

Craft Her Spell

Darkseed

Enchanting might 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