

# Hollow

Brodequin

New home now this bloodstained cell kept under lock and key until considered well,  
Decomposing bodies lie near putrid stench of death fills the air,  
Living on the flesh of the dead, conversating with a severed head.

Hearing screams from tortured scenes punishments made on those in need,  
Food is placed just out of reach turning to the dread when its time to feed.