

In Tha Umbra "Fumes She Holdeth"

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Farewell happy fields... where joy forever dwells
Hail horrors, Hail
Infernal world and thou profoundest Hell
Aloft incumbent on the dusky Air
Oft, night-founder'd
Moors by side as night enwraps the sulphur Sea
Hail horrors, Hail
On each hand the flames
In billows, leave I' th' midst a horrid vale
Glorying to have scap't the Stygian flood
Of thund'ring
As the lake with liquid fire
"Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
As we erewhile, astounded and amaz'd,
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious height"
Farewell happy fields... where joy forever dwells
Hail horrors, Hail
Ashtoreth holding the sulphuric fumes
Chain'd on the burning lake, nor ever thence
Had ris'n or heav'd, but large to Harvest
Bright scythe Harvest and Hail and Kill
Might heap on damnation
Forthwith upright rears from off the Pool
How all malice serv'd but to bring forth
Confusion, wrath and vengeance
Then lady Death
With expanded wings steer the flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky Air
Thence conceiving fire
And move towards the shore... Fumes she holdeth
Infernal world and thou profoundest hell
Sulphur lakes
Came Ashtoreth with crescent Horns;
Thou whose bright image nightly by the Moon
Virgins paid their vows and Songs,
Thee Queen
In pale skin
Command the warlike sound
And hold the fumes of Erebus
Of trumpets loud and Clarions be uprear'd
Mighty chivalry
With gems and Golden lustre rich imblaz'd

Seraphic arms and Trophies
Sonorous metal blowing Martial sounds
Fumes she holdeth
"At which the universal Host Upsent,
A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night."
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
A forest huge of spears: the thronging Helms
Appear'd and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable: Anon they move
In perfect Phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes
To height of noblest temper Heroes old
Arming to battle
Mov'd on in silence to soft pipes that charm'd
Painful steps o'er the burnt soil
Horridus
Visages and stature as of Gods
Of Phlegra with th' Heroic race join'd
Of Glory obscured
Shorn of beams, or from behind the Moon
In dim Eclipse disastrous twilight sheds
Darken'd so, yet shone
Deep scars of thunder had intrencht
Of Dulcet symphonies and voices sweet
Dropt from the Zenith like a falling star
Farewell happy fields... Hail horrors, Hail
To the frozen glare of Ceridwen upon a silver altar
Farewell happy fields...
Sulphurlike moors of blazing fire
On the palms of her hands
Hail horrors, Hail!
Fumes she holdeth...

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