

The Coven

Autumn

The grating noise of horned owl emphasises the dark
My only beacon in oblivion
Now when I'm one with this mystic web
Wherein dimensions bled to one

The fivefold kiss again
The lips that seal the vow
The feeling, that feeling

Here I stand
Where the witches sing their hymns
Full of tangled allegory

The atheme
One of the tools of art
Which reveals the lore
The ancient craft
That hides in my heart
Acknowledged and exposed

The pain
Of the two initiations
Already made sense
It illustrates our goal
To create a new world
With my bare hands