

A Christmas Carol evening breaks,
Amidst the songs of child's mistakes;
The greenery of trees that line the edge,
Encapsulate the amphitheatre knowledge.

We wake at dawn to set off on jour, n,
Towards the castle of which one must earn;
The midst sits low upon the valley floor,
As we descend amidst from mountains sure.

The walk and awesome journey task,
Of which one must master and must ask;
He seeks the owner who has the key,
To life on earth of all eternity.

It's not a wish or battle dare,
But a journey out to venture where;
Many a man with broken heart,
Has travelled there but he's not smart.

And so goes on this daily trend,
Towards the castle of which we dread;
Its secret now well must be kept,
Through years of silence in which it slept.

Signed,

The Keepers Key