

Noctes, Twilight Elysium

Pale and speechless in reflection gazing past
as diffusion to adorn the vast
As the crescent moon adept in glare
by the flames of evil in my stare
Broken by the spell invoked by time
Grim but gracious through the landscapes wide
the drapes of nightfall once again to ride.
Through apertures in the web of stone
shadows sweeping through my dungeons walls.

As the sun in frailty sprawls to rest
in the haze of dreamers nest
Across the sky the angels sweep
drawing sunset with the dayrays left to reap.

To cherubic tones of hymnody
the winds of medieval plague to dance
Towards the scenery agaze,
at the canopy ablaze.

Oh how I envy thee, oh pagan gale to travel.
In the twilight elysium to ride.

As the sun in frailty sprawls to rest
in the haze of dreamers nest
Across the sky the angels sweep
drawing sunset streams.
As the night approaches me to reave
the remaining rays of daylight stream
I dream of sunsets yet to be
when the twilight spell will set me free

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