

# Nightfalls

Cinema Strange

The light goes out against the backdrop, the victim's eyes are plucked!

While animal smiles sing appraisal, the pagans dance like bastards dance!

And the nighttime chorus laughs aloud before they start the requiem and the shadows spread their fingers and welts are raised beneath the dusk!

Rats in black capes dance like thieves along the path, beneath the trees!

The batcave reeks, stark and empty! The plague is out, the beasts are bled!

White lace children are weeping, the light has waned so miserably, while men whisper words of envy... they lack infatuation. Thirteen knots off of hallowed ground and death at the end of the act.

The web is spun, the spells are cast and the witches rave like lost and broken!

Sordid secrets mark the coven... black earth and the raven flies!

Sabbatical systems shroud the catch and cloak like funeral garb

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The wind is witness like a passing disease and the bracken stings so intimately.

Malevolent filth, fetish frenzy, razors, whips, and fingertips.

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Lanterns fade at the end of their ropes and the eyes that glowed once shift their gaze.

Dogs lie fat from the gnawing of bones and flies bring heat to the chill of decay.

The last of the wolves fight for night but the hours seep forth screams for dawn.

Men look hard, lick their teeth, and the curtain folds like a leather eclipse.