

## At the behest of night

### In Mourning

At night we bathe in worry and unrest  
Our fury kept by the silent wall  
With cloven hoof and lightning tongue  
The forbidden slithers here, in these halls

The rivers of night run through the gardens  
Like ravaging horses cut from their shackles  
Their presence feeds from temptation

The unclean has no blood on his hands  
Pristine in fur and ivory horn  
Are we lead onto his mighty blade  
Or do we choose to bleed upon it

Can you hear it call  
Surrender to the night  
Lead by guilt and desire  
Temptation will be your fall

Beneath the veil  
Wallowing decadence  
With solemn power  
Spraying like blood on our faces

Cleansing our hearts from their burdens  
A sense of desire will lead us astray  
Your eye like a mirror  
Devoid of untrue colors

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Temptation will be your fall