

## When Lust Evokes The Curse

Autumn

A horseman rides slowly through the mirror's sight  
He's singing a hymn for the victory of another fight  
Lancelot, his semblance radiates a mystic might

Hair from underneath his helmet, and the red helmet feather  
Wave in the wind like a licking flame together

This brave armoured knight; raised by the lady to a goal  
Because the flames of lust carbonise her soul

Infinite sadness or smothered grief  
So alone, but these emotions won't leave  
Your state, going from bad to worse  
Now as lust evokes the curse

You left the web for pictures that the mirror sent  
And forgot the loom  
While you stepped towards the casement,  
Embraced by the arms of doom  
Your lust brought you to the end

Fairy lady of Shallot  
Now as you're looking down at Camelot

She's engulfed by the dismal night  
When the wind extinguishes the candlelight  
She's searing for this heroic knight  
Wrapped in the web in which memories hide  
Then the mirror cracked from side to side  
The curse came upon her and she cried...  
"Death chooses me to be it's bride..."