

Crown Of Autumn, The Nettle Path Of Grief

In a portrait of evil and beauty, sneers she, Empress of ravens and owls
By a firmament flourished of darkness she's adorned with nettle and thorns

Throned'neath the fiery deluge, the tears you once wept
Then turned to tongues of flames under Samael's spell
Thou givest to the prescribed that disdainful glance
Which damns the crowd gathered around the scaffold
With branches as frame Artemis navigates the night
While the horizon thou scan nigh the Duke of Rains
Laid onto meads of decrepitude are crying the Legions of Pride

"Non Servian!";

"Tough wind, that moanest loud grief too sad for song;
Wild wind, when sullen cloud knells all the night long;
Sad storm, whose tears are vain, bare woods whose branches strain;
Deep caves and dreary main, wait for the world's wrong!";