

## Blood From The Roots Of The Forest Part 2

Xasthur

Elizabeth christened, no paler a rose  
Grew so dark as this sylph  
None more cold in repose  
Yet Her beauty spun webs  
Round hearts a glance would betroth

She feared the light  
So when She fell like a sinner to vice  
Under austere, puritanical rule  
She sacrificed...  
Mandragora like virgins to rats in the wall  
But after whipangels licked prisoners, thrallled  
Never were Her dreams so maniacally cruel  
(And possessed of such delights)  
For ravens winged Her nightly flights  
Of erotica  
Half spurned from the pulpit  
Torments to occur  
Half learnt from the cabal of demons  
In Her  
Her walk went to voodoo  
To see Her own shadow adored  
At mass without flaw  
Though inwards She abhorred  
Not Her coven of suitors  
But the stare of their Lord!