

Holland

"Eclipse - Vita Nova"

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Dowager of wandering empires knocking at death's
door
Putrid winds carried the voices wailing in the night
Solitude of land Europa; battalions ominous
Conquest dressed in ivory garb attack from east and
west

Baleful ballad tragic spews
From her lips of lurid blue

Infantries of bony vampires draining one by one
From the headlands plunge like death-birds; predators
descend
Prancing, laughing, undertakers don tools of dusky
trade
Puppeteers in childish play, ghoulish marionettes

Baleful ballad tragic spews
From her lips of lurid blue
In a dream I saw her
Drape her cloak from sea to sea

In dawn of life she came to flee with lonesome
shadows before noon
Who dare impede her timely flight or rob of quarry
due?

The coy, unwilling silent bride; Misery stands by her
side
The demon mourner bathes in tears of those she left
behind

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