Autumn, The Coven (The Witch In Me Part II)

The grating noise of horned owl emphasises the dark My only beacon in oblivion Now when I'm one with this mystic web Wherein dimensions bled to one The fivefold kiss again The lips that seal the vow The feeling, that feeling Here I stand Where the witches sing their hymns Full of tangled allegory The atheme One of the tools of art Which reveals the lore The ancient craft That hides in my heart Acknowledged and exposed The pain Of the two initiations Already made sense It illustrates our goal To create a new world

With my bare hands