

# Equinox Ov The Gods, Spectral Garden

Rotten trees with twisted boughs  
Cast their shadows upon the ground  
Where dead birds feathers and autumn leaves  
Lie scattered by the midnight breeze

In this garden of endless night  
Unseen by living, untouched by light  
In this garden by time forgotten  
Shadows prosper by death begotten

In the fog with a reek of a thousand graves  
Faceless figures move grotesque and deranged  
A dance macabre through this cursed domain  
To a gruesome chant of sighs and wails

In this limbo beyond all dreams  
Next to hell lies this sepulchral scene  
Where spectres grieve their death eternal  
A gloomy purgatory, dark, internal