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Velvet Darkness They Fear



Fair and 'Guiling Copesmate Death

"Gaunt and gnarl'd
Reflecteth the silver shield this welkin aghast,
And with haste translateth to gild'd black post and fast."
"Anon - anon, say I! - the lid aside,
Crawl without this velvet-clad coffin blest,
The bottom sand of the hourglass is at tide,
"Sensing this pine is as deep as the deepest chasm,
'Tis and hath e'er been merry blood to pest -
Hither! - cede and fulfil my phantasm!
To be adust for time longer can I not bide,
Cherish me and sonorously do me laud -
Hence the heart hale out thro' the chest!
For dread! - thine eyes will behold a guise faugh'd."
Misery thee?! - Rather misery me! -
For in Time's durance am I naught but wee."
"This tender and loving pest I to thee bequeath,
Thence switly wilt thou errant to 'Neath."
"And to me should'st thou be the humblemost knave,
Lest fear! - spit I on thy cist and grave! -
Lest leer I at thee and do bewitch,
And the tharms fluttering claw'd and eldritch."
"To conquer thee and thy blood for glore
Art thou my afeard and reluctant whore;
Irksomely coy, save wiliéd by alarum,
Bear this torture and maim with decorum.
"If e'er always was I this blissful and blithe
Would I resign to but its wee tithe."
"Purvey my ache and quench my profoundest urge,
And to thee will I sing the lull-dull dirge;
Deliver thy blood like the rill filleth the ghyll."
"Burrow to the trothplight with Night and Devil! -
Bid Him to league with me - forsooth, merry to 'come 'twill."
"Whilom wast thou vestal, yet now flit to thy tryst,
Elsewise will I coerce thine consonantry to turn whist;
Grasp I the snath and cut off thine breath,
"Death - oh! fair and 'guiling copesmate Death,
So that thou canst in darkness and inferno vester,
Be not a malais'd beggar; claim this bloody jester!"
For do I solely what He to me liefly saith."

Bring Forth Ye Shadow

Time is an abyss -
Profound as a thousand nights;
I sojourn my haste, I make respites
For what availeith this eager pace?
One step more naught to face,
Save the heirloom fatal kiss.

I rave no more 'gainst Time or Fate,
For lo! my own shall ne'er come to me,
Yet! - Who doth my future narrate?
Dim the lights - I cannot see!
Bring forth ye Shadow! -
With whom danceth thou?

Time hath stopp'd -
Yet for others ne'er halteth;
For me the Pages of Life do not turn,
Lo! - on the funeral pyre they burn.
The oh so eathing Velvet Darkness they fear -
Heed! - wherefore delve a burrow,
When in my arms "O! Come here"? -
I say, elsewhither is naught but sorrow!

For what deemest thou so dear thy blood
When through my veins it could flood? -
Bide to merry - make me unaptly;
And hence grant me the fell gift,
The gift of passing on the dark trick.
'Tis such a brazen act of erotic;
Trifle for thee, yet for me grandly thrift,
O! such an innocence depriv'd so hastily -

Alas, for what deemest thou so dear thy blood
When through my veins it will flood?

Seraphic Devilry

Whether He the quaint savant's power doth held I now not,
Albeit aetat a thousand stars' birth He is -
Zuoth I that for reasons to me oblivious
August of a granditude of servants is He held,
And by plastic consonanry e'en more servants to the host addéd are -
Pelf they are, dare I say!
Maugre His diurnal serphic deviltry
I say that deviltry - 'tis forsooth deviltry! -
Mind not this in scintillating shades clad is;
To claim the glore is He suffer'd.
"Grant me the fatlings", gouth He, "the fatter the better!",
And died they of starvation;
They are not slaughtering their fatlings -
They are slaughtering 'hemselves.
Sith I at time of yester the questions durst ask,
And dare I say this burthen weightful was,
Wrack of His machine - like motion was I naméd,
Tho' blind and fond the jesters rebuilt
The machine alike - yet whettéd and dight are its edges...

And When He Falleth

"Are you a Christian?"

"Yes. I believe..."

"Be my kin free fro carnal sin,
Bridle the thoughts of thy Master."
"There hath past away a glore fro the Earth;
A glore that in the hearts and minds of men,
Men dementéd - blindfoldéd by light,
Nourisheth as weed in their well-groom'd garths."

"Might I too was blindfoldéd ere,
"The quality of mercy and absolution,
Tho' years have master'd me
Whence cometh such qualities?
A masque of this to fashion:
Build thyself a mirror in which
Seer blest, thou best philosopher!"
Solely wanton images of thy desire appear!"

"'Tis the Divine Comedy -
'Tis the Divine Tragedy -
The fool and the mocking court;
The fool and the mocking court;
Fool, kneel now, and ring thy bells!
Fool, kneel now, and ring thy bells!
We hold the Earth fro Heaven away."
Make us guffaw at thy futile follies,
Yet for our blunders - Oh, in shame;
Earth beareth no balm for mistakes -
We hold the Earth fro Hell away."

[Male Voice]

That cross you wear around your neck;
is it only a decoration, or are you a
true Christian believer?

[Female Voice]

Yes, I believe - truly.

Then I want you to remove it at once!
- and never to wear it within this castle again!

Do you know how a falcon is trained my dear? Her eyes are sewn shut. Blinded temporarily she suffers the whims of her God patiently, until her will is submerged and she learns to serve - as your God taught and blinded you with crosses.

You had me take off my cross because it offended...

It offended no-one. No - it simply appears to me to be discourteous to... to wear the symbol of a deity long dead. My ancestors tried to find it. And to open the door that seperates us from our Creator.

But you need no doors to find God. If you believe...

Believe?! If you believe you are... gullible. Can you look around this world and believe in the goodness of a god who rules it? Famine, Pestilence, War, Disease and Death! They rule this world.

There is also love and life and hope.

Very little hope I assure you. No. If a god of love and life ever did exist... he is long since dead. Someone... something rules in his place.

"Believe? In a deity long dead? -
I would rather be a pagan suckléd in creeds outworn;
Whith faärytales fill'd up in head;
Thoughts of the Book stillborn."

"Shadow of annoyance -
Ne'er come hither!
...And when He falleth, He falleth like Lucifer,
Ne'er to ascend again..."

Der Tanz der Schatten

"Meine Augen sind so dunkel,
"Gleichwohl hast Du Deine Augen versteckt
Auch sind die Visionen schwarz,
Lichtschein hinter der Dunkelheit;
Schwarz wie die Nacht;
Ein Licht das mir gezeigt hat,
Der Dämmerzustand des Menschen -
Daß Du von Angst erfüllt bist.
Ist meine Zeit des Daseins."
Erzähle mir bitte
Warum Du diese Angst in Dir trägst!"

"Ich bin so alleine;
Einsamkeit in Ewigkeit -
Gedanken nur für mich,
Mit dem Schatten flüstere ich -
Mit dem Schatten tanze ich -
Einsam wandere ich,
Das Blut begehre ich: Totentanz."

"Den tödlichen Kuß zu empfangen;
"Tanze nicht mehr mit dem Schatten,
Folge der Finsternis in das Nichts! -
Tanze bitte nicht über das Grab;
Süßer Nektar auf Deinen Lippen;
Tanze mit mir den Walzer Luzifers.
Ein Rinnsal blutfeuchtes Leben,
Ich sehne mich Deine Braut zu sein
Ich lecke die Liebe aus Deinem Gesicht,
- Um zu Finsternis zu werden."
Ich lecke den Haß aus Deinem Gesicht."

"Ein so berauschendes Gefühl:
"Für immer und unendlich:
Meine bittere Existenz zu schmecken!"
Ein Seelsorger Deiner bin ich."

"Laß mich Deinen Kuß begrüßen;
Den selbstzerstörerischen Kuß..."

"Gebe Dich mir hin!
Ich war von Trauer erfüllt,
Ich war so untröstlich,
"... Bis ich sterbe, umarme mich,
Doch Du hast die Liebe entfacht..."
Und ich werde wieder auferstehen...
Ich liebe Dich..."

Black as the Devil Painteth

An artist is what is call'd the self that the brush holdeth —
Though hath it then caringly caress'd the Canvas of to-morrow?
O Canvas! For thee I hold my tool — still! Passionless it quivereth,
Minding not that my hands are more than apt;
My Muse!

Where is hidden
The blue-hué'd arch 'neath the High Heaven's rich emblazonry,
The flowery meadow, embrac'd by the horizon — snowflak'd and aery mountains,
In which the bare-breasted maidens dance to the lay o' midsummer,
Aloft the distant lazy flapping of the doves in vainglore.

O Canvas!, wherefore canst thou these images not allow? —
I deem a projection of my Theatre they should be! —
Then, I challenge thee the wisdom of naysaying the yearns o' mine —
What is this unforeseen that not enjoineth light shades to be skillfully paintéd?

*I thought that love would last forever...
I was wrong!*

The raven sky prey'd on by the snowfill'd, blustery clouds,
Unadornéd the meadow — hunger driveth the wolf out of the wood,
The maidens chain'd and whipp'd within a dreary dungeon —
And, lo! 'twixt the wizen roses a mossy grave:
"The Devil is as Black as he Painteth" —
O Canvas! wherefore?...

On Whom the Moon Doth Shine

"O soft embalmer of ye still midnight,
Allow me thee to adown,
Of any sort thou fancieth;
Each holdeth its 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!"
"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..."
"Yet as thou so didst,
On my lips a kiss landéd,
And with the shadows blendéd
The tendermost silken mourn;
In which the light hidden is -
Yon Hell's brazen doors
Wrothfully it trieth to push."
"Then, lo! the Black Death,
Serpent-like 'twixt the breasts crept;
Hush'd with a gasp of life's breath,
"Hush'd with a gasp of life's breath,
Together red tears they wept,
Together red tears we wept - in vain,
And pass'd the procession of dancers dead -
And pass'd the procession of dancers dead -
As in darkness were we lock'd in wed."
As in darkness were we lock'd in wed;
I kiss'd the Seven Angels of Death."
"And Hell open'd its doors,
Yet what was 'fore my eyes
"Yet what was 'fore my eyes
But if not the brightest light."
But if not the brightest light."

The Masquerader and Phoenix

Hist! - The sonorous orchestral ambience and the arabesque-stanc'd ballerina,
Her wee feet in an alacritic maelstrom-twirl,
And the dust-hurl with her tears blendeth - Egad! this quagmire;
Pasteth her unaptly apt feet to the stage;
Like the wither'd rose of the luciferous Eden
By the mummer'd masquerader espied vigilly and mockingly,
His behesting visage, tho' ruddily mummmer'd 'tis -
Embower'd and eddying oft and eft gloam by gloam,
Her sweetness ne'er cloy - further! further! -
His scratching and dallying hollow-heartéd eyes
Her breasts and vestal heart caress,
And like the dove and bird of prey leapeth she aerily,
Whileas the orchestra playeth on travailingly;
His one and sole swath
With the pizzicato'd ensemble blendeth -
And her umbral foetal scream -
As the song climaxeth
And slowly dieth
Away...