

## Craft Her Spell

Darkseed

Enchanting might's overwhelming me  
with skin pale as fiery snow  
and eyes dark as night...  
My growing heart-bleeding...

I craft her spell  
A rising fountains of lust  
One more staring glance  
and my favour will never rust!

I am armed to suffer with quietness of spirit  
Soft stillness with the touch of night's sweet harmony  
She seeks my life  
Her love drops a gentle rain from heaven  
A day when the sun is did  
Give me light, give light  
by these blessed candles of the night  
The night methinks is the daylight sick