

The Tale of a Nocturnal Empress

Hades

The wolves howled at the moon
That chilly autumn night
And cold winds whispered through
The scattered leaves
When the first light from
A late, yet crimson dawn,
Shone through the morning mist...
She was dead... and so reborn.
Caught in a web of silver beams
Thrown from an ocean of stars
A sea that from now, always
Shall haunt her existence
She exists only in darkness
She feeds from the vein of
An innocent child
Yet she is strong
Unbound by the chains of
Mortality
Sometimes under
The ocean of stars
She gazes at the black horizon
Wistful thoughts of death
She wishes for sleep
She has no quest
Just an eternal lust for blood
Always walk alone - eternally!
She is the eye of the raven
She is the ear of the wolf
She is mockery itself
Of the holy trinity
She is the pleasure conceived
>From your pain
The Empress of nocturnals
Thou shalt fear
And thou shalt serve
And thou shalt... die
In her embracing kiss of death

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