

## **Hollenthon**

### **"Lure - Pallida Mors"**

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Gleaming droplets douse the mead  
bringing with its breeze the scent  
Of weeping willows Babylon  
bedding down for winter's chill

Like two young lovers intertwined  
in the frivolity of life  
Leaned one over with gallant whisper  
betrothed domains of ceaseless time

Coaxing her to drop her veil  
to shroud his cloak around her frailty  
As two together become one  
to ride the winds of no tomorrow  
Coquette mortality enraptured  
a beam of light adorned her lips  
With head leaned back welcomed her captor  
inhaled the sweet October mist

Caressing gently hallowed bodies  
undulate for Dusk to see  
Not yet kissed the waning siren  
as Azrael waits patiently

For pendulum must swing away  
from transient fear-uncertainty  
Although he holds with timeless hands  
the siren soul safe in his palms

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