

Werewolf

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A poem of a werewolf's regret.

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Werewolf

It was cold and foggy
The Sky black as pitch,
The was crying like a cackeling witch
The full moon rose, the sign of night,
He heard the howling, it come closer clother
His heart thumping, The blood pumping.

He felt the scratch, from the barbwire fence
The pain felt like thorns, the then felt the horns,
The tail coame next, then the wings.
The claws, stretching the skin on his hands
He screamed in pain, then he went insain.

The sound of a human's heart
Thumping full of blood.
He yearned for the blood.
It came to him like a gory flood.

The bodies fell down as he murdered them all
The sound of screaming, music to his ears.
The he statred to change back as day came
The pain felt worse, then he felt shame.

He saw what he had done, the dead all around.
He cried and cried.
He went to his room, and sat on bed.
Them he killed himself and fell down dead.