

# 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."