Stone Man:

Upon a visit to mine old friend,

A chill ensued ‘round the bend,

From a sable walk-in vault,

Causing in me a horrored halt.

‘Twas hidden from the bear of time,

This ever-frozen lair of rhyme,

And pulled me in with cold grip,

Through its mouth and past its lip.

Many carvings rich and ornate,

Chiseled the walls of bony slate,

Embossments and visions,

Ghastly, lurking incisions.

And just below a cross above,

Pitifully sheltered by halo and dove,

Lay a box of human remains,

Tethered to Earth by rocky chains.

Stone man sepulchred anew,

Abyssed in shade as phantoms do,

‘Neath the timeless runic rot,

Whose unsung melodies forgot,

Echo ‘round the hollow crypt,

Cursed chorus of somber script.

O wretched soul, wrought with reek,

‘Tis thee to whom death doth speak!

Swirling past fly ghosts of yore,

Begging me to search once more,

Each forsaken brooch and bone,

Lurking ‘neath the slab of stone.

So I, of the ghoul am bound,

Heave the lid unto the ground,

And shake with grim and dire doom,

Peering into the fateful tomb.

Nothing much do I now see,

But tortured grin and agony,

Of a broken, moonlit face,

Stuck within the grave’s embrace.

My soul shall rest evermore,

Seeking quest nevermore,

Fallen in the casket nearer,

Restive o’er the shattered mirror.