

Blood Queen

Carach Angren

Fifteen-hundred-thirty-six
Her age has come the crown affixed
Her only wish is to conceive
Whilst burning those that shun belief

Countless years of blood thirst
And hundreds sacrificed
All hanged, quartered, cauterised
The queen's still longing to give birth

Endless years of madness!
Death-fatigue, the cruel intrigue
Is the despair and the sadness
Of a royal womb still fruitless

Blood Queen
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Like a beggar 'fore the altar
It seems Lord has eased her plight
Yet miscarriage still comes swiftly
Like a thief in 'midst of night

Ascending her stairs backwards
Clutching a mirror and candle
"Show me my future and show me what's mine"
And the mirror shows her a new-born child

She reaches for the infant, so sweet
But the mirror cracks

And its eyes start to bleed
A thick mist descends
Suddenly down the stairs
She drops the ghastly mirror
Screaming in despair

Blood Queen
A shape appears in the mist
And throws her to the floor
The child, now floating in the air
She screams, "No more!"

The eyeless child then reaches out
She grabs its little arm
But a surge of mist pulls her back
The sudden force breaks the infant's neck

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She comes through the mirror
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