

## Mysterium

### "Awaiting Thy Pentacle Aeon"

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Serene aside the crystal walls a sigh  
Her weeping eyes do know that time is high  
Neither moon not shriek thereafter ought to be  
Aghast her moonlit face, a final dying sanctity  
Mother mistress, death's toll out ability to mourn  
And for our ears her last wish is forlorn  
That wicked essence owned no why  
So us alike the beast shall die!  
Awakened from aeon sleep our restless quest  
Began with scythes above our heads  
Ruritanian age, drawn red for me, your emerald eyes  
in  
Silent woe  
Beauty child of love! see your dead skin so dear in the  
Show  
Ravenhearted, not for long eradication sang its song  
With ordeal above our heads  
We (who seek mitigating wine in this dying world)  
Though fate is screaming, haunting here  
Let idols fail, thy pentacle aeon open near!  
When the last face kisses the soil I will wander  
My way once more and no more ways back there'll be  
When being is illicit I will be all alone I will kiss  
The bewandered soil  
A frozen memory falls upon the scythes one thousand  
Pieces jewelry of ice  
Let's breathe the breath of this unnatural winter  
Like fragments of life catching the splinters  
Let's soulwards hide these keys to our demise!  
The silver past has been stranded on serenity as from  
The surface of time future calls for me  
Five shades on the moon and one calls the dead  
A voice once a mistress whispered, oh, so sad!  
Arisen from ashes her sunk last wish is free...  
Serene aside the crystal walls a sigh  
Her weeping eyes do know that time is nigh  
Neither moon not shriek thereafter ought to be  
Aghast her moonlit face, a final dying sanctity  
Mother mistress, death's toll out ability to mourn  
And for our ears her last wish is forlorn  
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