

Crown

"The Nettle Path Of Grief"

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In a portrait of evil and beauty, sneers she, Empress of
ravens and owls
By a firmament flourished of darkness she's adorned
with nettle and thorns

Throned'neath the fiery deluge, the tears you once
wept
Then turned to tongues of flames under Samael's spell
Thou givest to the prescribed that disdainful glance
Wich damns the crowd gathered around the scaffold
With branches as frame Artemis navigates the night
While the horizon thou scan nigh the Duke of Rains
Laid onto meads of decrepitude are crying the Legions
of Pride

"Non Servian!"

"Tough wind, that moanest loud grief too sad for song;
Wild wind, when sullen cloud knells all the night long;
Sad storm , whose tears are vain, bare woods whose
branches strain;
Deep caves and dreary main, wait for the world's
wrong!"

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