

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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