

# The Undead King

Crystal Eyes

There he stood before the black iron throne,  
watching the dreadful creature of bone  
On its fingers gleamed silver and gold  
Fear battled greed, would his luck hold?

Long he stared at the fearsome dead king,  
then he reached up for a golden ring  
With flaring eye-sockets the king grabbed his hand  
and spoke with a voice that was dry as sand:

"At last I'm awake, I'm finally free  
The curse has been broken, shattered by thee  
So, foolish mortal, thou dare to steal from me  
For that thou shalt die, but undead thou'll be...  
...my servant for eternity"

"NO!!!"