

December - The Bells Toll My Name

Gloomy Grim

At night, I suddenly woke up
for nameless, faceless terror.
I sat on the edge of my bed
with my feet firmly planted on the floor.
I tried to breathe at a normal rate,
saying the magical words.

"Haunting terrors of the night,
be gone and let me be,
'til the dawn of the light,
bright moon watch over me..."

I heard something moving under my bed,
raised my feet, because I was so scared.
I asked if there's someone there.
It was too quiet, nothing was heard.

Suddenly the closet opened,
I saw something I have never seen before...