

Harvest for the Devil

Siebenbürgen

Mist veiled enchantress shrouded unlit
Storned through in malice, bestowing her wit
Her ominous shadows stayed untamed
As bitte words failed when avowed and named
Drawing vicious chapters red
Challenging the drama, all affection fled
Waiting for an endless sigh
If death only had silently passed her by...

Falling into a void of stars
Where shadow storms burned passion in her heart
Demonic priestess of a dying moon
Queen Nocturnia

In her naked tomb, torchlit and close
Theatrical prayers demonical preached
Invoking the suprema, the cast out foes
Each goal meant to be, selfishly reached
Soaking the ambrosial withered wine
Her ember cloth stained complete
All her fears she now egocentrically decline
As darkness her dreams abusively entreat

Mysterious silhouettes of shadows that decayed
Reposing on cold dismal castle grounds

Just vague memories from pacts never paid
And spirits that surrender to tragically bounds
As the graveworms permitted, and evil arose
Amongst ceremonial pyres, alit and fumed
Chasing dolorous spells, striving in angelic pose
Nightfall persisting, and sunrise was consumed

With a glance, yet her faith obtained obscure
She threw her crown amid the glowing revelations
Purging her corrupted soul, stained but pure
To unbind the secret paths revealing devastations

Impetuous, all in vain, her atonement were kneen
She felt closeness with both foe and fiend
And as real as in her most unbroken dream
Pure impressions turned utterly extreme