

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...