

# Hades, Be-Witched

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

enslaving eyes of a whistful darkness  
calls me as a silent prayer  
she is the one of nocturnal beauty  
force me to become her slave

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 lead 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