

life is dull
grey lights marching toward another blood
soaked day

do not run from the pool of light that harkons
back to that splendid day
when draped in anothers vissage
a new body of light romped to and fro

terrorizing in a frendly rage
oh how good it is to be reborn on that night
in a moonlit haze

Let Me Tell A Story



For sweet children yet to
be born

a child in red walked toward the
bed


grandma dead at the hands of a
daemon born not of man



in truth that old hag was
chewing curd, spewing blood,
hate, and dread

do you blame the girl in red,
for taking off that womans head

whereing her old night gown
finnaly free to roam and howl



To jump into the
page was once a
human fantasy. But
as the jaws open
further those who
dared to venture
have been shunned.

Can a wolf not
drink tea and
frolic in the
night?

Can grandmas
not be the dark
twisted evil deep
within the gore of
mankind?

The hooded
one enters

does a wolf
leave?

If so is the
child gone?