

The Mystery Of A Witching Forest

Black Countess

Walking on the golden fallen leaves
In red blaze of the autumn sun
You clung to false threads of hope
In the kingdom of writhed trees
You disturbed the peace of a dead place
Where birds' songs died down in dry trunks
You came to know the old mystery
The story of two guiltless girls

Tongues of flame licked their bodies
To the scorn of exultant crowd
They were faggoted on suspicion
Of witchcraft and lesbian sex
And then the forest sheltered their souls
Flying, whispering and luring
Damned haunt of deep melancholy
The cradle of illusive quiet

На поляне из белого мрамора
В кругу черных горящих свечей
Ты столкнулся с двумя обнаженными дамами
Отразившись во взгляде их томных очей

О, галерея дьявольской прелести
Увертюра раздвинутых ног
Насмотревшись как шлюхи ласкают друг друга
Устоять пред соблазном ты просто не смог!

You joined their tight embrace
Which begot a sharp blade
They offered it to you
And you accepted the gift of death

It easily got into the flesh
Shedding your warm red blood
On their perfect silk skin
Your fell to their feet on the smooth marble

Тайна...

И лишь шепчущий лес да ночное небо знают правду об этом