

Morgion "Cairn"

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Here they lay within our arms. caressing this darkest
purge. honing the darkness pure, bleeding the nether
free... under an
Earthen stone, she of cloak and crown, she of
blackened steel...blessed be unto her. her soul, the
naked blade; the color of
Darkest lochs. her temperance, the hilt forged from
silver winters. time is but a breath. age thus comes and
goes. a pitiful
Mortal coil; you and yours, mortal man. embrace her
immortality. the nether three, nocturne sisters. they are
the sentient
Circle, the meeting point to the end.

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