

The creature in the walls

A little knock here,
and a little knock there.
There are noises in the house
that can be heard everywhere.

Only at night,
just around witching hour,
The decrepit old house
is where our family cowers.

We moved here
on this godforsaken road
to this grand mansion
that is now our abode.

A home, a harbor
became a safe heaven.
But now these regal walls
begin to slowly cave in.

A little knock here
and a little knock there.
There are noises in the house,
and whispers in the air

We settled in our home,
and a dear home it was.
That was until I heard
of the selling cause.

A death, an animal,
or so it may seem.
My dear friend, beware
of the thing that beams;

Smiling away
with those varied, crooked teeth.
The thing, we know,
whose smile be like a sheath.

A little knock here

and a little knock there.
There are noises in the house.
I feel it's cold glare.

The thing in the walls,
although stealthy it may be,
is almost human in appearance,
but, my dear friend, listen to me.

The skin that wraps its hollow frame
is pale as bright moonlight,
and those pearly, tapering teeth
are massive and a chilling, ghastly sight

So it is with great caution
that i tell you so
that the old man that lived afore you;
his blood did flow.

A little knock here
and a little knock there.
There are noises in the house.
Say a quick prayer

That the bony thing
who dwells in the walls
goes right past your door
and further roams the halls.

Pray, my brother,
that it does not hear,
because all courage you had
will soon disappear

I tell you this tale
because it be I
who looked that dear demon,
looked it right in the eye.

It stood above me,
with a smile so wide,
there was but no room,
or hallway i could hide.

A little knock here
and a little knock there.
There are noises in the house.
Doubt me if you dare.