

Dark Is the Seraphim

Elvira Madigan

Falling by numbers before my very eyes
The Kin of the Dragons I've slain by birthright
And seer grant me courage for I know not the peril
That lie ahead down my twisted path... So rise, oh Lord...
... Grant me strength, to uphold...
Thy kingdom to come
Thy death be undone
Sleep no longerFor the land below both King and foe
Awaits this final day
And though fear roams I do know, I do understand
What must be done...Be seated, be afraid for what may come this way
For behind these shutters and behind these doors
Our story's about to unfoldI gather the will to end my mission
With the seven witches tied at the stakes
And as the audience is ghasping for air
I prepare to revel in the flesh
And now the feast is here, as the maidens fair
Are cleansed by the flamesPreordained
As I falter by every word
Summoning all but the Lord himself
For as the shape reveals as prophesied in the "good book"
It all seams somewhat twisted to what I've
Learned to believe to be the man not the beast
I've (now) somehow succumbed to without
Knowing what made me sacrifice
All that's dead to be by the hand of the Lord... Oh Lord why have you turned on me?... Oh Lord you sought me
out
Behind this curtain of my everyday life
And now it seams the only one to die
Is me...

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