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The death song of Aileen Bright.

Many seconds had gone to their gloomy doom, the hour refused to answer,
I don't reproach them, the thing they met, was truly a loathsome monster.
With long red hair, like angels blood, she inhaled their every breath,
She forced them to their darkest corners, roled of pain and death.
Not many has escaped her madness, and no one has returned
To the gentle light of freedom, with their soul raped and burned.
In the clear morning wind, her words lies asleep, whisperd in the moons pale song.
No one knows if her thoughts still rest, they who doubt her exictence have ever so wrong.
For the shadows do not bow to beautify the night,
They will rest in the ground whit Aileen Bright.

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