

Hades, Apocalyptic Prophecies

Hear the haunting theronade
Like a chant through a timeless abyss
Or the cries from the wolves from the
Long lost woods
Moon-less nights caress her
In shades of a nocturnal beauty
She dances on cemetary ground
Be-witched by the wistful tunes of thy dark
Aaahhhhh
Enslaving eyes of a wistful darkness
Calls me as a silent prayer
She is the one of nocturnal beauty
Force me to become her slave
Aaahhhhh
Take me on your journey
She was a woman in black lace
Dancing like a raven around the
Mountain side
And the music of her wistful songs-
Or laughter, or cries
And out of the skies above me
A creature - a face turned down unto me
Closer and closer - then so near
And when she again raised
She caressed me and led us into a lustful
Dance
In circles bigger and bigger
Higher up - into the moonless skies
And I joined her on her journey to Hades