

Black Countess

"The Mystery Of A Witching Forest"

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Walking on the golden fallen leaves
 In red blaze of the autumn sun
 You clung to false threads of hope
 In the kingdom of writhed trees
 You disturbed the peace of a dead place
 Where birds' songs died down in dry trunks
 You came to know the old mystery
 The story of two guiltless girls

Tongues of flame licked their bodies
 To the scorn of exultant crowd
 They were faggoted on suspicion
 Of witchcraft and lesbian sex
 And then the forest sheltered their souls
 Flying, whispering and luring
 Damned haunt of deep melancholy
 The cradle of illusive quiet

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You joined their tight embrace
 Which begot a sharp blade
 They offered it to you
 And you accepted the gift of death

It easily got into the flesh

Shedding your warm red blood
On their perfect silk skin
Your fell to their feet on the smooth marble

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