

Dance Of Darkness

Ereb Altor

The rider of the black horse arrives
At the dance of the king's hill

Charming the guests and hosts
Elegantly he moves while his eyes are
Searching for beauty
He invites the fair little Anne to a dance
No one can ever turn his offer down

A dance never seen before
All other stop but the violins
The music refuse to stop, the song went faster, faster.
Fingers staring to bleed
Violins of blood and dark eyes

The Dance of Darkness, levitation.
Like the wind they rise to the top of trees.

Blood pouring like tears in all eyes
All gaze in red under the spell
They saw his feet up high, the hooves of a goat

A scattered audience running of fear
The dancing couple slowly fading away
Stories have been told of a crying girl by the lake
Never to be the same again.