

A Gothik Lament (undated)

Moonlight doth fall o'er shadows deep,
Where crags of fear its secrets keep,
And wires of dread entwine our souls,
In fear of what its secrets hold.

An owl doth hoot in silent night,
Its cry a warning to all in sight,
We quiver in our mortal form,
As ghosts of fate do us deform.

We peer into the chasm's depths,
And hear the ghost's awful breath,
Our only hope a silent plea,
To keep the ghost from setting free.

The tower looms like a great machine,
Its ancient gears and wires unseen,
And so we cower in the night,
As darkness takes its awful flight.