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## Gargoyles

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# Gargoyles

Phil Banion

The sculptures sit, peering, un-resting  
Always glaring, serious, un-jesting  
Biding, looking, perching, un-harming  
But deep in their minds are intentions alarming

Talons and claws resonate with hate  
Different stones faces express the same fate  
Snouts and fangs and wings to the ready  
Their wrath and vengeance aimed ever steady

They are leaning and waiting, always contemplating  
Spotting those in town to vengefully take down  
Though their time in not that day, they will still devour and conquer their prey  
The night will fill with terror they bring, but scarier still is their unholy king

Sitting on his throne, causing a terror of his own  
He feasts on dread while you lie in your bed  
Laughing and amused at the horror that ensues  
He seeks to consume us all

Long white hair like dead of winter  
Covered in markings, blood red and splintered  
His skin pitch black as darkness itself, a power larger than greed's own wealth  
Evil serves his beckon call

Lives and souls, taken and devoured, as he only grows fiercer, meaner and empowered  
His stomach never full, incarnate of evil, goodness void and null, lord of upheaval  
He serves no consequence, with endless time to kill, to enjoy his source of thrill at any whim and will  
On rubble, he stands so tall

They haven't started striking for some reason or liking  
They still wait and bide on perches where they reside  
But one day maybe soon at the appearance of the moon  
Mankind will shatter and fall