

Of Mavarek

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Mavarek the ancient, the powerful, the undead.

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With eyes aglow  
In beastly dower.  
He shows no hint  
Of forgotten power.

An ancient ancient  
Fiercly glow.  
As darkness falls  
As fast as snow.

With eldritch eyes  
He begins to rise.  
A pearly orb settles  
In twinkling skies.

White is light  
On fair palest skin.  
Sun would be  
The death of him.

Settle now,  
He settles then.  
For hunger under  
Midnight grim.

Spell on him.  
A spell is damned.  
His life is lost  
In oldest hands.

A life,  
A life.  
For deathly wake.  
'To drink the blood  
Of all thy race.'

A monster,  
Masked in friendly shell.  
A hunger,  
Till the daylight swell.

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