

Steal My Corpse

Forgotten Tomb

Seven brides serve me seven sins
Seven seas writhe for me
From Orient gates to R'lyeh
Abydos to Thessaly
And Sirens sing from stern
But now I cease to play
For I yearn to return
To woodland ferns
Where Herne and his wild huntress lay

Now the tidal are turning
Spurning the darkness
The great purgations of distinguished tours
Are but stills in time
To the thrill that I'm
Once more
Heading to the bedding!