

Adorior

"Of Serpents And Mirrors"

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But seldom seen... are the hands that guide.
The hilt of the blade.
Of the knife, that shines.
With gaping throats they dance for her.
Voluptuously, between a rape and a murder.
Shepherdess, mark thy flock.
With the savage wand, of demonic, FUCK.
Entrails glisten in the lightening dawn.
Sanguine Aurora, ravaged, torn.
Blackest palace, horned call.
Beyond the purple, fountains fall.
Where ivy binds the iron gate and seals fair maiden,
desolate.
I claw with serpents, writhe in vain.
Neath the wicked cut. O'er the shadow plane.
The looking glass that caught her gaze.
Keeps broken that forgotten face.
My beautiful pale riders, eyesso black, they are all.
Moonlight, come forth from the depths, O'er.
Pandemonium.
Scrape the stains from my tired bones.
Too long, have I been alone.
And with carved crystal Mandrake skull.
Cum, cum, craft the bane of puritan.
Here dwells wickedness, vast and endless.
I have walked, from the fetid pit that was my past.
Light was my footfall.
They came to take dreams and, innocence what they
found was Nemesis,
Poised for embrace.
For my simplicities, did elude all of their, knife like
whispers.
Take heed I thrive on your despair.
Her voice lost.
In the passionate years.
Now swell, to it's shrill promise.
"My curse hath come, softening to be born.
Shimmering, after the candlelight has gone.
The witches circle, the tower of my fate.
I see your image, in the fading light, though faint."

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