

The Portrait

Black Countess

When night is clothing skies into black velvet
It could be heard her singing
Her voice calling to show yourself
Vamping into the depth of her multy-faced being
I'm flying in this muse, feeling her with whole my body
Above the beaten way behind the light

Sometimes ill-natured eyes of the Demonic Moon
Open the flesh of night by its dead ashy look
And then I see her children awoke after day sleep
To slake their hunger performing nocturnal trip
Their desire gave the centuries of dark being
Their screaming victims went from the lost blooded ways
They are the cruel history of gothic night -
The mother of wolves and vampires tide

I see dead fields full of faded flowers
Slowly waving under the autumn wind
Fields with bones are spreading everywhere
Like white spots shown on the grey canvas

Packs of wolves come down from the high hills
To this left and lost dale
Following the path of eternal call
Hours of great hunt are waiting for them

Oblivious melody is still spreading around
Like dark water of Lethean river

Among the hills covered with dense Forest of the Dead
Mirror-like surface full of blinking stars is spread
The lake with mysteries hidden inside its black gist
Covered under shroud of light spectral mist
Sometimes this mist materialises and tempts
Shaping as graceful bodies of young sexy vamps
Her eyes reflect unlimited desirous abyss
And ruby lips are calling for voluptuous kiss

O lonely wayfarer cling to their naked legs

Rest after a long way
Sleep under their kisses and caresses
That'll be a last dream in your life

I fly further passing the whispering forest
To the castle on the rock from where
This nocturnal music sounds
My Countess - a beloved of night
I'm flying to you

I know that real love can't die
That's why I always return to your chamber
To your Portrait
I see my flight in your eyes
I see how night is clothing skies into black velvet...