Ancient Ceremony, Her Ivory Slumber

Ancient Ceremony
Miscellaneous
Her Ivory Slumber

Night has covered the Forest with a solemn Mantle,
I again visit Her Grave
(May Her Murderers hear our Threat)
"Though Thy Slumber may be deep
Thy weak Spirit shall not sleep
and forever Thou shall dwell
in the ominous Fire of this Spell.
To Thee lovely Night shall deny
all the Quiet of Her Sky"
(The North - Wind is raving through the Trees
and touches roaring the crystalline Seas)
The Moon looks round in sweet Delight
in this pure Mood I invoke my Bride:
"Thus charming as Thy Beauty art
thus bloody shall my Wrath them part
Oh, golden Strings of Ecstasy
encharm us with Thy Melody!
So that a Shape of Her may rise
and our wild Passion never dies"
A dazzling Light spawns out a Vision of my Dearest:
"Understand these Oracle - Words of mine
and our Embrace (shall be divine)
When Skies will be fired with Crimson Cloud
all shall be Witness of me enshroud!"