

A Graven Winter

Hecate Enthroned

Through the Darkening Tranquility,
the Entwining of Twin Passion in Deepest Love,
of one Vision of the Immortal Graveyard.
Centuries of Sleep on a Journey to my Rapture,
as I gaze up through Spellbinding Branches the Deepest Snow
falls thick Scorching into my Heart.
The most Supreme Vision of all, for the Sharpening of Deepest Midnight
in the Essence of Perpetual Winter... is my Journey complete?
The Breeding of Witchcraft shall Consume the Night, to Unite as One -A Living Immortal Monument...

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