

Up a crooked, crumbling staircase
Wandering through the dusty halls
A faint smile or slight expression
Passing over our shadowed faces
We each take a mask as we pass
A small tattered black stand
Becoming a bear, a demon, a wolf
Casting dark and twisted shapes
Over the creaking floorboards
We creep through the darkness
Feeling it breathe around us
Squeezing us in a shadowy vise
The occasional broken window
Leaks pale moonlight into our haunt
Following that glow to the velvety night
Rats don't startle at our soft approach
But recognize us as their own kind
One with the dark and its creatures
We tip our masked faces to the sky
And howl