

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