

The beast.

People nowadays don't like to believe in Evil, but it doesn't need much encouragement to show itself in human society.

Dug in deep, the Beast is sleepin
In the confines o his den;
Curled up an cosy, keepin
Hidden fae the haunts o men.

Busy folk at hame in hooses
Never ken that he is there.
No a yin o them deduces
Where the Beast lies in his lair.

Lately, though, I've heard him shiftin;
Growlin in his glaury hole.
I seem tae see his horned heid liftin,
An the watchfu rid ee roll.

Lately, tae, I've heard a crashin
Sometimes in the deid o nicht,
An thocht I saw the white teeth flashin.
Shairly something isnae richt?

I'm no juist shair o what I saw,
An what's tae come I dinnae ken;
But God in heaven help us aw
If thon's oot runnin free again!