

Bleak Necrotic Paleness

Xasthur

Alone as a stone cold altar
The castle and its keep
Like faerytale dominion rose
A widow to the snow peaks
Wherein reclined the Countess
Limbs purring from the kill
Bathed in virgin white and like the night
Alive and young and unfulfilled

Was it the cry of a wolf
That broke the silver thread of enchanted thoughts?
Of Her life as a mere reflection
(As the moon's in narrow windows caught)
That opened like dark eyelids on
The sigh of the woods that the wind fell upon...