

Twice Eleven

Alghazanth

A face of bone and dried blood
hovers in the silken darkness,
and unto it I am the mirror.

In the orgy of graveyard shadows
a gate was shown to me,
and unto it I am the key.

The skull of a noble beast
is placed upon the stang.
And I hold the cleaving sword,
the liberator of its essence.

In the mist of the morn
we stand both triumphant and torn.
Twice eleven times the death bell chimes,
twice eleven are the poison drops in our wine.

The ring of the Reaper,
we all kiss at birth,
we call him King,
yet strangely shun His work.