

Veils Where Blown

Evocation

The stars grow dim
In their places
And the moon turns pale
Before me
Veils are blown
Across its flame
Demons approach the circumference
Of my sanctuary

A wind has risen
The dark water stirs

And they like the dark places best
For their god is a lying lord
Strange lines appear carved on my door
The light from the window
Grows increasingly dim

At death's door
You will find your redemption
And there will
Always remain a black earth

Helvete