

## Ancient Ceremony

### "The Beauty In The Candlelight"

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Thy Beauty in Black Candles' Light  
is the dearest Vision to my Spirit

"Thou art the shining Diamond of my Crown"

Harvester I will be of the forbidden Fruits,  
growing there so deliciously in the Gardens of Thy  
("my") Breast  
In my dark-desirous Dreams I see us in Autumn Fields,  
feeling October's magic Breath

"Thou art the Flower that never shall wither"

The Reflection of Thy Beauty in the dancing  
Candleflames creates Memories so sweet but cold  
dark as Thy Black Hair, like the Raven-Face of Night  
Thy Neck is like sculpture-made  
Thy milky Bosom the loveliest Nature ever formed

"Sanguis Vita est! (et)  
Tenebrae Desponsam meam!"

Enchant me eternally with Thy voluptuous Forms  
as Thy witching Fire still burns in me

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