

## Theatre Of Ice

### "On Whom The Moon Doth Shine"

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"Had I what it taketh, I would do;  
I sense - I cannot sense,  
I am - yet! I am not -  
Once I kiss'd the image  
Of the Seven Angels of Death..."

"Then, lo! the Bleak Death,  
Serpent-like 'twixt the breasts crept:  
Hush'd with a gasp of life's breath,  
Together red tears they wept,  
And pass'd the procession of dancers dead -  
As in darkness were we lock'd in wed."

"And Hell open'd it's doors,  
Yet what was 'fore my eyes  
But if not the brightest light."  
"O soft embalmer of ye still midnight,  
Allow me thee to adown,  
Of any sort thou fancieth;  
Each holdeth it's own fancy, I say -  
Yet the pleasure we partake in  
Was caus'd by the fang'd grin,  
Save!, do I for him anger hold?:  
Nay - I knew I was fey!"

"Yet as thou so didst,  
On my lips a kiss landÂ©d,  
And with the shadows blendÂ©d  
The tendermost silken mourn.;  
In which the light hidden is -  
Yon Hell's brazen doors  
Wrothfully it trieth to push."

"Hush'd with a gasp of life's breath,  
Together red tears we wept - in vain,  
And pass'd the procession of dancers dead -  
As in darkness were we lock'd in wed:  
I kiss'd the Seven Angels of Death."

"Yet what was 'fore my eyes  
But if not the brightest light."

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