

The Shimmerling

I am the shadow in the dusk, the one you will not see
ignore your shivers as I come near
For I am like the unborn child,
there but not yet here
I am the one whose calling is
to be forgotten instantly

I detest the day and hate the night
I cower out of sight
The cellars are my haunting place
there my will be done
and if you come you're at my grace
a deadly one for some

My mother you would like to see, and more than that, I bet
She is like the end of day,
when there's no more light to spare
Taken by the dark lord, the master, the black knight
a ninemonth later, I was there
never knew the light of day, or darkness of the night
In the shadows I came in to life, and there I made my bed

My breakfast is a frikandel,
just so that you know
but I also feed on slimy things
or corpses if they're there
For hunters on my premises, I leave but a shadow
luck for them, they're none the wise,
as they would become my prey
In the twilight zone that is my home, none can live and tell

So now you know, you do not know, on campus is living
a shadowy being, a mossy stone,
a nightmare with two legs
a killjoy for fraternities,
a waster of unused space,
the epitome of boredom that is living in this place
I am son of darkness, that came from the end of day
You can call me almost anything,
but most say Shimmerling