

# 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  
While 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 see 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