

The Danse Macabre

Hecate Enthroned

Within the bells of eternity chiming, darkness takes us still
We partake now of each others indulgence, according to our will

The tears are the same as they struggle to blame
Congregation shall be burnt to the ground
For the fictions of insanity are holiest hypocrisy
Suffocating now without a sound

I hear you now from a thousand voids
Removed from time and timelessness
Where incarnations of simple nouns
Are beings each with golden crowns
Out beneath the open night
A wanderer lies weeping
In some unspoken sadness
Whilse her dream is oversleeping
Her dreams ablazed with accursed fire
Of regret and eternal vigils
Hallowing nights, temptations lust
Combined of luciferian sigils

Death will come as sudden
By the magik of our Coven
And the ultimate horror is told
I stand alone and solemn
In the presence of Amon
I am sacrifice slowly going cold

Like embers of the fallen Deinoachus
Dreamt forth of cadavers we sere the face of sadness

I hath thee, and now firmly than those who fear
For upon the shores of languidity, lie the symphone sounds
and fainted cries of battle
Embracing graveless winter, thy goddess luna
Arise infernal one and makes the gates appear
For thou canst not look upon me in shame and
Forever tethered in your thoughts and I
Yet without being consumed in thy reflection
For thou art luciferia, my enchantress of the night
Thy silken venus engraved with winds of forth loving deity
And sweetness itself on thy lips,
Yet with eagerness to consume and thus fena cafa weeps
Wrapped in teighlight ecstasy as supernal warriors
upon the shores of Avalon
Where dwelleth thee, they webs of ebony demand the
dreams macabre
Capturing thy splendour in pain
And perpetually invoking THE DANSE MACABRE...

And wishes drowned in fathomless seed
That she might touch again
The face of her beloved benightress
To submit and to purge eden
As she descends as a glowing silhouette
Her duality seething lure
That cuts her loose from her marionette

Her spirit still dark and impure

The ribbons of faith and crest held wraith
In potent ebony dreaming of our legend