

Ancient Ceremony, Dulcet Seduction

"Cold, sad and lonely is my endless seeming sleep
down here in this Grave, where Love and Death must part,
only the Magic of these Flowers keeping my Soul alive";

The Queen of the Nightsky has risen to bewitch me
like Bats on evil Wings I fly through Her Kingdom
So that the Shroud's pure white may shine in Purple
(Yet) the Brightness of another dying Sun
then Doomsday will be done

"Blood is Life!";

This Wine, as sweet as Thy starlike Beauty,
my golden Fruit on the Tree of Passion and Delight