

# Ancient Ceremony, Thy Beauty in Candlelight

Thy Beauty in Black Candles' Light  
is the dearest Vision to my Spirit

&quot;Thou art the shining Diamond of my Crown&quot;;

Harvester I will be of the forbidden Fruits,  
growing there so deliciously in the Gardens of Thy (&quot;my&quot;,) Breast  
In my dark-desirous Dreams I see us in Autumn Fields,  
feeling October's magic Breath

&quot;Thou art the Flower that never shall wither&quot;;

The Reflection of Thy Beauty in the dancing  
Candleflames creates Memories so sweet but cold  
dark as Thy Black Hair, like the Raven-Face of Night  
Thy Neck is like sculpture-made  
Thy milky Bosom the loveliest Nature ever formed

&quot;Sanguis Vita est! (et)  
Tenebrae Desponsam meam!&quot;;

Enchant me eternally with Thy voluptuous Forms  
as Thy witching Fire still burns in me