Gargoyles

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The sculptures sit, peering, un-resting
Always glaring, serious, un-jesting
Biding, looking, perching, un-harming
But deep in their minds are intentions alarming

Talons and claws resonate with hate
Different stones faces express the same fate
Snouts and fangs and wings to the ready
Their wrath and vengeance aimed ever steady

They are leaning and waiting, always contemplating
Spotting those in town to vengefully take down
Though their time in not that day, they will still devour and conquer their prey
The night will fill with terror they bring, but scarier still is their unholy king

Sitting on his throne, causing a terror of his own
He feasts on dread while you lie in your bed
Laughing and amused at the horror that ensues
He seeks to consume us all

Long white hair like dead of winter
Covered in markings, blood red and splintered
His skin pitch black as darkness itself, a power larger than greed's own wealth
Evil serves his beckon call

Lives and souls, taken and devoured, as he only grows fiercer, meaner and empowered
His stomach never full, incarnate of evil, goodness void and null, lord of upheaval
He serves no consequence, with endless time to kill, to enjoy his source of thrill at any whim and will
On rubble, he stands so tall

They haven't started striking for some reason or liking
They still wait and bide on perches where they reside
But one day maybe soon at the appearance of the moon
Mankind will shatter and fall