folklore written,
Avowals given condemend to die.

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