

The Undead King

Crystal Eyes

There he stood before the black iron throne,
watching the dreadful creature of bone
On its fingers gleamed silver and gold
Fear battled greed, would his luck hold?

Long he stared at the fearsome dead king,
then he reached up for a golden ring
With flaring eye-sockets the king grabbed his hand
and spoke with a voice that was dry as sand:

"At last I'm awake, I'm finally free
The curse has been broken, shattered by thee
So, foolish mortal, thou dare to steal from me
For that thou shalt die, but undead thou'll be...
...my servant for eternity"

"NO!!!"