

## Rite Of Shrouds

Necare

Consecrate the ceremony.  
Or bear the oblation.  
See you this maiden whore.  
With whom you wish to copulate.  
You see her beauty - I see the skull beneath the skin.  
I smell the fragrant dusk of graves and the yellowed linen.  
"Calamity of fate!" - the portents cry.  
She longs to join the earth.  
Until all is but an elysian field (beset with glistening urns).  
A desolate, echoing cinerarium rattled by the winter wind.  
Merciless, I raise the cup.  
I beseech it be filled.  
I am the celebrant in this rite of shrouds.  
We abscond to ashes and dust occludes us all.