

Theatres des Vampires, Une Saison En Enfer

What are his nets and gins and traps; and how does he surround him?
with cold floods of abstraction and with forests of solitude
to build him castles and high spires.
Where kings and priests may dwell;
till she who burns with youth and no fixet lot is bound,
in a spell of law to one she loaths?
And must she drag the chain... of life in weary lust?
Must chilling murderous thoughts obscure the clear heaven of her eternal spring;
To bear to wintry rage of a harsh terror driv'n... to madness,
Bound to hold a rod over her shrinking shoulders all the day and all the night
to turn the wheel of false desire,
and longings death wake her womb
To the ahhorred birth of cherubs in the human form
that live a pestilence an die a meteor and are no more;
till child dwell with one he hates, and do the deed he loathes.
And the impure scourge forge his seed into its unripe birth,
ere yet his eyelids can behold the arrows... of the day?