

Crown Of Autumn, Neath Selenic Majesty

A vast and vacant vale
Ornated with haxe-veiled sylvan lakes
Wherein aught dive straight
Wor-begone shadows and nocturnal fays
Oh pure primeval gate
O'er grand piny mountains thou wait
'Neath the night's queen face
I wonder at the infinite space...

Caught in marble cold, crowned with a aurecle of livid flame
Veiled by fragile silks, naked she stands in the garden of grief
Distant thunders break whilst she weeps for the hustling flurry
And as the wind arrives I cling to her eloquent cold skin and sigh

The moon became my heart, pulsing the silver blood of thine
A new eyeless sight thou givest mee to admire a world sans light
Nightwards I sweep by the purest catharsis, the divinity of silence
A rapture so cold...obscure in melancholic sublimity