

# Through a Trance of Despondency

**Xasthur**

From the gaspings in Her passing  
Six feet under or beneath frayed gown  
When Her hands pointed to midnight  
In a white stained chamber bound

I Swept Her from the abyss of another dementia  
Freeing Her soul from the fetters of fate  
To take the reins of pleasure  
Now nightwane mirrors freeze in seizure  
At the glimpse of charmed pins in Her thighs  
Ballrooms filled with black cats scratch  
Out of spite and playful eyes!