

# Sabbat, How Have The Mighty Fallen?

Denizens of sylvan places  
hidden from the eyes of man,  
courtesans with sylph-like graces  
dancing to the pipes of Pan -  
that echoed through the ether  
notes that soured the wings of halcyon,  
songs to give our life the meaning  
that we lack now they have gone.  
Watch the pattern ever changing  
in the tapestry of fate,  
weft and weave and interlacing  
silken strands that fabricate -  
a cloak to fit both king and beggar,  
those who rule and those that toil  
are equalled in the fact that  
all pay homage to this mortal coil.  
Icy fingers grasping madly  
get a grip upon my throat -  
and slowly squeeze the life out of me  
on my dying words I choke,  
a frantic prayer in desperation  
cannot hope to make me whole,  
a moments lapse of concentration  
and the spirits flee my soul.  
Drugs and potions surge within me -  
slowly paralyze and kill me,  
terrified I stumble blindly  
Into the unknown.  
Outside looking in - observing  
feelings that I find unnerving  
dying with my eyes wide open  
helpless and alone.  
The endless void that lies beyond -  
with gaping jaws it beckons me,  
I cast my worldly flesh aside and  
plunge into eternity.  
Once light hearted I departed -  
on my quest hope courted me,  
now a new love is my true love  
and her name is misery.  
Eyes as dark as midnight-ravens  
gems that filled my mind with awe,  
enthral my heart -  
distract me from her milk-white hands  
stained red with gore.  
The fetters that bound me are broken,  
by words that were best left unspoken,  
for now I am shackled to sadness  
by chains that are tempered with madness.  
I plummet like a shooting-star  
that shines so bright yet falls so far,  
shafts of moonlight guide me  
to the world that waits below.  
I seem in need of nothing else  
but rope enough to hang myself-  
Laughing through the gates of Hell I go.  
MY SOULS LAMENT  
Contained within a living shroud  
my life-force fades and dies,  
this weary heart grows heavy  
as the coins upon my eyes.  
The latch has now been lifted  
on an ever open door,  
and peering through I see things

as I never have before.

The hammer and the anvil meet -  
in synchronicity they chime,  
#a sound so simple and complete  
it needs no melody or rhyme.  
Reforging all that I once was -  
they make me into something new,  
no longer trapped within this world  
but, transient and passing through -  
the 'valley of the shadow'  
far beyond the 'summerland',  
like the wild-boar is my valour  
now my life is in these hands -  
that keep the seething cauldron steaming,  
stoke the fires of destiny,  
gently take me and re-shape me  
all-wise smith of sorcery

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&gt;From the 'cup of happiness'  
the wine of hoped I've sipped,  
betrayed I taste the bitterness  
of pain upon my lips.

Though I try to drown my sorrows  
they will surely drown me first,  
for swallowing my pride  
won't quench this thirst.

MY SOULS LAMENT:

In this darkness light has faded -  
hope becomes despair,  
loneliness for a companion -  
with me everywhere.

I wander in confusion  
while the tears that I have cried,  
gleam like broken trinkets  
you have worn then cast aside.

WODEN:

&quot;Now hand-in-hand with ignorance

The power mad run blindly,  
but retribution hunts you down  
and rest assured he'll find thee.

No curtain could conceal you  
for the ghosts of all you slander-  
await you at your journeys end  
and, to them you must answer.

The poisons born upon your tongue  
will never serve to slight me,  
for I have dealt with many fools and  
suffer your kind lightly.

Just as you sow so shall you reap -  
and I my friend have plenty,  
so sit ye down and eat your words  
now that your plate is empty.&quot;

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#### WODEM:

"Why do the mighty view the world  
through syncophantic eyes -  
Then claim to us they know what's best  
from pedestals of pride?  
Don't take the views of others  
and dismiss them out of hand -  
for when your pillars crumble  
tell me who will take command?"