## Thy Beauty In Candlelight

## **Ancient Ceremony**

Thy Beauty in Black Candlelight is the dearest Vision to my Spirit "Thou art - the shining Diamond of my Crown" Harvester I will be of the forbidden Fruits, growing there so deliciously in the Gardens of Thy Breast In my dark-desirous Dreams I see us in Autumn Fields, feeling October's magic Breath "Thou art the Flower that never shall wither" The Reflection of Thy Beauty in the dancing Candleflames creates Memories so sweet but cold dark as Thy Black Hair, like the Raven-Face of Night Thy Neck is like sculpture-made Thy milky Bosom the loveliest Nature ever formed "Sanguis Vita est! (et) Tenebrae Desponsam meam!" Enchant me eternally with Thy voluptuous Forms as Thy witching Fire still burns in me