

# Tales Of Dark, Mephistorium

[Takac / Zavodski]

Vast are the thorns that in my aenima plague carved  
Yet distant the sob they tore from within  
Never let my yawning gashes by light be defiled  
And Heaven ablaze wilt bleed wrapped in laments.  
Is passionless the desire I burn with?  
Teach me to suffer for the ageless bliss  
In scarlet magic to drown enraptured  
Like the dreaming chaos in it's king like exaltation  
Whither hast thou my muse interred?  
Never was I whom the stars besought  
A flight with no wings require I not  
The dreadful forbidden name is but a thought.  
Open up, somber vault of lifelong abstention!  
And amidst the forgotten my fears receive  
For they giveth me naught save the weakness  
The wormholes festered, in the skin of my sanity.  
August are the sights of the raging tempest  
The lambs with the vermin attributes weep  
For oblivion impends unfurling it's velvet embrace  
Their silent mortician to be.  
Into the lunarchways majestic I cut myself loose  
As the full moon orchestra plays enchanted  
And with the manifold faceless guises of night  
Beneath the wolf crown aflame I open the gates...