

## **In Tha Umbra "Crescent"**

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Shall hear Infernal thunder, and for lightning see  
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage  
Admire the twilight fiery sky  
Petals floating  
Dismay,  
That abides the grimness of dusk  
Drenches as solace  
Vapours hallow the hunting portraied concubines  
Banshees...  
Nightrise  
Crescent  
Rush  
Among Angels, and the throne itself  
Mixt with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire  
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;  
Advento crepuscular  
Num crescendo sublime  
Ophuccus hiss the bane of light  
Orpheus's music plays  
Blood drenched lire  
Crepuscular advent  
Amidst Baccus concubines  
Song of the Banshee  
Voice o' Night  
Crescent  
And this firmament of Hell should spout her catarats of  
fire  
Impendent horrors, threat'ning hideous fall  
Breathe Ambrosial odours and Ambrosial flowers  
Hidden lustre, Gems and Gold;  
"From whence deep thunder roar must'ring their rage,  
And Heav'n resembles Hell?" John Milton  
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds  
Ascending, while the North wind sleeps, o'erspread  
Scowls o'er the dark'n'd landscape  
"Of four Infernal rivers that disgorge  
Into the burning lake their baleful streams;  
Abhorred Styx the flood of dreadful hate,  
Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep;  
Cocytis, nam'd of lamentation loud  
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon  
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage." John

Milton  
Scowls o'er the dark'n'd landscape  
Medusa with gorgorian terror guards  
Nightrise  
Crescent  
Rush  
"Where all life dies, Death lives, and Nature breeds,  
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things;  
Abominable, inutterable and worse  
Than Fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,  
Gorgons and Hydras, and Chimeras dire." John Milton  
Follow the Night-Hag  
Hecate, goddess of witchcraft  
Amidst Baccus concubines  
Song of the Banshee  
Voice o' Night  
Crescent  
... and Death  
Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile...  
Where eldest Night  
And Chaos, Ancestors of Nature, hold  
Of neither Sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,  
But all these in their pregnant causes mixt  
When Bellona storms  
With all her battering engines bent to raze  
Nightrise  
Rush  
Crescent  
Crescent advent enthron'd  
Sat Sable-vested Night, eldest of things,  
Descend oh darkness descend  
Rush  
Nightrise crescent

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