

## Dance Of Darkness

Ereb Altor

The rider of the black horse arrives  
At the dance of the king's hill

Charming the guests and hosts  
Elegantly he moves while his eyes are  
Searching for beauty  
He invites the fair little Anne to a dance  
No one can ever turn his offer down

A dance never seen before  
All other stop but the violins  
The music refuse to stop, the song went faster, faster.  
Fingers staring to bleed  
Violins of blood and dark eyes

The Dance of Darkness, levitation.  
Like the wind they rise to the top of trees.

Blood pouring like tears in all eyes  
All gaze in red under the spell  
They saw his feet up high, the hooves of a goat

A scattered audience running of fear  
The dancing couple slowly fading away  
Stories have been told of a crying girl by the lake  
Never to be the same again.