

## Thornley "Carmilla"

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Her eyes they burn, black as night  
Like dreams draped in sylvan horizon  
As shadows over the deep forest  
She arrived in peaceful sleep..  
Forgive me not, for I welcomed this deceit

I forged the joy, In the ruins of...

Among the broken stained glass I found life  
The crumbling stones were as my youth  
In ivy they laid as lilies upon the streams  
For I saw the black swans as beauty  
The hallowed view, the winding road of time  
I dreams in gray, I dreamed alone...

Yet still her eyes spoke to me the sadness of  
A life, of fear, of sorrow, the portrait of silence

And all I knew was sadness in the \*pall\* light of death  
The funeral march passed as slowly as autumn days  
The hymn was sung so bittersweet  
So like winters tragic song  
I she'd somber tears of pride, yet she wore no pain

Yet still her eyes spoke to me the sadness of  
A forgotten time of happiness that an never again be

Carmilla, I saw your face in the candle's flame  
Carmilla, I felt your gaze and your languid embrace  
Carmilla, I heard your laugh across the darkened walls  
Carmilla, I knew your grin in the twilight of my death

Yet still her eyes spoke to me the sadness of  
A weary heart for life and the scarlet tears we shed

The ruins of life lay within the tears  
Yet still her eyes spoke to me the sadness of  
For all she has loved, all she has known, At last must  
die...

