

Hollenthon, Enrapture - Hinc Illae Lacrimae

Swelling pyres sway restlessly
From bleak to pale adorn the weald
Its wild reflection wondrous
A danse macabre in glass

Glimpse of festive silhouettes
Free of face, of name, of guilt
Enthroned in thorns, abismal eyes
Adorned with fiendish grin

What forbidden feast of sin
Entangles silken nymphs with hordes?
To steal a glance pernicious
To heed diapason divine

The longing gaze toward drifting pairs
Uncovered dreams of gold and silk
Yet gold melts under gruelling blaze
Unbidden sentinel unveiled

Quiescent summons of revelation
From eyes angelic bidding forth
With ghastly fear and awe amassed
Becomes an unexpected guest

In silence takes his outstretched hand
Leads her in the chosen dance
A kind of minuet grotesque
Kindling fire of the profaned

The revelers of dark observe
The nymph in play with incubus
The jealous rage of succubus
Unfolds forbidden passion bold

The embers gasping for a breadth
The last guest crawls to find his rest
As music slowly dissipates
The nymph shares one last toast distressed

But Time unkind does not release
Majestic spirit from this hex
His temptress fair of flesh and blood
His Galatea etched in stone

In watchful eye he spies the night
Dare not disturb her yearning rest
Bestows her dreams by bedside realm
Of dancing silhouettes and pyres