

## Tales Of Dark "Via Descendens"

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Takac / Zavodski

When sullen storms kiss the cloven horizon  
And sunset greets the delirium of stars  
From the nightborn maelstrom of whispered secrets  
Let stream this dirge, that the four winds hiss.  
Embalm the delights that grievously squirm  
Confined in soulless tidal throes  
Rebellion-buried within vaults internal  
The entrance to the sway of worms dost unfold.

Appeased and withered, passions bleed deep  
No longer to tarnish soporific constellations  
Wrinkled is the skin  
What even grief hath forsaken  
With memories shattered  
Like fragile monuments.

Crown their closure  
At the throne of untold sorrow

As the curtain finally falls  
In the theatre of perfect deception.

Like a bleak romance of dying seraphs  
So cold are these remnants forlorn  
(sculptured by oblivion and the stench of decay).

Whilst black mists enfold the frozen panorama  
Adorned with the sapphorean tears of denial  
Let stream the dirge that the four winds hiss  
Aeons of anguish would hurt less than this.

For time is such a poisonous remedy  
Transfigured promise that reveals the vista  
Towards the garden of ivory stones  
Where my image is etched  
Like a xylograph 'midst the thorns.

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