

THERE BE DRAGONS AND GARGOYLES

Dragons, monsters and gargoyles exist
Don't you believe me? I concede they are cunning
And well disguised; with voices soft and nuanced
So that when they speak, you cannot doubt what you hear

There be dragons and gargoyles, and monsters too
They are well-versed and experienced in disguise
For further protection, they act like a mirror, exposing
Your imperfections long before you can sense or see theirs

They are the closest to perfection you might see
They can read your actions and reactions; blind your senses
Putting you at a disadvantage from the start, they dull your perception
Long Before they numb your heart; and start to eat away at your defences

In the beginning, there is fear; fear of the unknown, the unknowable
Fueled by a reckless imagination; that's enough to see shadows in the dark
Where shadows should not be; hear voices in the night and the occasional scream
Oh yes, you're ready for them to define and refine their evil arts

For every darkness, there is a light. The sun rises every day
The vicious predators depend on illusion, doubt and mistrust
These are deadly while they last; I think everyone has a stubborn
Belief in hope, be it faint. The night of the dragons, the gargoyles

And the monsters will pass. We will see them as they are
We will hold courage tight; we will join them in a fight
We will banish them from our sight. We will do what is right.
We will escape that terrible long night

There be dragons and gargoyles and monsters. Let them come
The more practice we get; the better we become

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