

Nodes Of Ranvier

"Hidden Track"

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With deadly shine the pale moon hangs over groves as
still as the grave
With eerie sighs the night ghost flits through the sky
Clouds of fog shudder and the stars their mourning
wanly wear
Like lamps flickering in the crypt
Ghostly spectres, dumb, hollow and haggard in
death's dark pomp do process
A funeral throng moves towards the graveyard under
the cover of night's grave veil
His fiery wound's torn asunder again, his soul pierced
by Hell's sharp pains!

With deadly shine the pale moon hangs over groves as
still as the grave
With eerie sighs the night ghost flits through the sky
Clouds of fog shudder and the stars their mourning
wanly wear
Like lamps flickering in the crypt
The earth thuds muffled on the coffin lid, but for one
more glimpse of the earth's treasures!
The grave's dire door shuts fast evermore
More muffled still, the thudding earth grows into a hill
Never does the tomb give back what once it owns!

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