

# 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