

## Autumn

# "The Coven (The Witch In Me Part II)"

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The grating noise of horned owl emphasises the dark  
My only beacon in oblivion  
Now when I'm one with this mystic web  
Wherein dimensions bled to one

The fivefold kiss again  
The lips that seal the vow  
The feeling, that feeling

Here I stand  
Where the witches sing their hymns  
Full of tangled allegory  
The atheme  
One of the tools of art  
Which reveals the lore  
The ancient craft  
That hides in my heart  
Acknowledged and exposed

The pain  
Of the two initiations  
Already made sense  
It illustrates our goal  
To create a new world  
With my bare hands

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