

## Thalarion

### "Witch Dance"

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Between the windy, swirling fire  
And all the stillness of the moon  
Sweet witch, you danced at my desire  
Turning some weird and lovely rune

As in the sabbat's ancient round  
With strange and subtle you went  
And toward the heavens and toward the ground  
Your steeple-shapen hat was bent  
As in the sabbath's ancient round  
And toward the heavens and toward the ground

Upon the earth your paces wrought  
A circle such as magicians made  
And still some hidden thing you sought  
With hands desirous, half afraid

Your supple youth and loveliness  
A glamor left upon the air  
Whether a stronger magic there

What darkling and demonian lord  
In fear or triumph, did you call?  
Ah! Was it then that you implored  
With secret signs equivocal

Your fingers, on the smoke and flame  
Moved in the mysterious conjuring  
You seemed to call a silent name  
And lifted like an outstretched wing.

Sweet witch you conjured forth my heart  
To answer always at you will!  
Like merlin, in some place apart  
It lies enthralled and captive still.

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