

Tales Of Dark, Mephistorium

[Takac / Zavodski]

Vast are the thorns that in my aenima plague carved
Yet distant the sob they tore from within
Never let my yawning gashes by light be defiled
And Heaven ablaze wilt bleed wrapped in laments.
Is passionless the desire I burn with?
Teach me to suffer for the ageless bliss
In scarlet magic to drown enraptured
Like the dreaming chaos in it's king like exaltation
Whither hast thou my muse interred?
Never was I whom the stars besought
A flight with no wings require I not
The dreadful forbidden name is but a thought.
Open up, somber vault of lifelong abstention!
And amidst the forgotten my fears receive
For they giveth me naught save the weakness
The wormholes festered, in the skin of my sanity.
August are the sights of the raging tempest
The lambs with the vermin attributes weep
For oblivion impends unfurling it's velvet embrace
Their silent mortician to be.
Into the lunarchways majestic I cut myself loose
As the full moon orchestra plays enchanted
And with the manifold faceless guises of night
Beneath the wolf crown aflame I open the gates...