

Amethyst "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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