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"Ghosts Around The Bonethrone"

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Fall into the blackest abyss, infinite depths of
Melancholy
Soul, scarred and frozen, cold as ice, black as coal
Winter moon bleeds it's grim light, down upon the
castle
Walls
Inside I sit alone on my bonethrone
Forgotten king from an age long gone by...

In silence I observe, as all sounds fade into the night
Even darkness dims, as the awaited time arrives

Twelve ghosts awaken from their shadows
And dance their possessed dance for the crowd of one

Twelve young women, innocent and fair!

Their beauty immortalized, by my hands in death
Each night at the wolf's hour, they dance for me
So it's been for centuries
And so it shall forever be

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