

Dreams in the Witchhouse

The Vision Bleak

Despite all warnings the first night in the supposedly cursed house is at hand.

So, these are the walls
Wherein hides my doom
And night, when it falls
Brings ghoul-ridden gloom

Rest shall I find in here
'till death doth his deed
Away with these tales of aghast!
That bereaveth my sleep.

Now wine and dim light bring slumber to me!
A new morning shall prove them all wrong,
Them olde creeps and their
Dull fairytale fantasy.

The haunt is on...

"And to thee night appears
Sans the quiet of her spheres.."

No longer can I bare
The pesterings of light
Safe the sacred fires
That moon and stars ignite.

Good is evil, wrong is right
And thy horrors my delight!

The haunt is on...

No rest will I find
As long as a dream
Within my wretched mind
Brings darkness to sheen.

For sorrow and woe
Seem my destiny
No thought of dispersion,
Nor gleams of the hope
Of the hopeless
Have found into me!