

The Cursed Dragon

These dangerous creatures tails are pointy,

Their eyes glisten like the sun.

Their skin is red like hot flames,

They have sharp teeth just like daggers.

They go by different names:

The Cursed, The Storm and The Flame.

These flying lizards love to roar,

Flying past people and much more,

They love to chew with their huge jaw.

Their jagged teeth begin to grind,

Their claws uncurl, their limbs unwind.

Night occurs off to their home,

Flying to the mountains,

Where they roam.

Their eyes glisten all through the night,

Looking back there was a mysterious sight.

People near their home, this is where the dragons roam.

Their wings extend and go jet black,

Creeping up on people,

They love doing that.

Carrying huge, full bags,

What was inside?

Picking up the child at the back,

ZOOM up into the sky,

No one noticed,

How was that?

Slowly the beast,

Started to eat it's feast.

People screaming and slowly dying,

The dragons turned to bright red.

The Cursed Dragon's golden cash,

Remain evermore in the forests,

Nothing left of their bodies but ash.