

The Bleeding Vampire

Night fell, people slept,
In that small house with blood he crept...

Screams of agony out of despair,
The horror perishes when he is out of air...
Breath returns, so does the cries,
Attempts to hide the pain, he fails the tries...

Dweller of the night now fears the moon,
Tortured by the night, killed by the noon...
Sleeps the night awake,
Wakes up from the slumber of fake...

Sunrise, a reminder of fatigue,
Of the morning sleepers, he joins the league...
Being asleep he was found,
"Such sloth", remarked the sound...

To the outer world he pays a visit,
Fights his will, hugs regret,
Out of disgust, eyes look away,
Wounded by the words they are about to say...

His close ones no longer call,
Infection is what they are afraid to fall...
Stares of pity when they see him shake,
Those eyes hurt him more than the rake...

Night falls again,
So does his pain...
His tears rain,
To God he complains...

Within the blood resides a smile,
Responding to the call of the Holy Isle,

The pain is a proof,
The blood is a pack,
Proves the love of his God,
Whom he loves back...

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