

CRIMSON

Once upon a stormy night  
A little old town had a terrible fright  
As all their worries soared high above their heads  
A terrible thought had intruded instead  
As all the worried citizens went to check the houses  
All they could find were the tracks left by mice  
Except for one house at the end of the street  
where a room was filled with blood up to their feet  
it was quite a struggle to get through the door  
Especially when there was crimson lining the floor  
As the door opened and the blood flowed away  
All that was left was a crimson mask left astray  
As all the men and women amassed around  
To inspect what was left there in the middle of the ground  
When suddenly a woman decided it went her gown  
As she bent down with greed and picked the up mask  
She soon realised it was not an easy task.

She put the mask on and all that was insight  
Was a pretty little doll that was filled with delight  
To see the dumb woman rolling around  
With the pain that she could not put this mask down  
It had affixed itself permanently to her face  
With no intent to move from its place  
the citizens panicked and held her down  
As all the strongest men tried to fix the woman's frown  
By tearing the mask off of the poor's woman's face  
And dislodging the mask from its holding place  
With a heave and a ho the mask came tearing  
Although ensuring the woman to be crying  
By the time they had realised the mask was taken  
It was too late her fate was not mistaken  
The skin and muscle was ripped from the very bone  
Although the mask had already killed her on its own  
With a splatter of blood once again  
The Crimson Doll found another victim to have slain  
Ensuring its hunger to be gone as well  
And the crimson doll found it all to swell  
So in the end what does this portray  
that the happiness in one's life can crumble in the dumbest ways  
After all the mask would not have been her death  
If it was not for that beautiful crimson dress