

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..."