

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