

# The Blood On My Hands

Darkside

blood  
you open the door  
to  
into the bride's room  
it's  
the secret it's decay  
born  
from fleshe's deepest need

rose upon my altar - i'm the rose on your altar  
until two fades into one and one is death god!  
as my fingers run through your thighs - I feel your fingers in  
my thighs  
smearing my seed over blood over death - smear your seed over m  
e

at midnight rutting bride  
reaching for blooms beyond the veil  
tell you my secret  
god died for flesh's need

please come you shivering bride  
the devil must feast for lust of the dead  
lust slashes hate  
immaculation of dreams

born from blood crying red  
can you hear the strike of azraels' wings

as your man I'm gonna take you  
I'll possess you entirely  
musti, so gods will, cut your throat  
my dove and drink your blood

and your twitching foaming death  
suck your entrails  
your bashful modesty  
your cries build a coffin of laughter and lust  
beneath my bleeding hands...

rose on my altar  
until two fades into one and one is me  
god!