

Black Swan

"The Withering Flower Of Life"

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A slow descent of the midnight sun,
A fall from crimson skies
The warm and gentle summerwind
Closes my tired eyes

Dead I am not, yet dying
At this long-abandoned field
I can feel how my life falls
With the first autumn leaves

I hear the distant chime of bells,
"The king shall die", they tell
Is that chime from the Hell
Or from the Heaven whence we fell..?

I only know, my rose and I,
United in the outset of life
Entering the night divine,
To the new throne arise

As silent as an owl's flight,
The golden autumn arrives
My rose seems to sense the time
Of our coming demise

Memories of golden dawn,
The divinity to reborn
His seers slain, his slaves torn
His body burned, forlorn

I hold my rose against my chest
To give it the last caress
Together in emptiness,
Still ensnared to the flesh

Tears freeze into my eyes
As my rose withers and dies
Unhallow, unite, both shall die,
I greet the Death with joy, not cry

Autumn rides the storm
And spreads her frost-covered wings

Invocating freezing scorn,
Deflowering summer dreams

Shadows dance at the Henge
When the moon is on the wane
Where I got drunk of the tears
On the leaves of wolfsbane
The hidden eyes stare
And await the wintry tyranny
And the forgotten one is left to die
Under the leaves of dying tree

For thee I give the "gift" of life
Which turned to curse with me
Set my body afire and our union shall be
Complete

An Autumnal call, a whisper in the wind
As leaves fall and let the cold in
No earthly fluid, no water, no wine
Could feed my rose, my flower of life

Where could we meet the keeper of lies
When there was no path
To the forbidden paradise
In sin I reigned, still I feel the thirst
In sin I die, with my hideous curse

Let the wounds bleed,
Take my spirit to the unseen
Like the beauty and the beast within,
Together in disbelief

A sad serenade to fade away
With the last rays of summer day
Dead eyes welcome the fall
And the spirit shall be free again

Forgotten are the summer dreams,
Snow upon the fallen leaves
Flowers yield to the frost
And the angel choir screams

A flame in the northern sky,
The last sign of waning light
Fades away to the grey
As together we die

The dismal cold infinity,
Silent divine tranquillity
Drawn upon the pale landscape

In our neverending dream

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