

# Solstice, Blackthorne

From frozen edifice unheeded my calls  
Dream silent among grey basalt halls  
Neither here, nor ever did I belong  
The haunted, the hunted still stands alone  
And ice enshrined this fragile kingdom  
Awoke desires of forgotten bliss  
Rise to the sun they fall in anguish  
Tenebrous sorrow this day would bring  
Ethereal watchers with eloquence spoke  
Such myriad lands now forsook  
Dusk scorched orchid her sweet perfume  
In carven mausolea starborn consume  
Tread softly for now, kin of the night  
A winter moon guides her palace of light  
Granted paths to higher realm sought  
On ebon wings together take flight

Rekindle tempests, enslaved by frost  
Her gentle caress, a graven kiss  
Such towering vision of mortality refrain  
Fair Lilith be found, her hand would I claim