

## Ordo Draconis

# "The Gloaming Of The Haunted Eve"

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The Wanderer:

After odysseys thro'- utter spheres  
I stravaig o'er mist-wreathed hills.  
At evenfall I wander the moors,  
Where the twilit gloaming abides.

Doleful dirges ride the chilling winds and elven lights  
twinkle in the dark of even. Still  
the thick mists darken his pathway. However, at  
random, he makes for the sonorous  
rushing of torrents and the sparkle of wills-o'-the-wisp.  
Thus he arrives at a torrent,  
where sang a lily-white naiad.

The Undine of the Streamlet:

Hark ye wanderer and walk yon way,  
Wander e'er more for e'er and a day,  
For none did roam these paths before,  
But thine have crossed theirs 'cross the moors.

The Wanderer:

Alack! As fair as seemed the billowy moors,  
So foul was laid a snare of yours.  
A wraith appears 'pon eldritch stones,  
As lurid mirages raise the torrent,  
That slopes upwards to the pearlwhite crown  
Of snow and hyaline frost...

The eerie weepings, echoed deep  
For a covenant to come,  
Beckon and, unredeemed,  
They lurk in their cursed slumber.

The enaidis haunt the vale of tears,  
The mirthless shades errant,--  
That sojourn in the dark caverns.  
Yon the knell seems for aye.

-A night season, seething with mists,  
Advances and -the moon enshrined  
Shimmers by its pale white rays  
O'er the whimsical plains of death.

Mountains soar with eternized crests,  
Grimly silhouetted 'gainst the sky,  
Like wuthering spires 'scarped by great eld  
And gyred by the shroud of fog.

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