

# Harvest for the Devil

Siebenbürgen

Mist veiled enchantress shrouded unlit  
Storned through in malice, bestowing her wit  
Her ominous shadows stayed untamed  
As bitte words failed when avowed and named  
Drawing vicious chapters red  
Challenging the drama, all affection fled  
Waiting for an endless sigh  
If death only had silently passed her by...

Falling into a void of stars  
Where shadow storms burned passion in her heart  
Demonic priestess of a dying moon  
Queen Nocturnia

In her naked tomb, torchlit and close  
Theatrical prayers demonical preached  
Invoking the suprema, the cast out foes  
Each goal meant to be, selfishly reached  
Soaking the ambrosial withered wine  
Her ember cloth stained complete  
All her fears she now egocentrically decline  
As darkness her dreams abusively entreat

Mysterious silhouettes of shadows that decayed  
Reposing on cold dismal castle grounds

Just vague memories from pacts never paid  
And spirits that surrender to tragically bounds  
As the graveworms permitted, and evil arose  
Amongst ceremonial pyres, alit and fumed  
Chasing dolorous spells, striving in angelic pose  
Nightfall persisting, and sunrise was consumed

With a glance, yet her faith obtained obscure  
She threw her crown amid the glowing revelations  
Purging her corrupted soul, stained but pure  
To unbind the secret paths revealing devastations

Impetuous, all in vain, her atonement were kneen  
She felt closeness with both foe and fiend  
And as real as in her most unbroken dream  
Pure impressions turned utterly extreme