

## Lianne La Havas

### "The Blood Of The Past"

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He had wandered the earth for ages, secretly feeding  
on blood of innocents and dying animals.  
He hid in caves and forests, clinging locals in a grip of  
fear.  
He was the Nosferatu and mighty King of bats.  
"Blood is life, eternal life" he howled and the night he  
left his earthcovered hidingplace, his eyes glowing red  
against the black sky.

As he helpless fly trapped in a web, a girl lay in a  
forestbed of moss.  
The splendid King looked in her eyes and saw her  
blood already flowing.  
With her eyes closed the girl surrendered to this  
demonic man and let him feast upon her. His teeth, as  
razors sharp and silverwhite, thrust down her neck into  
the vein.  
As he drained the blood the girl slipped into death and  
inherited the curse.

As a creature of the night he slept during the day,  
And made himself an easy target when found by  
mortal enemies.  
During the witchhunt that swept the lands a man of god  
brought down his life.  
But the essence had survived.

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