

Thy Sister Thee Crimson Wed

Siebenbürgen

On a night in late October
Just before the time of dawn
Thou went into thy sisters' chamber
And seduced thy own blood
Through her window, in late October
Moon were changing into sun
Thee left thy bride, cold and silent
Sleeping, resting until next time

Longing for her precious beauty
Her darkened hair and pale white skin
No more resting for the wicked
Even in thy own cold grave

Suddenly, in late October
Another night, a different time
A curse was spelled, woe to thee
Her neck was poisoned by a cross

With tired eyes she looked upon
Thou, her sister, late and fair
Standing close her maiden bed
With fearful gaze, and spiteful smile

With cold pale fingers, she now dragged
The scornful cross from the bleeding neck
Joined her sister, in late October
United on this silent night

A pact beyond both grave and death
Sleeping beside her very own flesh
Since this night, forever and ever
Thy sister thee eternally wed

"....Seduced by her sinful treasures
On her lifeblood thee was fed
Embraced by her nightly pleasures
Thy sister thee crimson wed...."