

## When A Witch Becomes A Pale Bride

Bishop Of Hexen

Muster scarce trails to pursue the final tales  
I might appeal once quizzed, tested & feeled  
Oh, these cuts-cut-open and observed  
Though barely alive-cautiously preserved  
Molested are my cries  
Dispersed like transparent rime  
Yet strangely I see trees  
Which assail with stabbing scenes  
Thus maladies & their remedies mix  
So violently they create loathsome tricks  
Labyrinth of angles-so twisted  
Shape & form the inevitable-  
Through the hexen's mind  
Through the sharpness of her nails  
Into her grim thoughts he now sails  
Lame and sterile pain  
Becomes now the most desirable pain  
Washed to a pond of tears  
Emptied to a valley of the gifted fears  
Goblets of wisdom dried  
When a witch becomes a pale bride  
To the raving beauty of a doubt  
A garland-old & worn-out  
"Here lies he who never lyed  
Whose skill so often hath been tryed  
Their prophecies shall still survive  
And ever keep their name alive"