

# **A Werelion Hunts Before Dawn**

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It has decided it's stalled for long enough  
There isn't much time left in this night before it's seasonal power fades away  
So it goes on one final outing while it's still unbound by any of humanity's figurative cuffs  
Over 8 feet of transformed lion single mindedly hunts for unfortunate prey  
With teeth glistening and a mane of black and white  
That's the last thing seen by those who catch a glimpse of those blue and green eyes  
That final heart stopping sight  
One might try to beg for mercy but that's only met by a chuckle then a terrible growl that's  
followed by demise  
The inevitable result of being confronted by such a powerful creature of the night  
And it'll savor that slowly and continue with it's feast and destruction before the strike of dawn  
For that's when it's time ends and the werelion vanishes though only for so long  
You'll know by the chill in the air that goes down your spine and the glow of eyes when it's back  
But by then you'll also know you've been chosen to be merely one of it's Halloween snacks  
Though there's a chance it may show up again before then  
So keep your eyes peeled for the mane and eyes of the werelion my friends