

Ancient, Part Iv: Zillah And The Crone

Of all my children, none so beloved
my sweet Zillah, none so desired
her tender skin, her blood so saccharine
I was mesmerized by her enchanting eyes.
But she would turn from me, she had no love to me
nothing I'd provide could keep her satisfied
so I took to roam the wilderness alone
Amid the whispering trees, a wrinkled crone I did see.
Crone: "My spell can make thee win her heart
Drink of my blood then we'll start."
Caine: "Her (foul) blood I drank for many nights
and Zillah indeed became my wife."
Crone: "The elixir hast bound thee
My serving thrall thou always be."
Caine: "But after a Year (and a day) her grasp (on me)
had gone
With a stake through the heart, I left her
to the dawn."