

## Amesoeurs

### "Mistress Of Gordon"

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Laying, gazing on the midnight sky  
Upon cloudy mountainpeak supine  
Below, ruined lands are seen trembling  
Her horror and beauty are divine

Return, my Mistress of Gorgon  
Thy've marked my heart with wisdom  
Return, my Mistress of Gorgon  
Thy've scarred my soul, and now it is gone...

Upon her lips and eyelids, seems no lie  
Loveliness as a shadow, from which it shines  
Fury and luried, struggling underneath  
The agonies and anguish of death

My Mistress of Gorgon  
Thy've marked my heart with no wisdom  
Return not my Mistress of Gorgon  
Thy've scarred my soul... Roam alone

Yes, it's the horror than the grace  
Which turns the gazer's spirits, into stone  
Whereon the lineaments of that dead face  
Are graven, till the characters be grown

Into itself and thought no more can trace  
'Tis the melodious hue, of beauty enthroned  
Arthwont the darkness and the glore of pain  
Which humanize and harmonize the strain

From her head, as from one body grows  
As rotten grass out of a watery rock  
Hair as a viper, they curl and flow  
Their long tangles, in each other lock  
With unending involutions show...

Their moiled radiance, as it were to mock  
The torture and the dead within and saw  
The solid air, with many a ragged jaw

'Tis the tempestious loveliness of terror

Far from the serpent's gleam, a brazen glare  
Kindled, by that inextricable terror  
Which makes a thrilling vapour, of the air

To become an ever shifting mirror nightmare  
Of all the beauty, and terror there  
A woman's countenance, with serpent locks  
Gazing in depth from heaven on death,  
From those wet rocks...

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