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rusty rhymes at the very least... they kinda work

Something rotten this way come

the crescent moon told broken lies
tears of sound despair fell idly by
shadowed in pure dark and it\'s wanton spies
as the world moaned and cried cried... sigh

the eyes that see grow weaker still
as this turn rewards the soulless liar
harshly bended, shaped by broken will
and the long gone dead in the funeral-pyre

the hearts that beat will always break
thus this nonsense will reach it\'s end
life itself will life\'s killer make
to break the strings on which it depend
to reach it\'s own assured and definite end

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