

Carpite Florem

Asgaard

The night of the deepest shadow...
Fearful loneliness flowing the stream of grief
She is a flame that carries the seed of cold
She spread out her ominous damned wings
Over the scream of mankind with a heart torn away
Here is the rose, her memory still last...
The ocean of remembrance
Gathered in the chalice of rapture

Our bodies interwoven with the silver band of night
Shiver with convulsive bliss
In your mouth, the rosy nectar of sin
I am a demon of passion which desire in essence...