

# Throne of Dark Immortals

Theatres Des Vampires

Resignedly beneath a dark sky  
the melancholy waters lie  
so blend the turrets and shadow there  
while from a proud tower in the death looks down!

There open fanes and gaping grave the death has reared himself  
a throne  
in a strange city lying alone far down within the dim forest...

Mistaken demon of heaven thy joys are tears  
ask the blind worm the secret of the grave and why her spires love  
to curl  
around the bones of death and the will of the dark immortals

Expanded..the sound of a trumpet  
the heavens awake, and vast clouds of blood  
roll'd round the dim rock of the castle

In his hills of storm'd snow, in his mountains of hail and ice  
voices of terror are heard like thunder of autumn...  
when the cloud ablaze over harvest