

Ancient Ceremony

"Thy Beauty In Candlelight"

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Thy Beauty in Black Candlelight
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
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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