How Have the Mighty Fallen?

Sabbat

Denizens of sylvan places
hidden from the eyes of man,
courtesans with sylph-like graces
dancing to the pipes of Pan -
that echoed through the ether
notes that soured the wings of halcyon,
songs to give our life the meaning
that we lack now they have gone.
Watch the pattern ever changing
in the tapestry of fate,
weft and weave and interlacing
silken strands that fabricate -
a cloak to fit both king and beggar,
those who rule and those that toil
are equalled in the fact that
all pay homage to this mortal coil.
Icy fingers grasping madly
get a grip upon my throat -
and slowly squeeze the life out of me
on my dying words I choke,
afrantic prayer in desperation
cannot hope to make me whole,
a moments lapse of concentration
and the spirits flee my soul.
Drugs and potions surge within me -
slowly paralize and kill me,
terrified I stumble blindly
Into the unknown.
Outside looking in - observing
feelings that I find unnerving
dying with my eyes wide open
helpless and alone.
The endless void that lies beyond -
with gaping jaws it beckons me,
I cast my worldly flesh aside and
plunge into eternity.
Once light hearted I departed -
on my quest hope courted me,
now a new love is my true love

and her name is misery.
Eyes as dark as midnight-ravens
gems that filled my mind with awe,
enthral my heart -
distract me from her milk-white hands
stained red with gore.
The fetters that bound me are broken,
by words that were best left unspoken,
for now I am shackled to sadness
by chains that are tempered with madness.
I plummet like a shooting-star
that shines so bright yet falls so far,
shafts of moonlight guide me
to the world that waits below.
I seem in need of nothing else
but rope enough to hang myself-
Laughing through the gates of Hell I go.
MY SOULS LAMENT
Contained within a living shroud
my life-force fades and dies,
this weary heart grows heavy
as the coins upon my eyes.
The latch has now been lifted
on an ever open door,
and peering through I see things
as I never have before.
The hammer and the anvil meet -
in synchronicity they chime,
#a sound so simple and complete
it needs no melody or rhyme.
Reforging all that I once was -
they make me into something new,
no longer trapped within this world
but, transient and passing through -
the 'valley of the shadow'
far beyond the 'summerland',
like the wild-boar is my valour
now my life is in these hands -
that keep the seething couldron steaming,
stoke the fires of destiny,
gently take me and re-shape me
all-wise smith of sorcery
The fetters that bound me are broken,
by words that were best left unspoken,
for now I am shackled to sadness

by chains that are tempered with madness.
>From the 'cup of happiness'
the wine of hoped I've sipped,
betrayed I taste the bitterness
of pain upon my lips.
Though I try to drown my sorrows
they will surely drown me first,
for swallowing my pride
won't quench this thirst.
MY SOULS LAMENT:
In this darkness light has faded -
hope becomes despair,
loneliness for a companion -
with me everywhere.
I wander in confusion
while the tears that I have cried,
gleam like broken trinkets
you have worn then cast aside.
WODEN:
"Now hand-in-hand with ignorance
The power mad run blindly,
but retibution hunts you down
and rest assured he'll find thee.
No curtain could conceal you
for the ghosts of all you slander-
await you at your journeys end
and, to them you must answer.
The poisons born upon your tongue
will never serve to slight me,
for I have delt with many fools and
suffer your kind lightly.
Just as you sow so shall you reap -
and I my friend have plenty,
so sit ye down and eat your words
now that your plate is empty."
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WODEM:

"Why do the mighty view the world
through syncophantic eyes -
Then claim to us they know what's best
from pedastals of pride?

Don't take the views of others
and dismiss them out of hand -
for when your pillars crumble
tell me who will take command?"

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