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WEIRD TALES ISSUED 1st OF EACH MONTH

Vampires

By DOROTHY QUICK

The old books tell of how the werewolf came
With white fangs gleaming redly in the night,
Of evil things that haven't any name,
That cannot bear the searching rays of light.
They tell of unknown horrors, deadly deeds;
Of vampires, who can leave their coffin bed
And fly abroad to satisfy their needs
With human blood. So age-old books have said.

There still are vampires walking on our ways,
Not creatures from the grave, but men who live
On someone else's heart's blood all their days,
Men who take all they can but never give;
Strange men who ever striving for their goals
Achieve their way by crushing human souls.