Mystification

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Through the winds of time
A poet found The Key
To The Elder Rhyme
Some call the song mysticWith tales of gore
And terror in the night
His words, no more,
Have kept me mystifiedAn art revealed to no one
Some say insanity
A lesson from The Baron
Master of mystery
I'm mystifiedShadows of his thoughts
Bring horror to the mind
Legions of the lost
Brought forth by his designMorbid tales unfold
That leave thee terrified
Poetry of old
To keep thee mystifiedMacabre words of fear
Created in the night
Death always so near
Manifesting frightIn his work I've seen
A strange and mystic light
His life-long dream
Was to mystifyDecadence and suffering
Devils in the bellfry
Art of Black Arts
Summoned by his rhymeDark and evil madness
Induced by his passion
For mystification
Of the mind, mystify

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