

The Watchman

These hallowed halls once glimmered
The spectral light now grows thinner
A watchman's weary armor shimmers
In the shadows cast by moon.

Rumblings of an ancient beast
Echo from the chambers east
Chilling sounds of frantic feast
Aft a door adorned in runes.

Cryptic lay their message bare
Weighs the watchman's wary stare
Whom that enters, whom shall dare
Delve into this dead man's lair.

Gateway to a dark domain, where
No life lives and dark lords reign
Over tortured spirits confined to pain
Whom so enters never leaves again.

In bloody runes sealed and scarred
Ten meters high, black and charred
A daunting dreadful door stands guard
Forbidding passage from the lands of men.

Yet the watchman in gold armor dressed
Was not forged of fear nor mortal flesh
Whose sole purpose lives this unholy quest:

Keep watch until the bell tolls best
Pass through evil doors unblessed
Slay the ancient beast, Cerberus
And release lost souls to their final rest.

The three-headed hound of Hades awaits
Restless beyond hell's unholy gate
Enslaving souls to their dire fate
And none shall escape his wrath.

The watchman knows the time is nigh
Whispers words with fists held high
Bloody runes glow white in swift reply
Burn down the door to reveal a path.

Shattered shards of black and crimson
Drip from the ceiling and walls within
The watchman charges into hell's hot prison
Toward the demon who guards its realm.

Into the fury and fiery depths, on
Corrupted ground the watchman steps
But the hungry hound soon intercepts
And shall not be overwhelmed.

Three giant heads, fanged and growling
One for the dead, one for the living
One for what the others are missing
Now senses the watchman's smell.

No man nor beast nor soulless thing
No earthly, ghostly nor heavenly being
Shall pass unpunished nor pass unseen
Through the deathless gates of hell.

The demon roars from all three heads
Spewing flames and discharging dread
Undaunted, the watchman stays his stead
While the hound prepares to pounce.

From fifty meters far the demon does fly
Roaring and soaring through flaming sky
With claws and fangs and fury untied

His dominance never tried, not once.

Faced with a mad, malevolent power
The watchman doesn't stir nor cower
Stern as stone, even if this be his final hour
He's set and sworn to meet his fate.

He pulls a silver chain from his breast
From which hangs an ancient amulet
In swirls of symbols an amethyst rests
A perfect circle in a deep purple shade.

Just then, four legs with three heads swoop down
three jaws with serrated sharp teeth chomp down
but the watchman holds, holds steady his ground
as he raises the radiant amulet up high.

Staring to the heavens, ancient words he recites
From deep within the gem ancient energy ignites
It discharges in all directions in a blinding light...
The watchman still stands as he opens his eyes.

All the claws and fangs, flame and fury undone
Replaced by a gold dust glistening in the sun
Shining a dark place where demons had run
Now lighting the way for lost souls to find rest.

And once more do these hallowed halls glimmer
Once more does a watchman's armor shimmer
Now that the foul ranks of hell grow thinner
Now that the watchman fulfilled his quest.

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