

## Non Serviam

# "The Enchanting Dance Of Mischief"

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Her arch smile just left her lips as the wind conser to  
started to play

The gambol around started at first but came to feel  
soothing after a while

Like morphia, the ranting drags her into a world of  
unknown evils

And seafens her mind for grief and nausea

Dismembered minds turned into clandestine seas of  
grief

The occurence of evil set to sanctify love as terminable  
life

Calm, oblivious words distorted to phrases of evil  
mankind

Faces, traces, monotonous phrases, stagnation is a  
movement in me

Come with me, kneel in the dance of mischief

Blaspheme, bow for the ruler of grief

Leaves hanging down from the tree sorrow, shadowing  
thoughts, diminishing sight

Ecclesiastical speech rapped in velvet clothing,  
prowess is preaching

Deathening rhymes, sounding, sending away

The stars are silent listeners, they come out at night  
they say

Lay down for an endless decay

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