

for as the light
wanes

and nights chill
grips ones skin

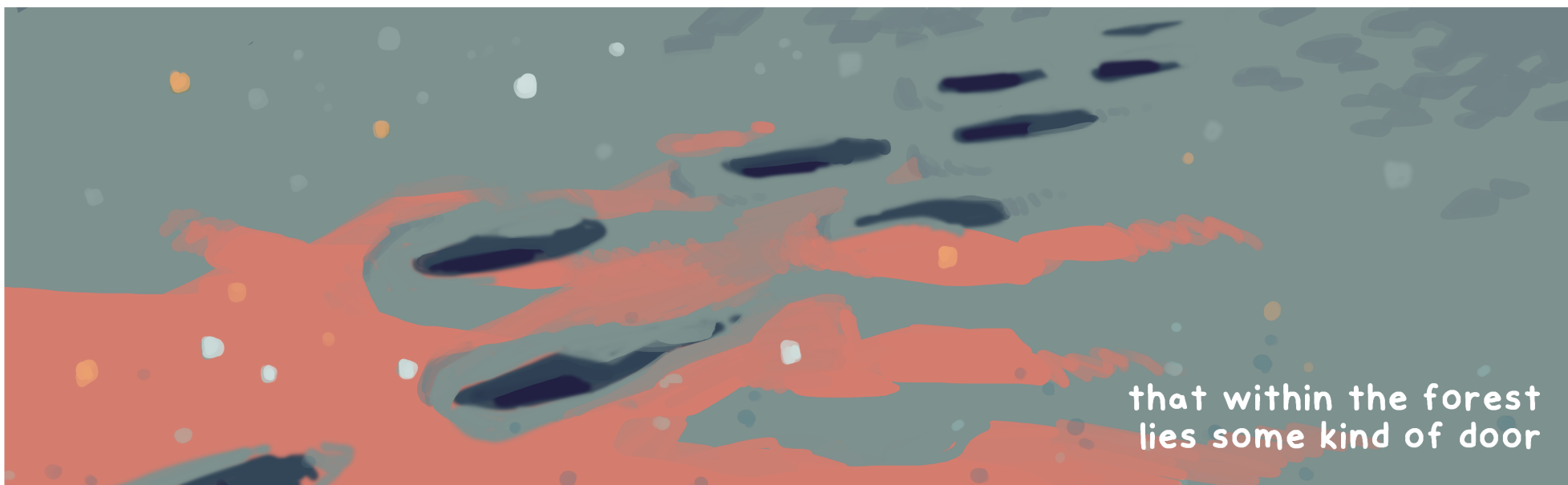
the warmth of the woods
welcomes everyone in

the stifling silence
hangs thick in the air

as you tread
faithfully

inside, unaware

for its said by some folk
transfixed by its lore



that within the forest
lies some kind of door

and if
in the night
you happen
by chance

to stumble
across it
on some
happenstance



the thrall proves too much
for most mortal men



and they never make
it back out again



its warm in the woods
most people assume



but those things
arent said
by the folks
its consumed.

