

Gargoyles from Hell

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On the swirling tide of time,
goes the bidding of life's rhyme.
Into the whirlwind, never to be
found those wandering souls
of sinners abound.

Hard they rode over the steppes,
hoards swarming from the East,
Mongols one and all, shouting
and growling like crazed beasts.
Swords high in hand, blood flowing
crimson red on the desert sand.

Hell be theirs through eternity,
for they have murdered, raped,
pilfered and sacked the reverent
sites of the holy lands.

Their curse is to be repeated over
and over again, for their murderous
blood reigns on in their living kin.

The Millenniums have quickly passed, but the
world still recognizes them for what they are;
terrorist, killers of innocent women and children.
Ancestors of the murderous Mongol hoards and vile
Gargoyles from hell!