

ELEVENTH BEAST

1746

The first beast came as the bard left the stage.
The second roared with a lion mane'd head.
The third beast feasted on war's deadly wage.
The fourth arose from the grave's buried dead.

The fifth beast was birth'd of plague and great fire.
The sixth snared its prey with a spider's thread.
The seventh beast caught and burned on a pyre.
The eighth pierced the night, with eyes glowing red.

The ninth beast fed on blood's potent power.
The tenth on bat wings from black skies did burst.
The eleventh beast comes, beware the hour.
We know not yet its form, hunger, or thirst.

From beneath All-Hallows, we bear the brunt.
Learn its secrets, gird, and ready the hunt. ✠