

Crown

'''neath Selenic Majesty''

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A vast and vacant vale
Ornated with haxe-veiled sylvan lakes
Wherein aught dive straight
Wor-begone shadows and nocturnal fays
Oh pure primeval gate
O'er grand piny mountains thou wait
'Neath the night's queen face
I wonder at the infinite space...

Caught in marble cold, crowned with a aurecle of livid
flame
Veiled by fragile silks, naked she stands in the garden
of grief
Distant thunders break whilst she weeps for the
hustling flurry
And as the wind arrives I cling to her eloquent cold skin
and sigh

The moon became my heart, pulsing the silver blood of
thine
A new eyeless sight thou givest mee to admire a world
sans light
Nightwards I sweep by the purest catharsis, the divinity
of silence
A rapture so cold...obscure in melancholic sublimity

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