

Pagan

The Moon and the Nightspirit

O old gods, let us enter the ancient forests,
The sylvan abode of faeries and fauns
Lead us whispering spirits of times bygone
To lands fabulous and forgotten

O, Scythed Empress of retrieveless aeons
Let us wander thy fathomless kingdoms,
Like vagrant seraphims of some remoter heavens,
Without mortal fears and burdens

O, steadfast guardians of edenic times
Let us return to the garden amarinthine
Let us leave this sad and grey world,
That knows us not,
This bitter realm of pain, that is not ours

Let us recall the nights, when delight was all,
The world ere the atlantean doom
O, Great Enchantress of the ivory moon,
Let us taste the dreamful anodyne of joy