

Dreadful Moon

Frown

A ROTTEN SUN
HIDES BEHIND THE CLOUDS
IN THE OLD MOOR
WHERE SHE SINGS THE REQUIEM
THE GREY CLOUDS BURIED THE SKY IN THE DEPTHS OF FREEZING CHILL
THE BROKEN SPRIGS UNDER HER FEET
SHE SHELTERS FEAR IN HER EYES
THROUGH THE FIELDS OF THISTLE
PASSING ALL ALONE
THAT COLD MORNING
SHE´S CONJURING & CHARMING
IN THE CIRCLE OF FIRE
A DAY WHEN DESIRE COMES WITH HER GOD
AS SHE WALLOWS IN THE MOONLIGHT
SHE SLEEPS BY THE FIRE
CRUEL BE THE WINTER