

Trapped In The Web

The Gates of Slumber

His eyes set upon you as you enter his lair.
A cold stone vault at the foot of the stair.
Like some vision from an evil dream.
Yet none can wake you, or hear your scream.

You've wandered deep into the realm of the dead.
Under its eyes you feel the foul dread.
Iron hard grip of the gossamer strand.
You forfeit your life when you enter his land.

One careless move, helplessly stuck.
Thrashing and crying, you've run out of luck.
A flashing of fangs, coldness creeps in.
Unliving yet conscious, the feasting begins.

His whispering laugh.
Chills to the bone.
He's ruled here for ages.
On a silvery throne.

Hanging there limply in the realm of the dead.
Visions of home hang in your head.
Never to leave, give a whimpering cry.
You're trapped in the web, here will you die.