Haunted Shores

Netherward

Herodias and I have led a phantom cavalcade
Through veiled and pagan history
Where superstitions reigned
And Christendom sought to pervert
But poets of my name
Sang of penumbral victories
That sorcery had claimed
The Graal and mighty Caliburn
As votive offerings to an England re-arisen
Under vast majestic wings
These are the shores whereto my soul
Blood drenched and unredeemed
Shalt seek solace in secrets told
Through the whispers of a dream
From the woods Pendragon, born
I rose Arcturius a proud, audacious King
Mantled in the vehemence of lust
Death and destiny undaunted me
I drew a throne divided
In awe of the glorious battles won
My dark Goddess provided
Then treachery, a wingless beast
Came crawling to my court
And now I lie at cursed Camlann
From wounds a traitor wrought
I fear the Augean light
Is sweeping through Camelot
How bittersweet my triumphs seem,
Now Autumnal leaves succumb to frost
Morganna art thou near me?
Languid, I wend my path to grave
Cast my sword to the sulphyd grasp
Of the naiad neath the silvered lake
When waters stirred lay silent
Mistress let the mists descend
Thy tears cannot thaw Death's cold heart
His sombre gaze defies legend
More so than thine, else thy dew-lidded eyes
Art for the Banshees song

Or our souls entwined like vein upon
The haunted shores of Avalon
The haunted shores of Avalon
Bury me in velvet dream
Lest I unduly wake
And seek to reconcile my thirst
With the cowardly tailors of my fate
Unleash mastiffs of snarling night
To overthrow, plague and burn
As slumber lures me 'mongst the dead
To scheme of my return
Archaic ghostly echoes breathe
Like thunder of the storm
A tempest fools miscall divine
As they crouch awaiting dawn
Their ignorance has forged for
Me over centuries a sword
Burnished to flash like lightning
On the precipice of war
The wolves are dead in Albion
Whilst the passive flocks roam free
This my penetrant spearhead shalt pierce
These foul, trespassing breeds

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